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PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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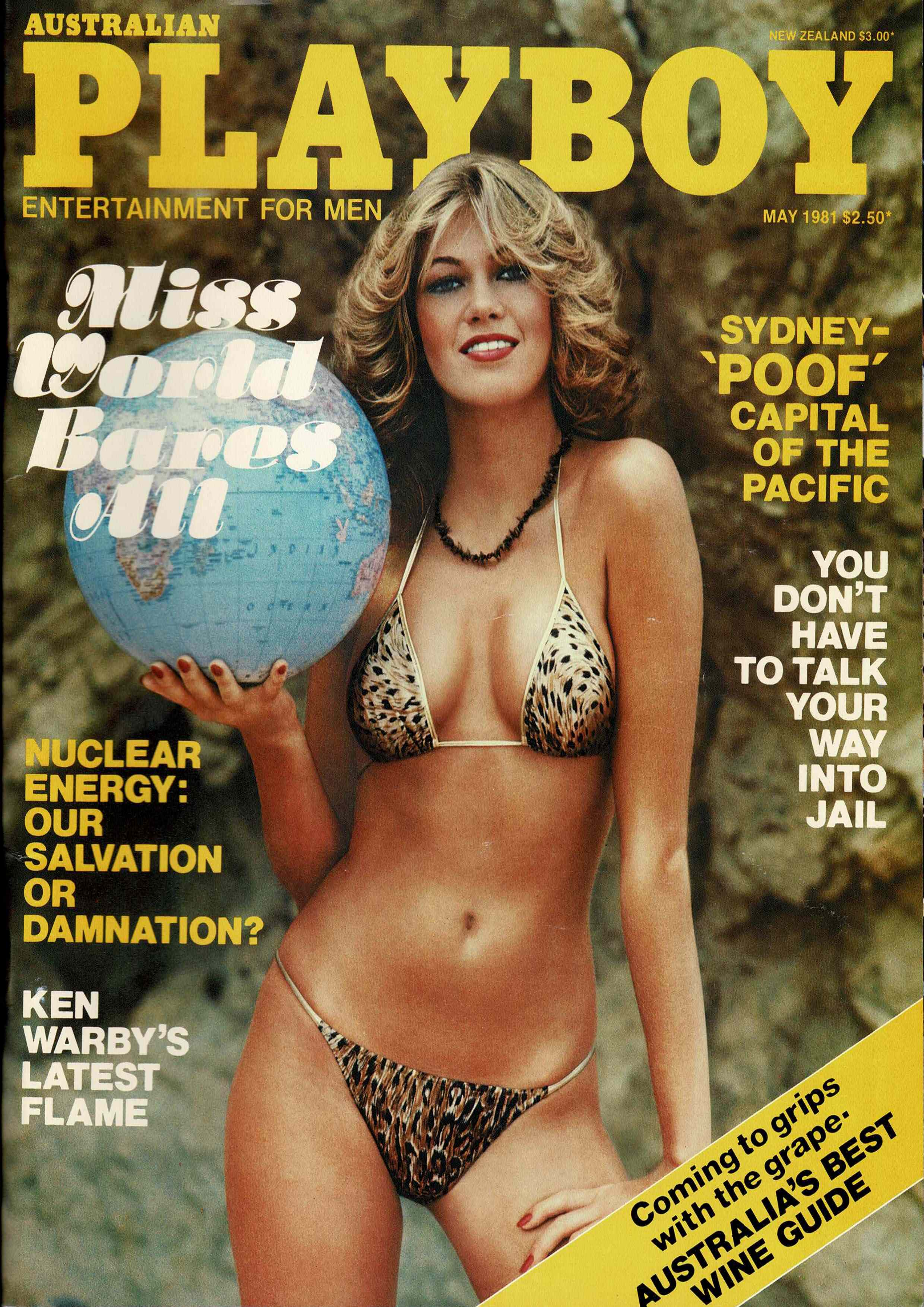

Miss World Bares All

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PLAYBILL

We're warming to a bit of winter entertainment this month with a shot of Gold Coast sunshine in beautiful Playmate Michelle Randell. The January issue introduced Michelle to PLAYBOY readers in an eight-page pictorial which put sorters on overtime handling a deluge of reader response mail. So, we sent the photographic talents of **Peter McLean** and **Colin Stead** in pursuit of Michelle's magic, and their results are stunning.

When the two cities' respective fathers paired Sydney and San Francisco off as sisters, the full irony and aptness of the association could not have been evident. Now, like her Californian counterpart, Sydney has emerged from the closet as the gay capital of the southern hemisphere. In a superb article by **Daphne Guinness** we cruise the city's gay domains to observe the extent and influence of the lifestyle. **Stephen Gorton** weighed in with the illustration.

Staff writer **Russell Deiley** has let his diverse talents loose in this issue by cornering Australia's senior nuclear scientist, Stuart Butler, for a probing PLAYBOY interview on the energy crisis and the atomic question. Deiley's other coup snared Mo Award winner John Farnham for a profile which plots a professional entertainer's haul from pop product to supreme all-rounder. **Luis Martin's** camera has captured Farnham at his best — working.

Gary Sturgess has focused his investigative talents on the question of police verbals and how the convenience of perjury is used to send people to jail. **Ward O'Neill's** illustration completes Sturgess' case that the Law's house needs putting in order.

Worried about what your sex life holds in store? Then, **Athena StarWoman's** Cosmic Guide To Seduction will be prescribed reading. Athena's cosmic consultation tells how, where, when and with whom you'll be entwined.

If you prefer your humor in large doses, we've set the riotous Terrance "Dave The Rave" Harrison at play with the cartoon life of two vintage vessels of the Australian sexual fleet — Bev and Raelene. It's a friendly slap on the ample butts of two outback gals who lend new meaning to Oz hospitality. Big Bang is a cute little spoof on what we'd expect to find in the first edition of a brave new magazine to usher in the nuclear holocaust. How about a honeymoon on Bikini Atoll? Yes, it's that sort of humor.

Struggling to get your motoring act into gear? PLAYBOY's ace motoring writer **Rob Luck** has poked into the protectionist plot of the Oz auto industry via the case history of one Japanese manufacturer. Daihatsu Plays Charades is an informative read that just might supply a few clues to the future of the industry.

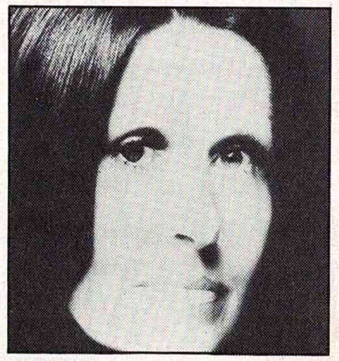
Mark Richmond has contributed a ripping survival yarn he's called Canyon Fever. It sounds like a plot for a Western, but it's better than that because it's true. Injured and alone for four days in a Mexican wilderness, Richmond finds help from an unexpected quarter.

World water speed record holder Ken Warby has a speed obsession that he just can't confine to lakes, dams and waterways. In a spectacular pictorial feature, **Voytek Eymont's** camera reveals how Warby gets his high speed kicks on dry land.

If you enjoyed his profile of author Neal Travis in April PLAYBOY, you'll find in this issue that **Paul Dougherty** is just as smart at fiction. Love at first sight is anything but a cliché when it hits the most hard-bitten of journalists fair between the eyes. The Thunderbolt can strike anyone.

Robert E. Carr has chipped in with a shot at the home computer takeover and **David Farmer** offers a taste of his wisdom on wines, winemaking and wine talk.

We think you'll agree, not a bad drop at all. Cheers!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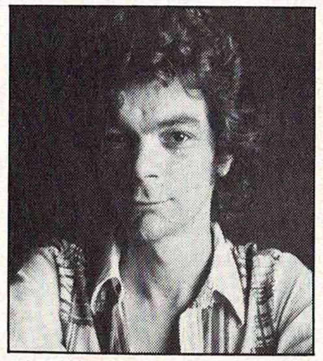
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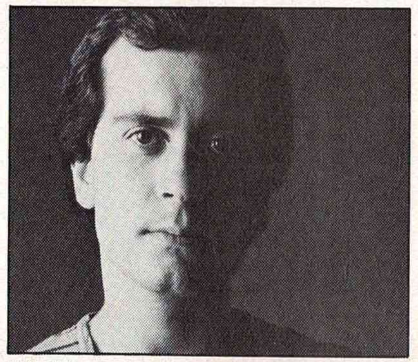
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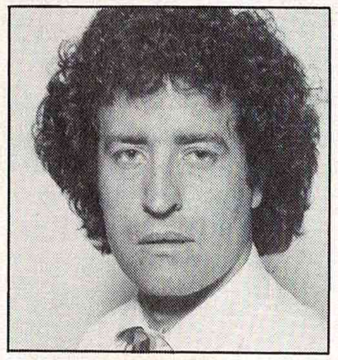
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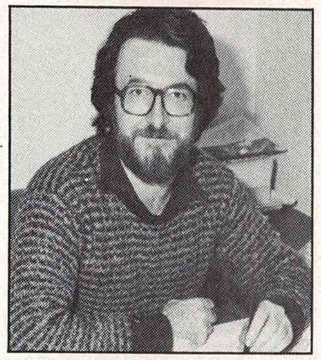
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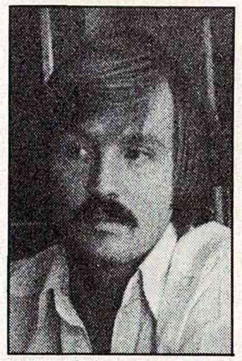
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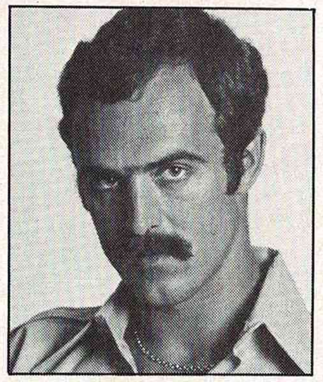
STARWOMAN

LUCK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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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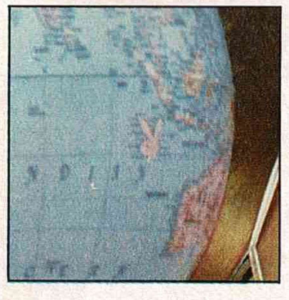

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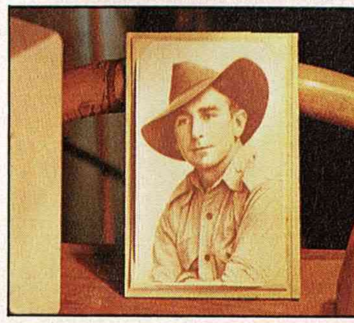

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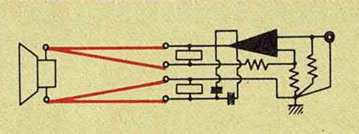

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

KEEP ON KINKING

"Well, you really got me" with that most enlightening profile on Ray Davies (PLAYBOY, February). I rank Davies as rock's unparalleled legitimate genius, a master poet and a social commentator — an intellectual demigod. Ah, what I would have given to be the interviewer!

A couple of questions: Is there any likelihood of The Kinks touring this year? Is there any chance of acquiring photos of The Man?

Good old PLAYBOY — you've done it again. Dylan's preoccupied with God, Lennon has gone (bless his soul), but Davies lives on.

G.S. Wiles,
Caloundra, Qld

Festival Records tell us The Kinks might just be touring late in the year. As for the other question, the shots are already on the way to you at Caloundra.

MALE PERSPECTIVE

After reading your January issue, I cannot resist the impulse to tell you and everyone else how much I enjoyed the magazine — mostly for the articles. I particularly enjoyed Vote 1 Who Cares? I sympathise with Russell Deiley, and I suspect that is just what he wanted from us.

I also found the article entitled Boss Women and How to Handle Them spot on. I would like to see more of this kind of article in which men look objectively at women. God knows, they have written enough things about us.

B.R. Saunders,
Punchbowl, NSW

DOUBLE DELIGHT

Like lots of men, I find seeing two naked women together twice as alluring as just one. So when I opened your March issue to see the twins pictorial, I was totally knocked out. *Five* pairs of lovelies cavorting together in bed and other interesting locations as well! Hopefully, my old, unfulfilled dream of going to bed with two women at the same time will be realised one day, but in the waiting time, I have Linette and Leigh Harris, whose picture now graces my bedroom wall, to indulge my fantasies.

K.B.,
Sydney

WEST IS BEST

Compliments on your great choice of the delectable Karen West as Playmate of the Year. To me, this lady sums up what Playmates should be all about — highly sensuous, and yet soft and innocent-looking; with big, ripe boobs (in the fine tradition of your American parent magazine). Well, ever since Karen's centrefold first appeared in Australian PLAYBOY I have yearned to see more of that superb and beautiful body, regularly getting out the November '80 issue to gaze at it afresh. But those pictures were surpassed by the April selection, especially the centre spread.

The only problem has been that my wife is getting very jealous of this "other woman in my life!"

C.R.,
Melbourne

SEX SURVEY

Despite your desire to "illuminate rather than to deflate," your sexual survey (PLAYBOY, February) was the biggest downer since the advent of Malcolm Fraser. If the women quoted are typical of the 200 your researchers claim to have interviewed, then I have been living and loving in a different world to the one in which your subjects have been getting it off.

Although I do fit at least some of the descriptions of your ladies' favorite lovers, I have never yet screwed a bird as liberated as your class of '81 claim to be.

Could it be that Australian women reserve their honesty for polls such as the one PLAYBOY conducted?

B.N.
South Yarra, Vic

ALFA ACHE

As a former Alfa owner I must confess to feeling some pangs of remorse on reading Tripping The Alfantastic (PLAYBOY, February). Rob Luck's scan of the current Alfa range took me back to last year when a company promotion put me behind the wheel of one of those dull look-alikes that boast the dubious honor of being Australian made and some form of status symbol for anyone higher up the ladder than the mail room. The delivery of my company's flashy car meant goodbye to my beautiful GTV, and since then I've never been able to look at a snaky mountain road or the quick left and right at the end of my street without aching for the Alfa. However, a kick up the ladder has produced one benefit: a few more bob in the pay packet, and I'm stashing it away in my cunning kick with the intention of putting another Alfa in my run-down stable.

Rob Luck's specifications check took me back to the Peter Wherrett interview (PLAYBOY, October) in which that motoring journalist praised the de Dion rear suspension system as used by Alfa. After all, who says driving today shouldn't be a real pleasure?

A. Mathers
South Yarra, Victoria

POP-EYED

Far be it from me to question a lady as eye-popping as your January Playmate, Karen Price, but I want to know what earth-shattering event took place in California in 1976 to so change a teenager's shape? To quote Karen: "I was flat-chested until I was 16 and then — boom — all of a sudden in three months I developed."

That must be the understatement of the century! I've never seen a pair of Bristols to compare with those melons.

L.M.B.
Bathurst, NSW

FAIR QUOTE

The marvellous thing about history is that it is open to all sorts of distortions. But, perhaps you guys were taking too many liberties with great quotes of the 20th century (PLAYBOY Adviser, February) when you attributed "We have nothing to fear but fear itself" to Sir Winston Churchill. In fact it was one Franklin D. Roosevelt who deployed those famous words as his post-depression rallying cry. While on Churchill, perhaps one of his more poignant offerings was: "The greatest lesson in life is to know that even fools are right sometimes." Too true!

George Rae
Perth, WA

To this we can only reply, in the words of Dr. Carl Jung: "The pendulum of the mind oscillates between sense and nonsense, not between right and wrong."

P.S. Your correction does make sense indeed. Thanks George. — Ed.

ME TARZAN

Jane Priest . . . once more with feeling (PLAYBOY, January). With feeling? Yes. But why just "once more"? For this old man "more and more" would have been far, far better.

I know that Jane has been in your esteemed magazine before, but don't let that be her last appearance. Why do I want to see more of her? Apart from all the obvious answers to that question, there was something about that January spread that got to me.

Maybe it was the torn body stocking she wore and the open white blouse. Maybe it was her hand pulling on the stocking. I don't know what it was.

Then there was Jane in the shower. Looking like a different woman, but it's her all right. Jane in yellow with that rope. Didn't like it. The pictures were too small.

What else didn't I like? Those two guys on the opening pages with her. What the hell were they doing there?

If Prince Charles has any sense he won't marry Lady Diana Spencer . . .

I was going to finish that last sentence with "he will take Jane". But why should he have her? Or Hollywood for that matter.

We all want her here and now. And more and more.

J.L.
Tamworth, NSW

HOT SHOTS

A gold star for Peter Crawford for what have to be the hottest windsurfing action shots (PLAYBOY, February) I've ever clapped my eyes upon. I've been trying to sell the merits of windsurfing to my cynical mates for months, but doing and saying are two quite different things. Now, armed with Crawford's shots, I'll be able to put those non-believers in the picture.

M. R. Price
Preston, Victoria

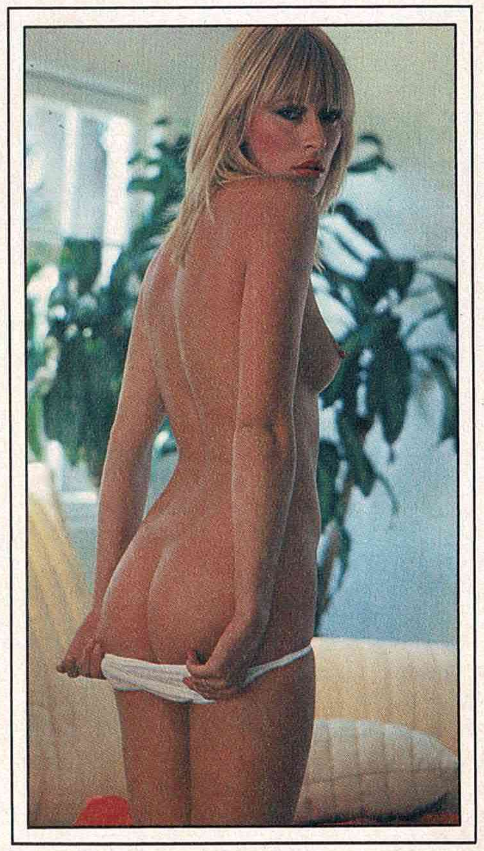
AMOROUS ANNIK

Where did you find Annik Van Rie? That lovely Dutch delight should be put on the first plane for Australia and kept here. I've no doubt I could make that girl sit still.

Crazy dreams, sure, but maybe it would not be too mad for me to ask to see more of Annik in your magazine in a later issue?

Once, in her case, is NOT enough for me. I was once in Annik's home town and saw loads of beautiful Dutch girls: but none like Annik.

D.H.,
Rockdale, NSW



TERRIFIC

Congratulations on a brilliant magazine, especially your December issue. Your expose on Christmas parties was very entertaining and no words can describe the beauty, grace and charm of Terri Welles, your best Playmate since Karen Pini.

One complaint, however: your pictorial on Linda Kerridge was too shallow and hardly up to the quality I and many others have come to expect from Australia's No 1 men's magazine.

Lee Baines,
Parkdale, Vic

SHOOT 'EM UP

Despite Australia's splendid isolation we've still managed to collect too many bad traits from others. I do not count the measles, VD and chewing gum in that lot but, instead, refer to the sort of social attitudes that give vent to the most destructive influences. However, we've still a long way to go before we match the gun mania of those citizens of the Land of the Free — the United States. The irony of it all struck home when John Lennon, who near busted a valve to gain permanent US residency, was blown away by some crank who could pick up a firearm as easily as you or I might buy the in latest kitchen whizzes. Just try suggesting that US gun laws should be toughened — the reaction is unbelievable. The old Minuteman case about firearms to defend house and home was great for Paul Revere's day but it will be a cold day in hell when Cuba decides to invade the US. Meanwhile, the US firearm laws are doing nought but giving every crank with half a cause a chance to crap in the nation's nest. If that's what freedom is all about then maybe we'd be best locked up together for our own protection.

I.L.
Narrabundah, ACT

No we wouldn't. — Ed.

ELECTRIC NIGHT

Last night, after reading the latest classy issue of Australian PLAYBOY I had the hottest erotic dream of my life — only to wake up and discover that the electric blanket had caught fire!

R.J.
East Malvern, Vic

TROPICAL TREAT

The pictorial of Deborah Gray in Tahiti (PLAYBOY, March) was a gem. The near-surreal tropical settings and Peter McLean's masterful color photography certainly brought out the best of this gorgeous lady. Congratulations on your choice. It goes without saying that I'd like to see another such pictorial of Deborah.

T.B.,
Melbourne

EQUAL RIGHTS

Not only is your magazine sexist — so is the *Oxford English Dictionary!* I recently noticed that it defines "playboy" as "a pleasure-loving, usually rich man," but has no entry for "play*girl*," "play*woman*" or indeed "play*person*." Do men have a monopoly on hedonism and wealth?!

"Feminist,"
Canberra

APOLOGY TO SUSAN ALICE SMITHERS:

On pages 160 and 161 of our October 1980 edition we published six pictures which included two numbered 4 and 6 of a model in a state of partial undress. It has been drawn to our attention that readers may have concluded that those two pictures were pictures of Miss Smithers who was depicted in fashion clothes in the remaining four. The two pictures were not pictures of Miss Smithers and we apologise to her for any embarrassment or inference that may have been drawn to her disadvantage from the inclusion of those pictures.

PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Karen West: Melbourne's best reigns as Playmate of the Year

IT WAS all vaguely reminiscent of *Apocalypse Now* (except that it didn't get completely out of hand). The helicopters descended from the Melbourne sky for a three-day party that left the Victorian capital reeling. And yet, apart from several serious hangovers and a few cases of "disco knee", no injuries were sustained.

For the choppers were depositing some of Australia's loveliest ladies for PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year festivities — and what festivities they turned out to be! The fun-filled event culminated in the big announcement on the evening of the following day: blonde bombshell Karen West was the lucky lady, Australia's 1981 Playmate of the Year.

Karen, a car fanatic from way back, won a $32,500 Volvo 262C, a stunning limited edition coupe assembled under licence by the Italian coachbuilding firm, Bertone. She is pictured opposite being shown the dream machine by the general manager of Volvo Australia's car division, Roy Firth.

Said Karen: "I'm going to take it for a burn down the Tulla Freeway the first chance I get." (Her $3000 cash prize will cover fines).

But back to Day One: representatives from just about every media outlet in Melbourne assembled at the helicopter field in Parkville before the touchdown and got stuck into champagne and munchies.

And although most of the people ended up with freshly-mowed lawn grass in their bubbly as the choppers descended, no one seemed to mind.

The girls then held a quick press conference, with Karen bemused by rumors that she'd won the coveted title. After that, all the playmates were ferried in a fleet of black and silver Volvos, all bedecked with bunny flags, to Shieks Night Club, which was to be the focal point of the three days of celebrations.

Later in the afternoon, Karen and fellow pictorial girl Siv Richards, and not-quite-so-glamorous PLAYBOY deputy editor, Andrew Cowell, were interviewed by Paul Makin and Dennis Scanlan at Radio 3DB. Meanwhile, the rest of the playmates retired to the sumptuous Old Melbourne Inn, where the entourage was accommodated throughout the proceedings. The other lovelies were: Julie Price, Lesley Clark, Mandy Miller, Debbie Cole, Deborah Gray and Julie Lambert. Retiring Playmate of the Year, Rosemary Paul, could not get to Melbourne until the following day due to commitments to her role in TV's *The Restless Years.*

That night, Shieks staged a pyjama party attended by hundreds of merrymakers. There were dozens of media personalities and other celebrities, including, of course, the PLAYBOY beauties who rolled up in the night attire which was so sensuous that it would have made Lazarus stand to attention. There were various "outrageous" goings-on which we shan't chronicle here; suffice to

say, the Festival of Light would not have approved.

Day Two opened with more radio interviews, then lunch again at Shieks, who, we should say at this point, catered superbly throughout the three-day shebang. There was just one cynical remark from a wag who predicted a severe lobster drought along Australia's eastern seaboard!

Many thanks go to Lee Rizgalla, the gracious owner of Shieks.

Après lunch, the girls were given a coiffure at Hair In Shape, South Yarra, before returning to Shieks for a quick round of drinks, after which the party retired to the Old Melbourne to dress up for the big announcement evening.

Arriving at Shieks in the Volvo fleet, which by this stage was becoming a familiar sight to many Melbournians, the PLAYBOY *femmes* and other members of the entourage were greeted by Lee Rizgalla, Andy Cowell and PLAYBOY editor John Jost. Inside, as bunny waitresses distributed drinks, 3XY DJs Barry Bissell and Hans Kristian introduced the finalists — Lesley Clark, Debbie Cole, and, of course, Karen.

These lovelies and all the other girls were presented with diamond rings by Antique Jewellery and Gem Trader of Melbourne.

Deborah Gray then gave a rendition of the tune she'd composed as the theme song to *Pacific Banana*, the soon-to-be-released movie in which Deborah plays the female lead, after which Rosemary Paul was interviewed by Barry and Hans.

Rosemary, by the way, was a tremendous support to the other girls, some of whom were slightly overawed by all the media attention and frenzied activity. PLAYBOY fashion editor Kate Stead also did a superlative job in "mothering" the girls throughout the proceedings. (Many thought former model Kate was a contestant.)

The announcement everyone had been hanging out for was made by John Jost, who first thanked Volvo, Shieks and others who'd come to the aid of the party.

Announcing the 1981 Playmate of the Year, Jost said: "Karen West, just like Rosemary Paul, reflects the essential qualities of intelligence, style, humor and true beauty."

After the presentation, Karen was besieged by the media men for interviews and pictures.

And even the hardest of hard-nosed journalists present threw away those lists of designed-to-embarrass questions as they warmed to this very special lady.

Karen, by the way, is a professional model, owning a half-share in the Melbourne agency Peppers. She'd never done any nude modelling before appearing in PLAYBOY.

She played down her achievement, saying: "I don't want to be made out to be some kind of superstar. I'm not an actress who's won an Oscar or anything like that, I'm just a model being rewarded for some photographic work. Of course I feel very thrilled . . . but I'm still *me,* and hopefully my lifestyle isn't going to change too much by being made Playmate of the Year."

Eventually, when the reporters had put away their notebooks and films were in the can, Karen rejoined the party which was in full swing on the disco floor, and a good time was had by one and all.

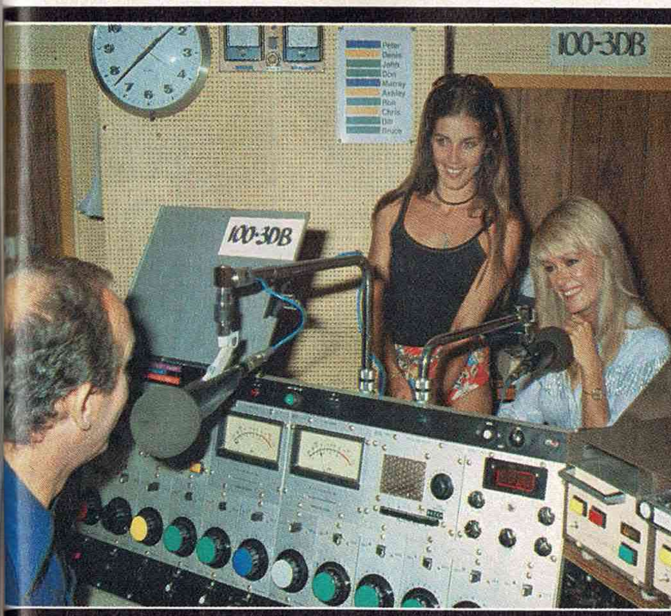
The following morning, the new Playmate of the Year was interviewed from her bed in the Old Melbourne for a live telecast with Gordon Elliott of *Good Morning Australia* (Elliott, incidentally, was more than 700 kilometres away in Sydney, speaking to her by land-line).

Later that day, Karen herself was in Sydney for an interview on the Mike Willesee show.

Then back to Melbourne for a private party thrown in her honor by Shieks.

And on the fourth day, she rested.

Playmate of the Year Karen, in white, leaves the chopper with playmates Mandy Miller, Lesley Clark and Julie Price.

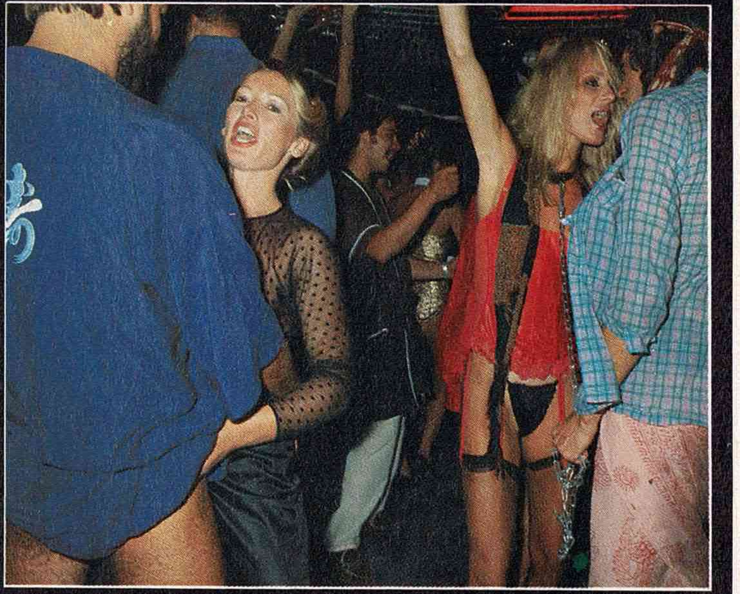


Not the "beautiful music" station, but it looks that way. Karen with Lesley Clark at rock radio 3DB.

Last minute touches for the Playmates after the Hair In Shape salon people styled their locks for the Shieks party.

The PLAYBOY lovelies leave the Old Melbourne Inn en route to the riotous pyjama party at Shieks Night Club.

Lee Rizgalla, Shieks owner and stager of memorable Arabian nights, greets pyjama party guests.



"The Festival of Light would not have approved..." Pyjama party guests let almost all hang out celebrating.

The only time the PLAYBOY party stood still in one spot long enough to get the inevitable group shot taken.

Karen at presentation with outgoing Playmate of the Year Rosemary Paul and PLAYBOY editor John Jost.

The year past and present: Karen with last year's Playmate, the lovely Rosemary Paul, now a national television star.

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WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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ELIANE

NICOLA

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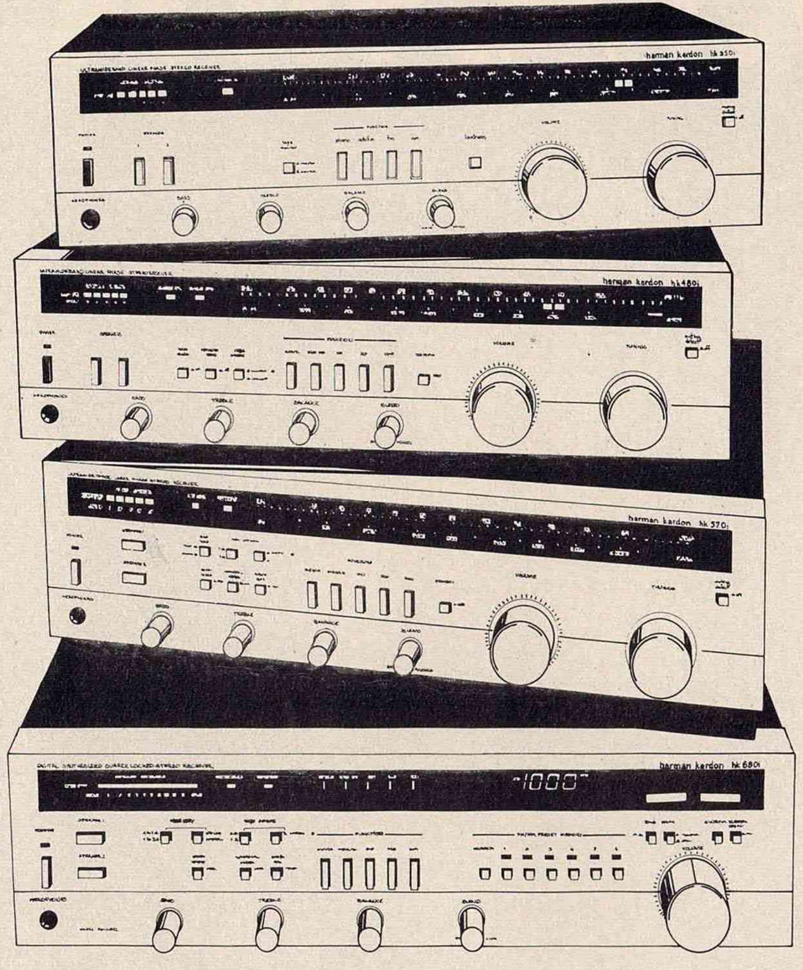
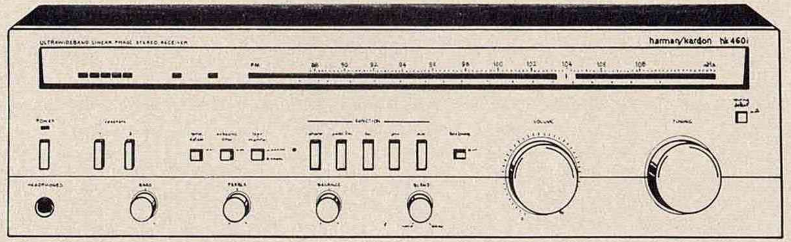
TC/81/53 MNC/PLA/2966





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THE MUSIC COMPANY

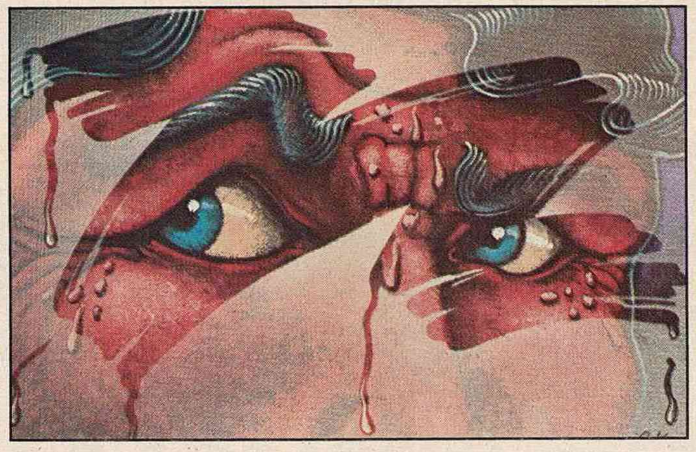
RB37

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I own a lot of records that I am extremely reluctant to part with, but many of them now make various clicks and crackles whenever they are played. I believe there is a unit which can detect these sounds and cut them before they get to the amplifier. I think it's called a dynamic expander. Because my other sound equipment is of very high quality, I would like to purchase something that really works but at the same time doesn't cost a fortune. Can you tell me if such a unit is available? I can't find one in any of the record shops in Hobart. — G.B., Tasmania

Units that remove the clicks and crackles do exist. If local stereo dealers have not been able to help you, then you may have to write to dealers in Sydney or Melbourne. The dynamic range expander you refer to is not the only answer, however. Expanders can improve the range of the recording and give you enhanced realism, but have no effect on sounds that were not part of the original recording. Devices which are built specifically to minimise scratch noises include the Gerrard MRM-101 Music Recovery Module and the KLH TNE 7000 Transient Noise Eliminator.

For the past 20 years or so, I have been nursing a secret fetish, and I've now reached the stage where I can't keep it secret any longer. I am a voyeur — as Peter Sellers said in *Being There:* "I like to watch," and I fear my liking for watching is going to land me in mucho hot water as it becomes more daring and less clandestine. But I suppose I should start at the beginning, or at least what I *think* is the beginning: the time when I witnessed my mum and dad copulating after I crept into their bedroom in 1960 to watch a re-run of *The Naked City*. Then, when aged about seven, I walked into the parental boudoir just as the narrator was saying: "There are eight million stories in the naked city and this has been one of them." Anyway, I recall hearing this long series of grunts and groans emanating from underneath the bed covers as I hid in the corner and began to experience a stirring in my loins. From then on, the sorties into my parents' bedroom became a regular feature of my life. I would share their joy by jerking off. By the age of 19, when I left home to join the armed forces, I was a confirmed voyeur. I *could* go into graphic detail about those long nights I have crouched outside the married couples quarters at the base, about the hundreds of dollars I spent on porn and strip show attendances. But what I'd really like to tell you is that, working as I am now in civilian life and living in suburbia, I'm worse than ever. Seldom a night passes when I don't venture into the laneways of my neighborhood, hoping to catch a glimpse through the houses' windows of a woman disrobing or, ideally, of a couple going hell for leather in an act that leaves me almost as exhausted as they are. What can I do about this? I've seen a psychiatrist, but nothing has changed. — M.T., NSW



You would appear to be suffering from an extreme form of voyeurism known as Scopophilia, *which is the derivation of pleasure from watching people engaging in sex and other acts. Apart from the embarrassment you risk giving your neighbors should they discover you lurking outside their window and, of course, the embarrassment which you will personally suffer, there isn't anything particularly unhealthy about this fetish — it is just an extension of the old schoolboy aberration of watching women undressing and couples in parked cars. Just try to do your own thing, as they used to say in the '60s.*

The problem I have has prevented my becoming involved with girls, and I have been too scared to ask a doctor about it. My problem is that I have small, yellow pimples just under the skin of my testicles, especially around the base of my penis. I can't really ever remember not having them. However, they are restricting my sex life because I'm worried that a woman might think there is something wrong with me. Could you please tell me if these are normal, or if I should do something to get free of them? — J.M., Northern Territory.

Since you have had these spots for as long as you can remember, there is a good chance that they are just some minor skin abnormality and nothing to worry about. However, there is no way anyone can be certain just from reading a description. If it is worrying you, you should do something definite about it, not simply write to a magazine. Why you are too frightened to go to a doctor we can't imagine. If you are scared he'll tell you it's something serious, it would be better for you to know. And if you're simply embarrassed by the idea of having a private part of your body examined, forget it. As they say in the medical profession: "When you've seen one, you've seen them all."

Now 15 years of age, I'm beginning to think I'm a late maturer. My voice has not broken yet, and I'm wondering how long after the growth of pubic hair this is likely to happen. My second, and more important, problem is that I have trouble with premature ejaculation. I have no trouble getting girls, but they don't hang around for long. I ejaculate within seconds of starting and quickly lose my erection — and soon after that my girlfriend. My sex education is full of holes, so I would welcome your advice. — E.J., WA

You're worrying far too much. The voice may change suddenly after puberty, or it may lower gradually. These changes vary greatly from one individual to another. If your voice is the sort that lowers gradually, then some change may have already taken place without your noticing it. The fact that you have no trouble getting girls suggests that your body has developed fairly much as it should. As to your problem of premature ejaculation, we assume that a 15-year-old won't have been participating in sex for all that long. You are now probably rushing at girls like a bull at a gate, barely even giving them time to get their pants off. With greater experience, you may learn to take things more easily and be able to enjoy the fun longer.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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NORTHERN TERRITORY
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5587

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

BEATLEFIED

Thank you for the excellent in-depth interview with John Lennon — an interview which turned out to be tragically timely. Lennon was a genius and a prophet and must be regarded as the greatest of the composers of modern times. He was not only admired, indeed worshipped, for his inspiring and sensitive music, but even more so for his philosophy and his belief that nations have the potential to live in peace together.

Through his music and writing he made two generations aware that the two most important things in life are love and peace. John Lennon might be dead, but his spirit will live forever.

Not that the Australian media seems to appreciate Lennon's immortality. In truth I was disgusted with the content of most of the media tributes to Lennon, especially by those presented by most of the radio stations. John Lennon often referred to himself and Yoko as being one, yet much of the media continues to ignore her existence and her contribution to the later music of John Lennon.

John Squire,
Coogee, NSW.

PIPE SCHEMES

A word of sympathy and advice to all those males including G.G. (Dear PLAYBOY, February) who have sought out the fascinating sucking capabilities of the vacuum cleaner as a means of sexual gratification. When I was in England recently I was discussing an article on vacuum cleaner-occasioned accidents when a male nurse acquaintance said he knew of a rubber sex aid which when lined with lubricant and placed over the vacuum pipe provided full satisfaction with safety. I don't know if the item is commercially available in Australia but my informant assures me that it would not be hard to produce a home-made replica from suitable material.

D.L.N.
Sale, Victoria

The old way still seems to us to be both safer and more satisfying as well. — Ed.

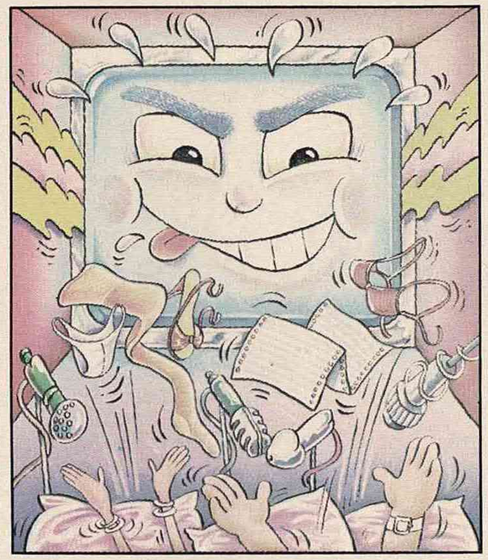
SEX-TECH ECK

What the hell is Alex Mayfield (Forum, November) on about? In discussing sexual encounters of the modern kind, he stated: "Even in this day when everything must be NOW, certain things should follow their natural cycle, and lovemaking is one of these things."

But with his very next breath (sorry about the metaphor mix, I mean sentence), he figures that the natural cycle should be modified just to suit up-to-date conditions. And, Eros preserve us, he advocates technical sex aids. He wants special discotheques where couples will be paired off in computerised matchings and special rooms where the happy lovers can test the computer's reliability under the watchful eye of Big Brother television.

Alex, baby, despite your insistence that love-making should follow the time-tested natural cycle, you are as romantic as a sewage treatment plant. As long as I'm able to cut the mustard, I'll prefer body language and signals across a crowded room in a singles bar.

J. Hobbs,
Sydney.



FORMULA ONE RACING

I refer to Formula One Racing in Oz . . . (PLAYBOY, January), and I have to express some concern at the detail in the article.

Without going into great length on Rob Luck's work, it appears to have been researched from his own knowledge and only in conjunction with his associates. There are three broad areas of the article which may benefit by having a broader view placed upon them.

First the suggestion that "CAMS . . . has already made its bid to wrest control of the circuit out of any other hands. Among its more fanciful proposals", et cetera is without foundation and allegations or comments as to the specifics of the Australian Capital Territory race circuit, be they concerning its design, or control, are quite premature and more likely to be harmful than beneficial to motor sport as a whole.

What causes me more concern is the suggestion that John Pryce is not a competent circuit designer. It is unlikely that Mr Pryce will design the new circuit — he is one of the two track safety inspectors in the Asian region, and his position would be untenable, having to inspect a world championship track which he had himself designed.

Notwithstanding this, he is arguably the foremost motor racing track designer in this country — after all, there are very few of them, and should they choose to stand on their record, Pryce would be well to the fore. It should not go unremarked that one of the most challenging, safest, and interesting motor racing circuits in this country was designed by him. [*Pryce designed the Adelaide International.*] Most of the other circuits have just happened — there is nothing wrong with this, because, after all, road racing is supposed to reflect road conditions; however, if one has the possibility of creating an artificial road circuit, then it should be done with regard to a reasonable set of values and specified design criteria.

The final matter which must be considered is that of street racing. The confederation would not wish to see people becoming too excited about an "around the houses" motor racing venture. The reasons for this are manifold, but let us say that disruption to the community is immense, and it is also unlikely that adequate safety precautions can be taken without all these roads having been originally designed in the first place for our modern traffic conditions; the world governing body has indicated that it will not permit any more temporary circuits to be used for world championship races; and if someone is going to spend millions of dollars on a motor racing circuit, our view is that this facility should be available for motor sport and other community based activities 365 days in the year, rather than being erected and demolished for one major event — to do otherwise would appear to be a waste of resources.

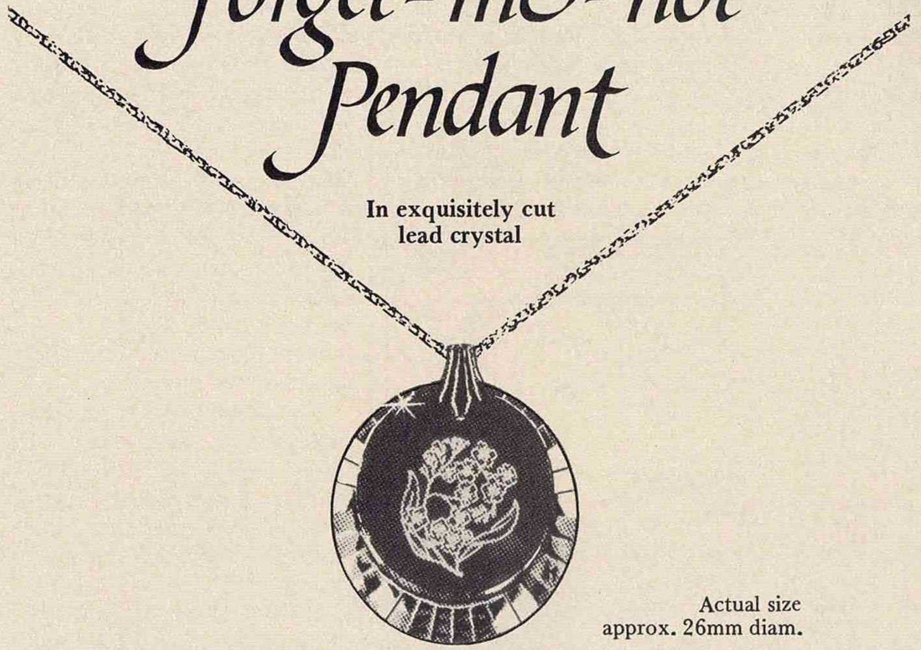
J.A. Keeffe,
Chief Executive Officer,
Confederation
of Australian
Motor Sport
Melbourne

Our motoring editor Rob Luck replies: The Canberra circuit was well-rumored for some time. PLAYBOY *simply*

Mother's Day Remembered

Sunday, 10th May.

The Forget-me-not Pendant



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For Mother's Day giving orders must be received by Friday, May 1st.

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Signature. . . . .

IHF706

researched the issue at all levels, including CAMS, and then presented the report. The rest of the media fell over themselves to copy the story.

The reference to control of the circuit by CAMS was from information leaked to us by one of CAMS' own officials and was confirmed by parties involved. Our point was quite simply that CAMS should run motor sport — not play being circuit promoters. No apology for that opinion.

We did not intend a backhander at John Pryce — the print gremlins unfortunately omitted the word "international" from "but . . . circuit designer he is not." As we stated, Pryce is a fine fellow and has done some good circuit work here.

The idea that we floated of a round-the-houses circuit showed that, in the current absence of any other suitable venue, such an event was possible, even probable, and economically quite viable. Resource-wise it's also hard to deflate it — ordinary motorists get to use it the other 360-odd days a year after the GP is run.

HEAVY BREATHING

I would like to corroborate the substance of the PLAYBOY Adviser's answer (December) to a question on whether champion sprinters actually breathe during the 100-metre dash. Your adviser answered that tests have shown that the human body can perform at an absolute maximum effort for up to 16 seconds before the intake of oxygen begins to play any part in the output of energy by the athlete.

This is in line with my personal experience. During my teens I was a swimmer on the threshold of the Olympic standard. Short (25 and 50 metre) sprints were all part of my daily training regimen and, during the 25 metre sprints, which normally took between 11 and 12 seconds, I did not turn my head for a breath. I felt that just keeping my head straight and in the water for the duration of the sprint would provide me with a streamlined profile and give me even more speed.

In a 50-metre sprint I did not breathe for the first 25 metres. Thereafter, I took in oxygen every four strokes until the 35 metre or the 40 metre mark from which point I was breathing normally. My time for the 50 metres used to be around the 27 second mark — maybe not world-beating among the superkids of today but considered quite good at a time when Dawn Fraser still had to break 60 seconds for the 100.

Ron Muir,
West End, Queensland

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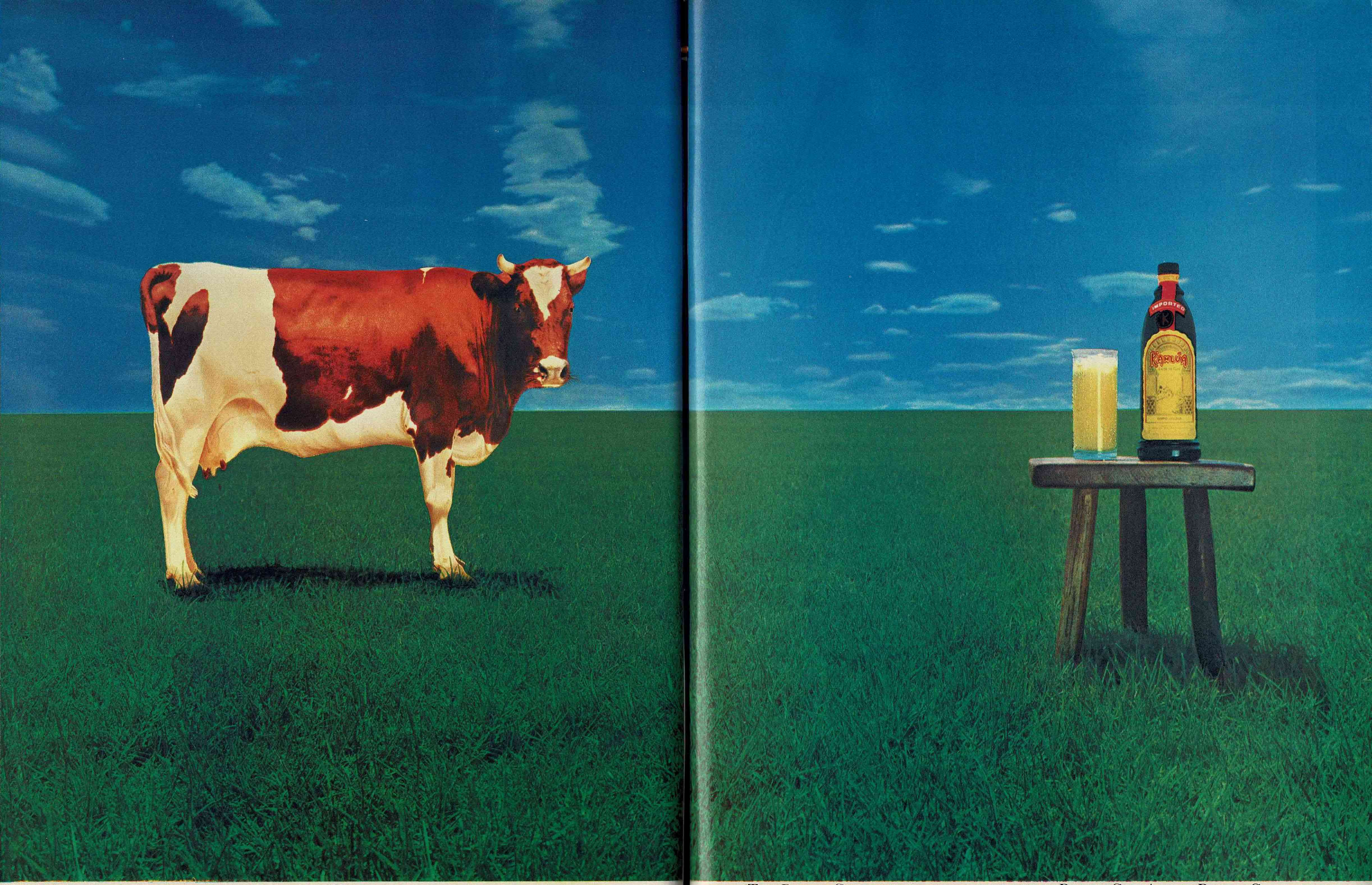

TWO BROWN COWS PLEASE.

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Playboy Interview STUART BUTLER

the man in australia's nuclear hot seat talks about the oil crisis, energy and society

THERE IS an almost inter-planetary difference between the stately old Mosman home blending with the exotic trees and lawns above Balmoral Beach and the office that overlooks the stark Australian bush of Lucas Heights. The thread that links the gracious home and the functional office is the restless mind of Stuart Butler, professor emeritus and the director of the Australian Atomic Energy Commission's nuclear research establishment that sits incongruously among the timeless bush on Sydney's southern fringe.

Butler is testimony to the ingenuity and advance of 20th century man. Born of the seed of a Welsh miner turned school-teacher in 1926 when horses outnumbered Model A Fords in the South Australian outpost town of Naracoorte, Butler has not only witnessed the dawning of the nuclear age, but has helped create it.

His future was sealed when, as a brilliant physics and mathematics student in the immediate post World War Two, he came to the notice of Marcus (now Sir Mark) Oliphant, fountainhead of Australian nuclear physics. Having served under the Father of the Atom, Rutherford, as a member of "the club" within the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge University and having worked with the Manhattan Project team which developed the first atomic bomb in the desert of New Mexico, Oliphant knew how important a role an eminent mentor could play in shaping a young scientist's philosophy.

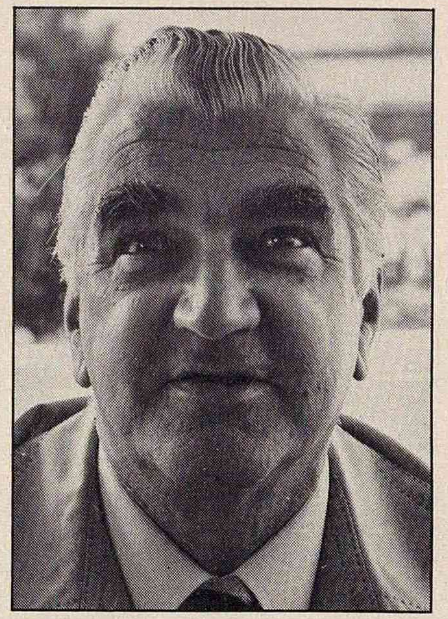
Thus, when Butler won an ANU scholarship to Britain in 1949 and applied for positions at either Oxford or Bristol where he was aware good physicists were working, Oliphant wanted to know why he had chosen those two universities. "He asked me if I had heard of Rudolph Peierls," says Butler. On the strength of Oliphant's explanation that Peierls was one of the true pioneers of nuclear physics and had worked closely with another expatriate German scientist in the UK, Otto Frisch, who, with his aunt, Austrian scientist Lise Meitner, had coined the word "fission" to describe the splitting of the uranium nucleus, Butler went to Birmingham University. And there, under Peierls' direction, he began a career in theoretical physics research in Britain, which he continued in the United States before returning to Australia and a professorial position at Sydney University in the early '50s. Twenty-four years later, in 1977, Butler left the world of academia and education behind for the hot seat as director of the Australian Government's most controversial research unit at Lucas Heights. The chairman of the AAEC, Professor D. W. George, in announcing the appointment, described Butler as "one of Australia's most distinguished scientists".

Butler had proved as distinguished a director of the atomic energy research establishment as he was a university-based scientist. He needed to be. Without reflecting on any of his predecessors in the director's office, many Australians were suspicious of what went on behind the securely guarded gates at Lucas Heights. Australians knew that the nation's only nuclear reactor operated behind those gates and they knew that a previous chairman of the AAEC, Sir Phillip Baxter, had never made any secret of the fact that he believed that Australia should have the atomic bomb.

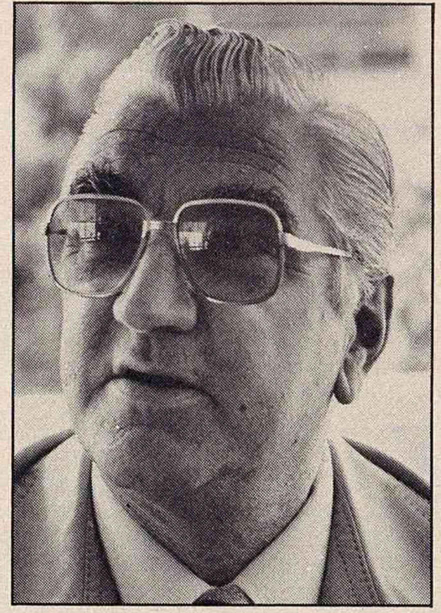
Professor Butler was well aware of the high temperature generated in public opinion by the anti-nuclear and anti-uranium fronts when he decided to forsake the serenity of Sydney University for the AAEC directorship at Lucas Heights. But he saw the job not only as a scientific challenge, but as an opportunity to try and assuage the public's fears and doubts about nuclear power.

Shortly after taking over at Lucas Heights, he said one of his prime objectives was to have the word "atomic" excised from the commission's name — not as a sop to the

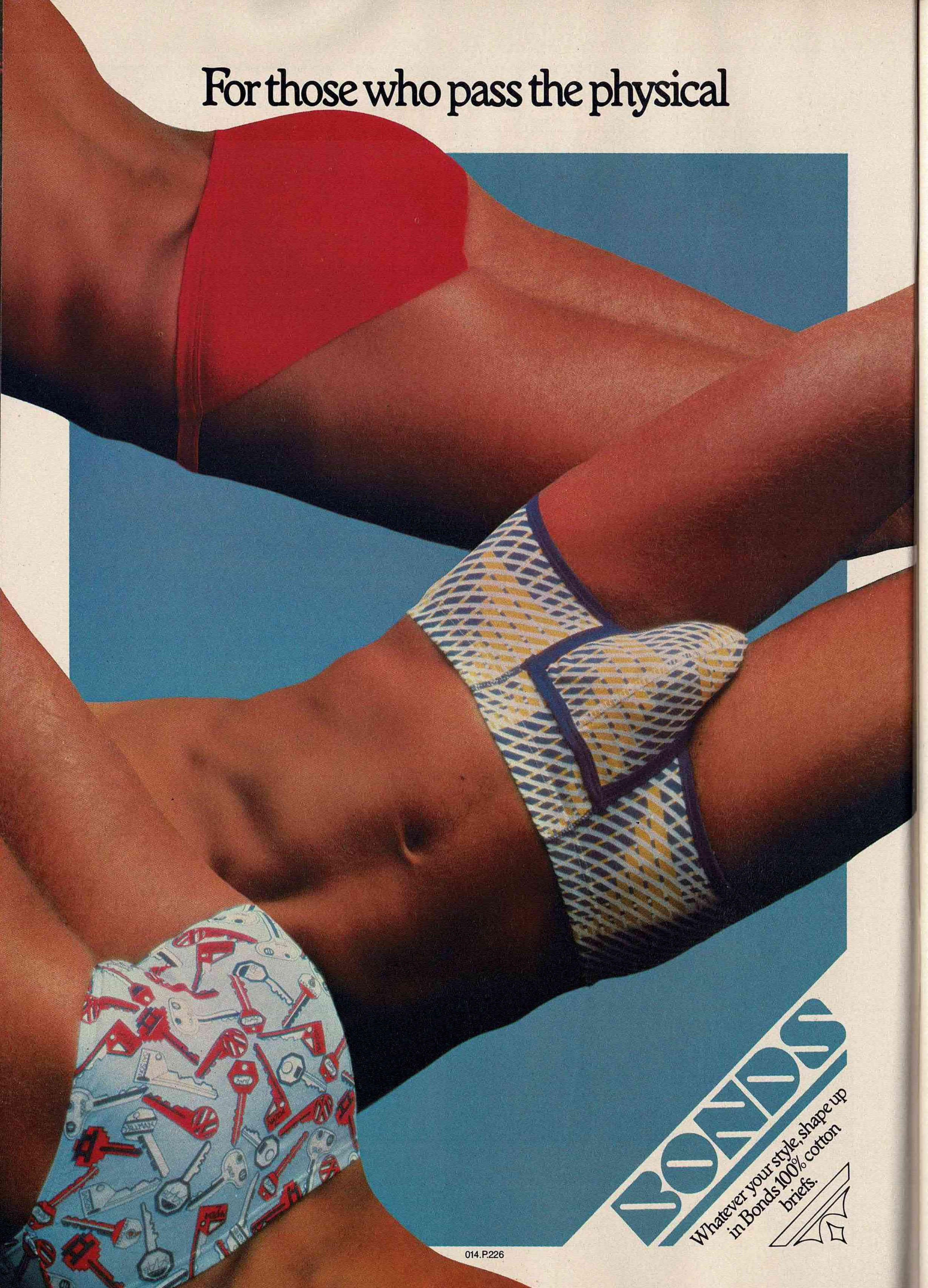
"We are developing the synroc and there is no doubt that we are leading world research in this area. World patents are pending; the Americans are carefully studying the rock."



"The major pitfall I see is not making full use of nuclear energy or by delaying its further use for erroneous reasons. If you delay too long, you will go down the trough."



"I suppose there will be one reason or another why the human race will cease to exist. But I don't think we are going to end it all within the near future in catastrophy."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anti-uranium campaigners but in a genuine attempt to broaden the commission's brief to take in non-nuclear energy research. The word "atomic" remains in the title but, under Butler's persuasion, a committee was set up to review the commission's charter and the Government is now seriously considering a recommendation to broaden the Lucas Heights establishment's right to research.

At the same time, Butler has encouraged an accelerated public relations campaign to prove to the public that nothing sinister or dangerous is occurring within the compound on Lucas Heights. During the past four years, hundreds of politicians, businessmen, journalists and local residents have been taken round the establishment. Cameras are still verboten for security reasons, but inquiring minds are welcome.

To give Professor Butler the national forum he so obviously seeks, PLAYBOY *sent staff writer,* ***Russell Deiley*** *out to Lucas Heights to interview the keeper of Australia's nuclear grail. Writes Deiley: "Stuart Butler and I had not met professionally since we collaborated on a newspaper liftout celebrating Neil Armstrong's landing on the Moon in 1969. From our first meeting he impressed me as one of those rare human beings, a brilliant scientist with that singular talent to express complex scientific problems in language that even dumb bums like me could understand. Lucas Heights has not changed the man or the scientist. When the subject soars into the stratosphere of theoretical physics and communication between the trained and the untrained mind becomes tenuous, Butler takes to the blackboard to flesh out the theory in simple symbols and diagrams. Words and pictures present a portrait of a man keenly responsible to the national interest — still a staunch advocate of nuclear power for Australia, but also an open minded supporter of any other form of energy that could keep the wheels of Australian transport, industry and society turning."*

PLAYBOY: How real is the energy crisis?

BUTLER: Oh, it is real, but, obviously, to get the overall picture in context, you've got to look at the different categories of energy. The biggest crisis relates to the dwindling reservoir of oil. In terms of demand, transport consumes about one third of the world's energy, but production of electricity about one third and the remaining third goes into all the other uses. And because alternative energy sources are available, we must stop using up oil for the production of electricity. We must rely on coal and uranium in our electrical plants, with the nuclear option taking an ever-increasing role over the coming years. There are now 232 nuclear power reactors operating around the world, 229 are under construction, 58 are on order and another 264 are being planned. Thus, within a few years, there will be 783 on line and even more in the planning pipeline.

PLAYBOY: Human nature being what it is, the energy crisis for most Australians begins and ends with the cost of petrol. Do you think the Government is justified in adhering to its world parity pricing policy for oil?

BUTLER: This, of course, involves Government policy and, as servants of the Government, we must carry out that policy. Parity pricing doesn't affect us as scientists.

PLAYBOY: But as scientist rather than a public servant, do you regard the pricing arrangement as important from a conservation point of view or because it encourages exploration for new reserves of oil?

> *"I have no regrets. I knew that the uranium question was a hot issue but it didn't perturb me. I wasn't afraid of public opinion."*

BUTLER: If we think only in terms of oil being the fuel for transport, then it is a limited resource and anything that can be done to extend the life of the existing oil resources and reserves should be done. Anything that results in the conservation of fuel and encourages further exploration for oil is to be applauded.

PLAYBOY: And do you think that the pricing arrangement is achieving those two goals?

BUTLER: It appears to be doing so.

PLAYBOY: Are you on the side of the optimist when it comes to forecasting how much oil remains to be discovered in Australia?

BUTLER: I am not optimistic enough to say there is a vast amount to be discovered, but obviously there is more to be found.

PLAYBOY: How significant are the "encouraging" new flows reported in the Cooper Basin?

BUTLER: I think they are typical of other flows that are there under the ground and off shore and are yet to be tapped. I see the Cooper Basin and the yet-to-be-discovered flows adding a few important years to the lifetime of Australian oil. It is said that there is sufficient oil in the proven reserves to last for another 15 or so years at a decreasing percentage of self-sufficiency. If new flows add 10 years to that time scale, then every new discovery is important.

PLAYBOY: You accepted the appointment as the director of the Atomic Energy Commission's research establishment at Lucas Heights in 1977 at a time when uranium was re-emerging as a hot political issue. Didn't the intensity of the public debate color your thinking in your decision to take the job?

BUTLER: Not really. After 24 years at the University of Sydney in research, teaching and administration, I felt it was time for a change. I accepted the job as a challenge and so it has proved. I have no regrets. I knew that the uranium question was a hot issue, but it didn't perturb me. I wasn't afraid of public opinion.

PLAYBOY: Your role as an educator has not been without its own share of controversy, especially over the part you played in restructuring the NSW high school syllabus with greater emphasis on the sciences.

BUTLER: During my years in the United States, I knew some of the people on the Physical Science Study Committee which had been set up under the sponsorship of the National Science Foundation to explore and produce a new science course at senior high school level. They were some of the first people to develop the inquiry approach to science education. They moved away from the authoritarian approach to education whereby something is thrown at the student as fact. Through the laboratory, loop films and a multi-media approach, they encouraged students to inquire and to reach their own conclusions. The syllabuses we produced in NSW were aimed at achieving that kind of teaching. To make the system work, we required resource material and teacher training programs, and the responsibility in my commission to arrange adaptation rights for a number of the American systems extended beyond my role as chairman of the syllabus committee of the Board of Senior School Studies. Throughout all the discussion and planning, I was motivated by a concern about the drop in the number of students who had been taking the straight physics and chemistry courses. School leavers under the old system were not very literate in science.

PLAYBOY: The flak continues today, 15 years on?

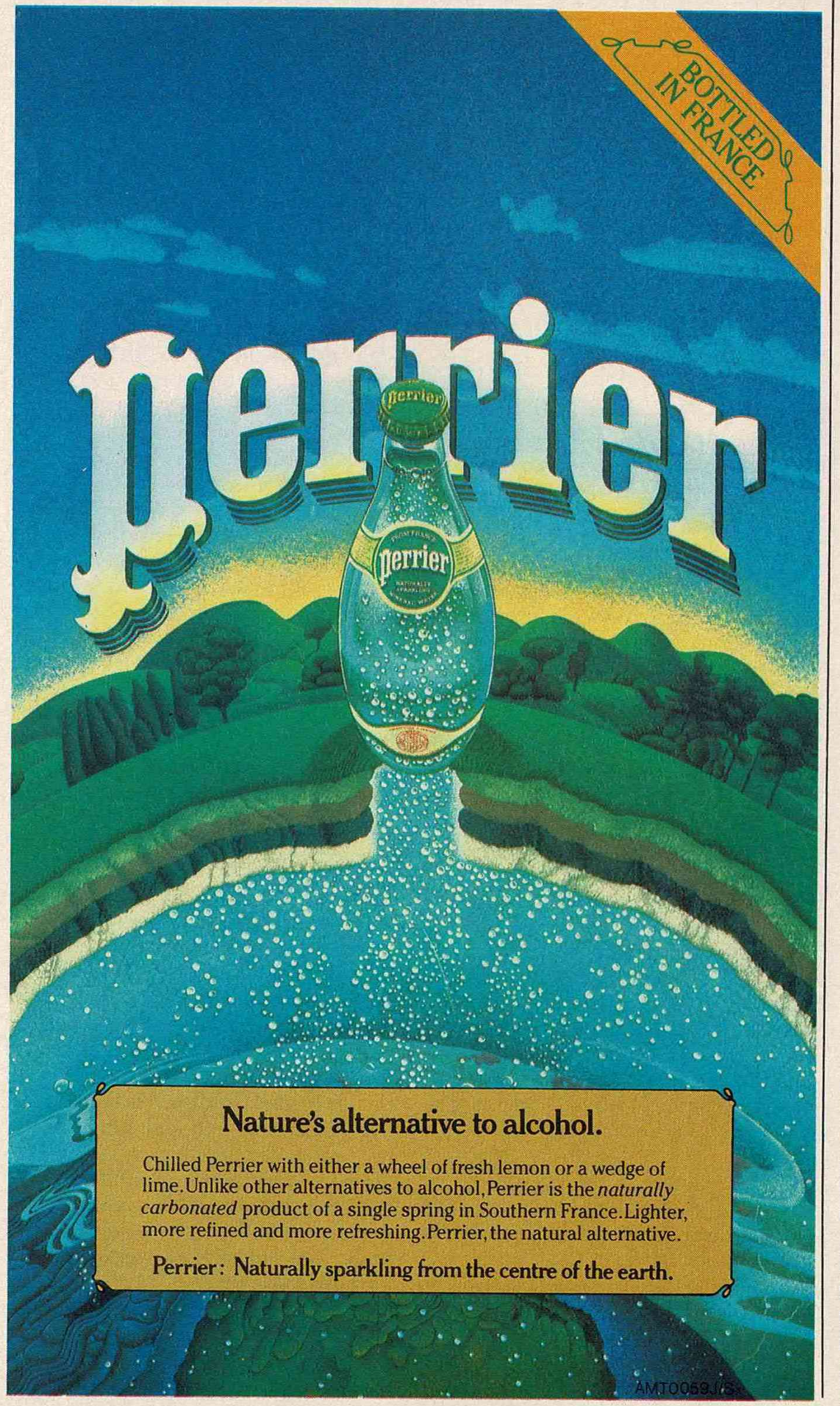
BUTLER: There was a lot of flak and there are still people who regard that approach as a disaster. But I believe it was a very worthwhile development of education; and I am sure that feeling is supported by the Board of Senior School Studies.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you have been vindicated by the approach of other States to high school education?

BUTLER: Other States are certainly turning more and more to the inquiry approach. But there is one area in which the other States have not followed the NSW lead, and that is in the multi-strand science course. The multi-strand course makes physics and chemistry compulsory with the option of either biology or geology as the third. When we made the multi-strand course compulsory for any student taking science, we ran into an enormous amount of flak. We bowed to the pressure and introduced an alternative whereby the students could elect to study separate science subjects.

PLAYBOY: But weren't your critics justified in accusing you of pushing the sciences at the expense of the humanities in education?

BUTLER: I have not ever supported science at the expense of the humanities. I was a member of the matriculation committee of Sydney University for many years and you will remember that Sydney stuck out and still does for a broad spectrum curriculum. We would not matriculate students who had done scientific subjects at the cost of the humanities. I don't think one has a well-rounded education unless one studies both the sciences and the humanities.



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PLAYBOY: What is your overall view on education? Is education for the benefit of the individual or is it responsible for preparing the student to take a preordained part in society for the good of the common weal?

BUTLER: When I was chairman of the science syllabus committee of the NSW board, I had the view that only a small percentage of the students doing the courses we prepared would go on to university. Thus, the number one priority behind the construction and design of the courses was to prepare the student to participate effectively in society. At the same time we had to cater for the possible university entrants.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying, then, that the education system should not be constructed for the individual, but for the long-term benefit of the nation?

BUTLER: Right.

PLAYBOY: Do you think education is achieving that purpose?

BUTLER: There has been an improvement. Contrary to the belief of some of my academic colleagues, I feel that today's students are generally being taken to a higher level of education and are getting a good input in the various areas of knowledge that will support them in later life.

PLAYBOY: You would support, then, the concept of the Prime Minister who does not see universities as forums for the exchange of knowledge and the pursuit of knowledge for knowledge's sake but rather as a means of shaping men and women for specific roles in the work force?

BUTLER: Yes, indeed, I strongly believe that is the role of education.

PLAYBOY: And, so, back to another crusade. When you moved to Lucas Heights you announced that one of your first objectives as director would be to remove the word "atomic" from the name of the commission. Have you had any success in persuading the Government to change the Act and the commission's charter?

BUTLER: It's well known that I would like to have the scope of the establishment's work broadened to take in non-nuclear energy research and development. And progress is being made. Back in 1978, the then Minister, Kevin Newman, set up a committee to review the activities of the establishment and to make recommendations on the possibility of diversification into non-nuclear energy fields. When the committee made its report toward the end of 1979, its recommendations were strongly in that direction. This pleased those of us who felt we could make significant contributions in non-nuclear areas. The Government is still assessing the report and, although one can only conjecture on the outcome at this stage, there is some indication that we might be heading in the direction that was recommended by the committee.

PLAYBOY: You were not swayed by the public's suspicions about what was going on at Lucas Heights?

BUTLER: My main purpose was to widen the charter to enable us to contribute to research into the development of other and non-nuclear forms of energy. I appreciate that, in these times of economic stringency in the government sector, I cannot expect to have new staff to take on in new areas while, at the same time, retaining all the previous staff on their original work. If we are going to start research in other areas, then we must wind down the volume of effort in the existing nuclear areas.

PLAYBOY: But people have been suspicious of the kind of work that has gone on at Lucas Heights. Have their suspicions been justified?

BUTLER: There is a great lack of knowledge about what goes on here. We are trying to improve this situation through our public relations program. Over the past three years we have been organising private invitation days. Through the commission's public relations section we get up lists of politicians, businessmen and media representatives and the chairman invites them to spend a day at Lucas Heights. We end up with about 40 guests. We break the ice with a talk on the operation of the establishment before we show them around to give them a look at a good cross-section of our work. After lunch the visitors are introduced to a panel of senior staff to whom they can address any questions they like. The feedback we are getting is that our visitors are astonished at the scope of our work which they all see as being clearly in the national interest. All our work is positive and constructive. From time to time people who have never visited the establishment make obscure references to the sort of thing we are supposed to be doing here. I don't know what it is they think we are doing. When somebody implies we are engaged in something sinister, that implication is based on ignorance.

PLAYBOY: Given that ignorance, have you made a special effort to inform the public of exactly what is happening behind these securely guarded gates?

BUTLER: A public relations program existed before I came, but I have been very conscious of the need to promote that program. In addition to the private invitation days, we started a program for local residents a couple of years ago.

PLAYBOY: Do the locals have a common fear about what you and your fellow scientists are doing here?

BUTLER: Oh, it is intangible. The fears seem to differ from person to person. Most of them don't know what we are doing and their imaginations lead to all sorts of concoctions. But the most common reaction among the local visitors is one of relief, followed by enthusiasm about our work.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the commission might have been too secretive in the past?

BUTLER: I don't know. I can only comment on what has happened since I have been here. But, whatever the reason, the ignorance about what we do is widespread through the community.

"There may be good reasons for nuclear power but Australia's entry into the nuclear power age will be slower than other countries."

PLAYBOY: Back in the days when Sir Philip Baxter was running the ship, the commission, rightly or wrongly, had a reputation for nuclear sabre rattling. Do you think the commission has lived down that reputation?

BUTLER: I would be very concerned if anybody thought we were in favor of that sort of thing. I cannot comment on what might or might not have been people's opinion in the past. But I can assure you it doesn't apply today.

PLAYBOY: Some people have advocated that Australia should have nuclear weapons. You obviously don't agree.

BUTLER: If that was said, it was in the early days of the commission. The commission today is certainly not of that opinion. And, of course, Australia is a signatory to the nuclear non-proliferation treaty.

PLAYBOY: Does Australia have the expertise necessary to build a nuclear weapons capacity?

BUTLER: That is a hypothetical question, but as far as the knowledge is concerned, we have the knowhow.

PLAYBOY: Living as we do in a dynamic world, how quickly could Australia develop a bomb if at any time in the future the Government decided we needed a nuclear arsenal?

BUTLER: I couldn't answer that.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BUTLER: For security reasons I'm not in a position to answer that.

PLAYBOY: Let's try another hypothesis: assuming the world's oil will run out before the turn of the century, do you see any alternative to Australia using nuclear reactors to generate its electricity?

BUTLER: Let me preface my answer by saying that Australia is in a unique situation in respect to our coal reserves which will be used to produce most of our electricity for some considerable time — certainly for much longer than in most other countries. However, by the turn of the century, a 1000 megawatt nuclear station may be operating in Western Australia and possibly a second in Victoria. There may be good reasons for nuclear power stations, but Australia's entry into the nuclear power age will be much slower than other countries' because of our extensive coal reserves.

PLAYBOY: Do you see energy producing nuclear stations as a stopgap or will they play a continuing role in the supply of power?

BUTLER: Given the problems associated with the development of alternative forms of energy such as solar or fusion, there is no doubt that nuclear stations will be a source of power in Australia for a good number of years — perhaps 50 years from the time the first one comes on line.

PLAYBOY: Those who oppose the introduction of nuclear power in Australia and its proliferation internationally do so on two main grounds: no one can guarantee against an accidental leak of radioactivity; and no one has yet come up with a safe way of disposing of the waste. Are their fears justified?

BUTLER: Let me take the second of those two grounds first. I disagree completely with the claim that there is no safe way of disposing of atomic waste. One of the most commonly used methods in countries such as France is the multi-barrier method in which the critical barrier is a tough, borosilicate glass. After the waste is allowed to stand for a period to cool down by losing its short-lived radioactivity, it is embedded in glass which, in turn, is encased in a steel container. The securely enclosed waste is then buried in a shaft which has been drilled several hundred, perhaps 1000, metres into a geologically stable area. Even if the waste was buried loose at that depth in a stable area, calculations indicate that it would be very unlikely to get into the biosphere within the lifespan of the harmful radioactivity contained in the waste.

Important developments in the field of safe disposal of nuclear waste are also being made in Australia. A few months after I took over at Lucas Heights, Professor Ted Ringwood, director of the ANU research school of earth sciences, discussed with me his "synroc" proposal and suggested that we collaborate in its development. His idea was, instead of enclosing the waste in glass, to embed it in a synthetic rock of the same type as one formed naturally and which has lasted millions of years in geological terms. Synroc consists of common minerals containing elements compatible with radioactive waste. If you introduce the radioactive waste into this synroc when you are making the rock in the laboratory, the radioactive atoms would be locked in the lattice sites of the atomic array in crystalline solids. It would then be trapped hundreds of times more securely than in glass.

In collaboration with Ringwood, we are developing the synroc and there is no doubt that we are leading world research in this area. World patents are pending and the Americans are carefully studying the rock as an alternative to glass. Some of our people here have developed a method of synroc production which is expected to be no more costly to make than glass. A pilot plant is almost ready.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't the Ringwood concept described by one overseas expert as a variation on an old and impractical theme?

BUTLER: The person who made that claim in the US later withdrew the remark. His criticism was based on a misunderstanding. Our tests here on synroc are very encouraging. We are comparing it with the glass in leaching tests to simulate the effects if underground water were able to get at it — an unlikely event through careful selection of a stable disposal area. We are also testing it to see if there would be any deterioration in its structure due to radiation damage and comparing the results with the effects on glass in similar tests.

We make the stuff in big blocks and put it in the heart of the reactor where it is bombarded with neutrons to simulate the kind of radiation treatment it will receive from the radioactive waste it is planned to embed in it. Over a few weeks we can subject it to the equivalent of 10,000 years of natural bombardment from the waste. The results show it is standing up well.

PLAYBOY: But the anti-nuclear lobby say the radioactive material in the waste remains dangerous for millions of years.

BUTLER: That is an exaggeration. By the time the waste sits in its hole in the ground for something in the magnitude of 1000 years, it will have decayed to the point that its radioactive output will be no greater than from the original uranium ore from which it came. And there is an awful lot of uranium ore sitting a lot closer to the surface of the Earth than the waste which is to be buried 1000 metres below the surface in very stable geological areas.

PLAYBOY: What about people's fears of a leak such as the one which occurred in Pennsylvania?

BUTLER: When looking at the production of electricity and power stations, one must look at the comparative risks posed by the various means of supplying electricity. Nothing can be safe in the absolute sense. Nobody can guarantee that there won't be a leak from a nuclear power station, that no accident will occur. Let me give you an analogy: before I leave on a flight to London I seek a guarantee from the pilot that the plane will suffer no mishap whatsoever. The pilot can offer me no such guarantee because none can be given. The fact is that the probability of something happening on the flight is so small that I am prepared to go. Similarly, the probability of something happening with a nuclear reactor is very, very small — much smaller, in fact, than things going wrong in other sorts of power production. It is acknowleged that, in the production of electricity through coal burning, there is a much larger number of human casualties right through from the mining process to atmospheric pollution from the end waste than there is in the nuclear power industry. Nuclear power is acknowleged by everyone except those emotionally involved in opposing it to be the cleanest form of power the world has used.

> *"Unfortunately, some of the media reports used the word 'leaks' in an analogy to the Pennsylvania situation. This is not the case."*

PLAYBOY: Despite that, I fancy the word nuclear will remain a dirty word for a long time.

BUTLER: If you mean that the word connotes explosions, then yes, you are right. It is surprising how many people envisage an explosion when they hear of an accident in a nuclear power station. It its physically impossible for a nuclear explosion to occur in a nuclear reactor. The worst accident that could occur is the loss of coolant of the fuel which would cause overheating of the core. In an extreme case when all the coolant was lost and, at the same time, the emergency cooling systems failed, the fuel would melt. This would result in the leakage of radioactivity in gaseous form. However, this has never occurred in a commercial nuclear power station, although, due to partial failure of the cooling system, serious overheating of fuel did occur at Three Mile Island Two.

PLAYBOY: Are some types of reactors safer than others?

BUTLER: No. All the reactors in use around the world are well designed and safe. I don't think that any are intrinsically safer than others.

PLAYBOY: Was any danger connected with the so-called leaks from the commission's reactor?

BUTLER: Unfortunately some of the media reports used the word "leaks" in an analogy to the Pennsylvannia situation. This was just not the case. Let me put the record straight. From time to time we shut down the reactor for routine maintenance and inspection. On this occassion minute fatigue cracks were found in the inner skin of some steel bellows units which form part of the system through which heavy water had been circulating for the 20-plus years the reactor has been operating. Since the bellows are double-skinned, nothing escaped. The water was all contained within the bellows. We made an ultra-safe decision to replace all bellows units before bringing the reactor into operation. As it turned out, we had to wait five months for the new units to be made in Australia and fitted.

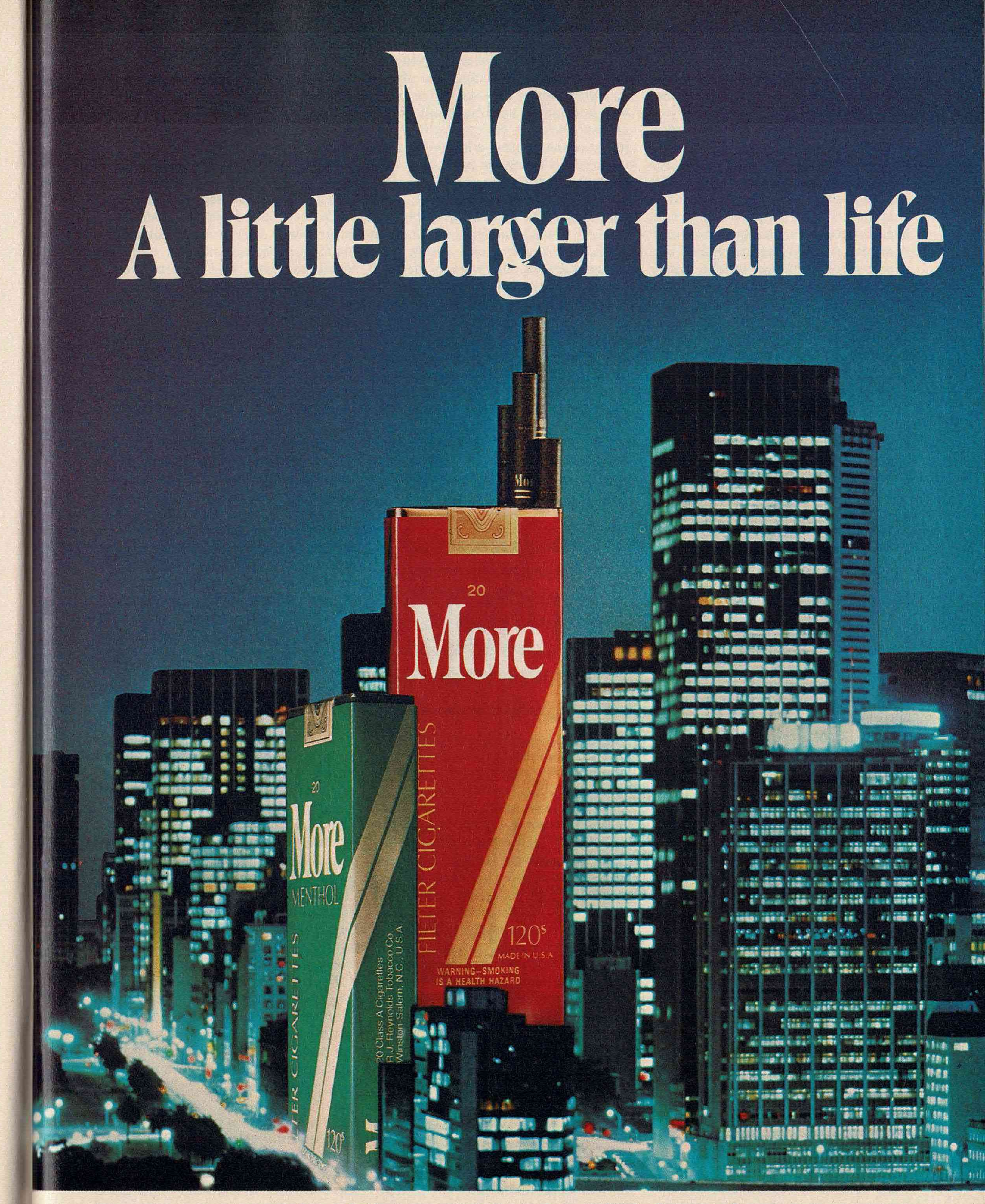
PLAYBOY: You have mentioned that the commission and the ANU are on the verge of producing a virtually fail-safe method of storing nuclear waste with synroc. This would seem to be of paramount importance if Australia proceeds with a suggestion to make it one of the conditions of the export of uranium that the waste is returned. Do you agree it should be returned?

BUTLER: It is possible that one of the things that could be considered is a package deal to lease uranium. New fuel elements could then be manufactured from the reprocessed material and the waste disposed of.

PLAYBOY: I realise we are still in a sensitive area but, as a scientist, are you happy with the safeguards and guarantees that the Government is demanding in return for the export of our uranium?

BUTLER: Quite happy.

PLAYBOY: Shortly after taking over at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Lucas Heights, you were described as being a paradoxical champion of both nuclear and non-nuclear camps. As a nuclear scientist, are you really that ambivalent?

BUTLER: I was never aware of that description. I am not one of the anti-nuclear camp. But, in supporting the use of nuclear power and Australia's role as a supplier and participator in that use, I also support research in such areas as solar energy and fusion.

PLAYBOY: Around the same time you expressed confidence in the major powers' ability to curb nuclear proliferation through the International Atomic Energy Agency. Are you as confident four years later?

BUTLER: Yes. Nothing has changed my ideas in that regard. In fact, having since observed the agency's operation from close range, I am even more convinced today.

PLAYBOY: But getting down to the nitty gritty, isn't the agency a toothless tiger when it comes down to dealing with the ruthless politicians, dictators or nations?

BUTLER: If a nation has signed the non-proliferation treaty and is a member of the atomic agency, then it is subject to an examination by international inspectors who are both efficient and effective. If you refer to countries that are not signatories to the treaty and want to go their own way, then that is another matter entirely. But I feel that the powers which do belong to the agency would be well aware of what those countries were up to.

PLAYBOY: Coal is regaining its position as black gold in the energy field. Do you see coal as being a viable alternative to oil?

BUTLER: A lot more work has to be done on the principle of coal liquefaction. Among the possibilities in this area, I think we should first be exploring the extraction of oil from shale. But coal liquefaction will play an increasingly vital role in ekeing out and extending the lifetime of oil, especially in the transport area. Various alternatives are available, or in prospect, for the production of electricity. At the moment, however, transport does require oil and the products of oil, and that's it. In considering the alternative fuels for transport we should be looking well ahead — perhaps to the transfer to a hydrogen system which, of course, will be a most dramatic changeover for the world. In the meantime, it is important that we do all we can to add to existing oil stocks for transport. Fuels such as ethanol to add to gasoline and oil from shale and coal can contribute to our stocks.

PLAYBOY: But aren't there inherent dangers in the increased use of coal in the production of electricity, steel and the like? Some doomsdayists are saying that the re-emergence of coal as a prime energy source will bring its own apocalypse with the build-up of a carbon dioxide blanket which will increase the Earth's surface temperature until it reaches a point where the ice caps will melt.

BUTLER: Large-scale coal use on a world basis has its pollution problems, one of which concerns the carbon dioxide concentration within the atmosphere. If coal were to be used exclusively, it would maximise the increase of carbon dioxide, quite apart from the other forms of pollution it causes. There have been a number of estimates that this use of coal could significantly raise the average temperatures of countries in certain latitudes. And there has been conjecture on the polar ice caps melting at a faster rate. But that is something which it is impossible to estimate. The conjecture, however, does point up the problems associated with maximum use of coal. But, in comparison to the United States, which is likely to meet much of its increasing demand for electricity with coal, Australia is in another situation entirely. Australia is a large continent with a well dispersed population and I don't see an increased use of coal for the production of electricity causing a serious pollution threat here.

"There is no way yet known whereby you can produce that kind of power on an efficient or economically viable basis from solar energy."

PLAYBOY: But we can't afford to be complacent.

BUTLER: That is something which obviously has to be monitored, and the burning of coal had to be made as clean as possible. The carbon dioxide levels in the atmosphere must be monitored continually. Monitoring so far has indicated a general increase of carbon dioxide in many geographic locations over the past 15 years.

PLAYBOY: As a nuclear scientist, maybe you are biased but, if you were given the power to choose between nuclear and fossil energy, what would be your choice and why?

BUTLER: Many things have to be taken into consideration, but the nuclear option is a very strong one. The building of a nuclear power station requires a greater capital input than, say, a coal fired station. Running costs, however, are significantly lower for nuclear power than for coal. So, depending on today's costs, you reach a cross-over point in your projected comparative costs for a nuclear and a coal station. But it is very difficult to make comparative cost estimates because there is at least 10 years' lead time between a decision to build a nuclear power station and that facility coming on line. And you obviously can't use 1981 costs when you are trying to make capital estimates for something which won't be in production until 1991 at the very earliest. Economic variables such as inflation and interest rates have to be taken into account.

In all cases involved in meeting Australia's future power requirements, nuclear and coal should be major options and a decision based on where the station is needed. If, for example, coal has to be transported long distances to the proposed power site, then that is a big factor tilting in favor of nuclear power.

PLAYBOY: Many Australians are asking why, when we live in a sun-drenched country, we haven't yet harnessed solar energy?

BUTLER: There is a vast lack of understanding about solar energy. If we are talking about the use of solar energy to produce low-grade heat suitable for hot water systems and, perhaps, air conditioning — heat less than that necessary to boil water — then solar is here now. You can buy it commercially. By installing panels in the roof of your home, you can turn on to solar heat and use less electricity for heating your hot water. But when you see stickers on cars saying "solar not nuclear" the implication is that man has a choice between nuclear and solar power stations. This is not the case. To use solar energy for power production you have got to be able to produce high-grade heat to the order of 300 degrees Celsius to get the necessarily efficient flow of steam to drive turbines. Compared to the low-grade solar heat available at present, you are in a different ball park. There is no way yet known whereby you can produce that kind of power on an efficient or economically viable basis from solar energy.

But research is continuing. The Government has appointed the AAEC as the lead laboratory in a join solar power tower study with Japan in Australia's outback. No one can prejudge the outcome of this study but, given current technology, it is anticipated that it will be possible to build a solar tower to produce a megawatt or two. But one might be looking at a cost of

$1 a kilowatt hour. The precise cost comparisons between solar and other forms of power have yet to be determined, but if you are thinking in terms of producing the many hundreds of megawatts necessary to power our cities, then the comparison would be unbelievable. Our power at the moments costs us a few cents a kilowatt hour. The solar costs would be hundreds of times more.

People who suggest there is a choice available between solar and nuclear are off the track. Current research is directed at finding a method of harnessing solar energy that will bring down the cost and make it a viable alternative to other forms of power. Several proposals are being examined by the National Energy, Research, Development and Demonstration Council, of which I am a member.

PLAYBOY: I understand some scientists are suggesting that satellites could trap the Sun's power in space and beam it back to Earth on a microwave. Is this feasible?

BUTLER: I know that this has been suggested, and big companies in the US are backing it, but, as far as I am aware, the American Government is not financing any feasibility study. There are a great many difficulties. It is very unlikely that this method will produce power at a competitive cost or even at anything approaching a feasible range. There are also very serious hazards associated with beaming large quantities of energy around through microwaves. If a powerful microwave beam goes astray it could wreak havoc. The consequences could be horrendous — far worse than the hazards associated with any other form of power we have been discussing.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking in terms of an errant microwave burning up a whole city?

BUTLER: It could certainly be very injurious to human life.

PLAYBOY: How do you perceive the present and future role of the Atomic Energy Commission?

BUTLER: All our research should be motivated by the national interest, and, significantly, much of our work is in the area of the full uranium fuel cycle — from mining the ore to the ultimate disposal of the radioactive waste material.

PLAYBOY: To make the entire uranium industry safer, and more efficient and more economic?

BUTLER: Yes. Let's take uranium enrichment — the process by which the ratio of uranium 235 to uranium 238 in natural uranium is upgraded. Uranium 235, which fissions to produce the energy you seek in a reactor, is the isotope which occurs at only 0.7 percent in natural uranium. The bulk of the natural substance is uranium 238 which does not fission under the same circumstances. Enrichment for nuclear power reactor fuel involves building up the percentage of uranium 235 from 0.7 percent to about 3 percent. There are two main processes to obtain enrichment. One is the gaseous diffusion method which is used by the Americans but which is very expensive and consumes a lot of power. The second process is known as centrifuging. Gas from uranium is spun in a centrifuge and during the process more heavier atoms are spun out than lighter atoms. If you tap into the process at carefully selected levels during the many stages, you get increased ratios of uranium 235. You maintain the process until you reach the desired enrichment of 3 percent uranium 235.

We also feel that Australia should have the knowhow if ever the Government were to decide to build its own enrichment plant. This is the reason for the commission's long-standing centrifuge enrichment project division. The Government is still considering where it will go with enrichment, but the technology we are building up will be a very valuable asset.

"Water in the Great Artesian Basin is about 40,000 years old. That put paid to the theory that the basin is being continually replenished."

PLAYBOY: In the national interest the enrichment program might be, but isn't it also likely to be a boon to the private mining companies?

BUTLER: I don't know which way the Government will move, but it might give private industry an approval to go into the enrichment area. The Government is currently considering its policy on enrichment.

PLAYBOY: But couldn't the Lucas Heights establishment be seen to be working on behalf of the mining companies?

BUTLER: No. This establishment has done basic research into enrichment and I would see nothing inconsistent with the possibility of building a pilot plant with Government approval. But if it was decided to build a full-scale enrichment plant, it would not be part of this establishment. It would either be built and operated by the Federal Government, in conjunction with private enterprise, or by private industry under Government regulatory supervision. In that event, however, I could see our expertise being used on a consultancy or advisory basis.

PLAYBOY: Are basic studies in the operation and performance of nuclear reactors as power producers still in the mainstream of the commission's research work?

BUTLER: Research associated with nuclear power reactors was initially our main function. It has ceased to be a dominant area. But we consider it important for the country to retain expertise in this area against the time when Australia reaches the stage when nuclear stations are being planned. Other areas of research range through what we call nuclear science and application of radio-isotopes. Using isotopes we have devised in our research, instruments have been developed for analysis of mineral streams. Isotopes are also being used in hydrology to analyse the age of artesian water. We have, for example, been able to determine that much of the water in the Great Artesian Basin is about 40,000 years old. That has put paid to the theory that the basin is being continually replenished.

We have received permission from the Minister to develop a program using a nuclear accelerator to research materials for solar cells. Using the accelerator to implant ions or atoms makes a material which is very suitable for solar cells. This is a good example of using nuclear technology to assist in research into another form of energy — solar.

PLAYBOY: Nuclear medicine is now widely accepted. Are your researches moving into new fields in this area?

BUTLER: We are continually doing research into radio-pharmaceuticals, seeking new radioactive compounds that could be put to use in the medical world.

PLAYBOY: Are you involved in applying nuclear technology to the field of genetic engineering?

BUTLER: We are doing a little bit of radiation biology — the effects of radiation on biological systems — but we are not at this stage getting involved in genetic engineering. I would prefer to develop our work in radiation biology.

PLAYBOY: Into what fields?

BUTLER: One area is the detailed investigation of the behavior of biological cells under the effects of radiation. There are very many unanswered questions in this area. We are, for example, collaborating with an eminent medical person, Dr Lester Peters, from the Prince of Wales

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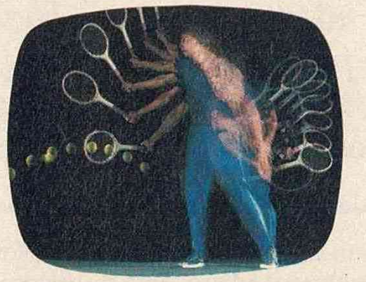

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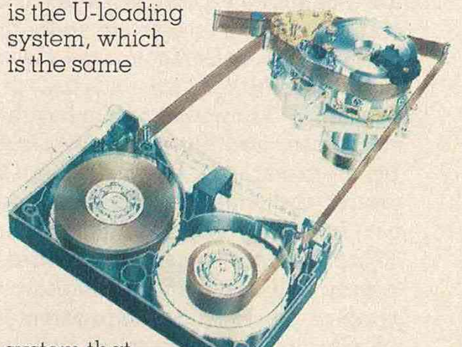

In practical terms, this U-loading treats the tape more gently (that means longer tape life – important!).

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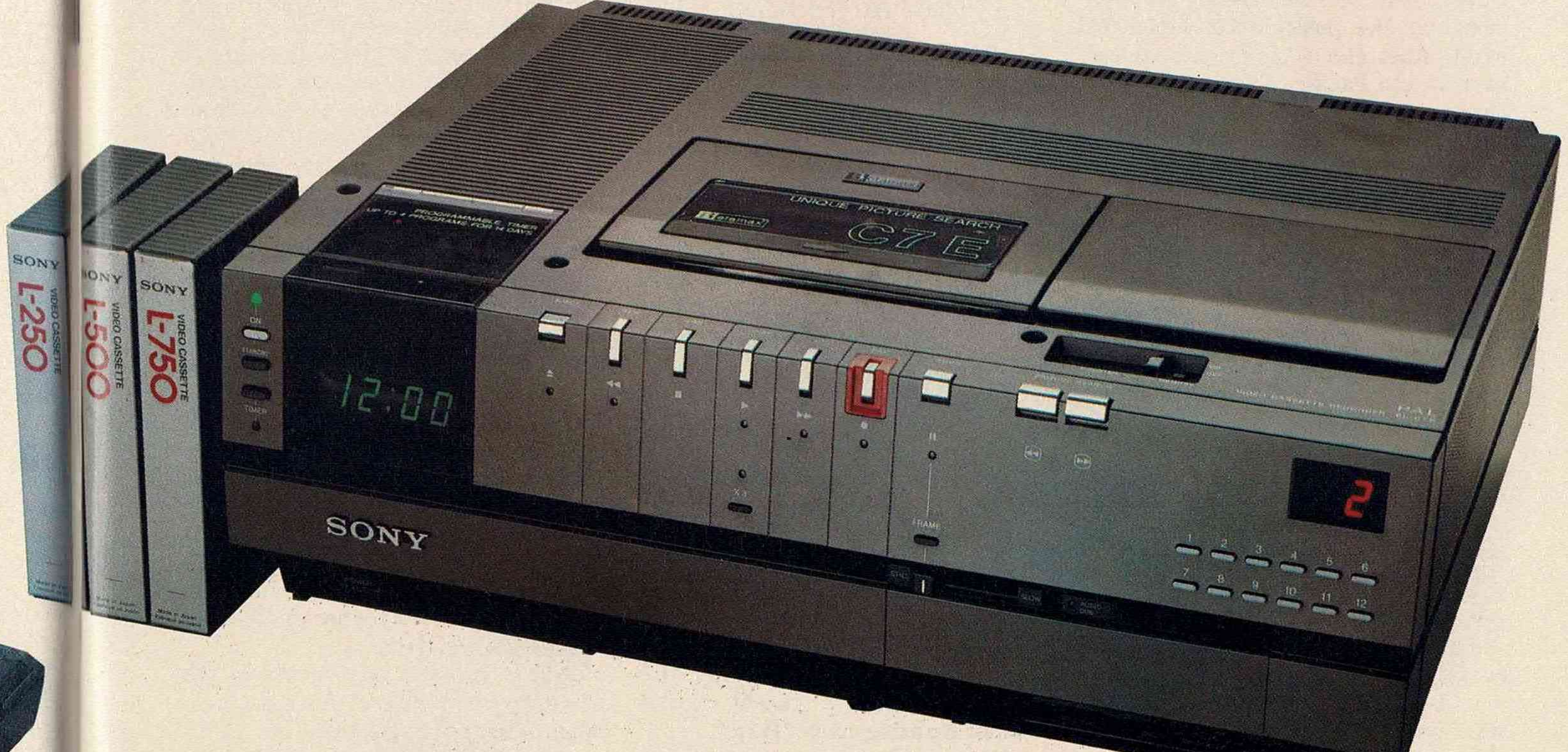

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Hospital, who has done a lot of work on the effect of radiation on human beings. He is interested in the treatment of leukemia by bone marrow transplant in association with body radiation. The theory is you do the marrow transplant and bracket that procedure in parallel with radiation treatment from a cobalt source. You use the radiation in an attempt to eradicate rejection of the transplanted marrow. We are experimenting with animals to examine the tolerance of various organs and to discover which organ gives out first and what effect varying doses of radiation have on different organs. Dr Peters is hoping that this research will eventually lead to an effective form of treatment for leukemia, but, of course, he must first be aware of all the consequences of radiation on the organs of the body. I gather that he is encouraged by our results so far.

PLAYBOY: What insight do you hope to get into the long-term effects of radiation in your biological research?

BUTLER: One of the great unknowns is whether small doses of radiation have an effect on biological cells and, if they do, then do the cells have a recovery rate? I was one of the members of the Academy of Science appointed by the Government to investigate and comment on the possible consequences within Australia of the French nuclear tests in the Pacific. Everyone is subjected to various forms of natural radiation. But we were plagued by the question of whether the French tests increased some types of radiation and, if so, would they produce any forms of illness. It might only be a few odd cases per 100,000 people, but it would be better that none of those illnesses happened. The French sent their own contingent of scientists, we had a joint meeting and we put out separate reports. The French argued that there is a threshold below which the radiation dose you get is so small that the effect is as though nothing happened. But the whole question has never been satisfactorily resolved.

PLAYBOY: Where is current research pointing us in the effects of induced radiation on the human body?

BUTLER: Sir McFarlane Burnett was one who originally believed that there was very likely a threshold below which there was no effect. But I was speaking to his successor at the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute, Gus Nossal, recently and he presented a different view. He said the latest indications are that the threshold does not exist, and there are radiation effects right down to the bottom line.

PLAYBOY: How vital a role is the commission playing in the gradual progression toward what scientists seem to regard as the ultimate energy source, fusion?

BUTLER: Let me first put fusion in its perspective. Everybody agrees that fusion is a long-term prospect. They agree to disagree only on the time scales. In the most optimistic time scale, there is a possibility of the US, Russia, Western Europe and Japan each producing a huge $500 million break-even device by the mid-'80s. When I say a break-even device, it won't produce a unit capable of producing electric power, but will produce fusion reactions capable of releasing as much energy as went into firing the reactions. That is step one and it hasn't occurred yet. The International Fusion Research Council of the International Atomic Energy Agency is trying to persuade Russia, the United States, Western Europe and, possibly, Japan, to pool their resources in an effort to build a device capable of producing power — not for practical use but to show that fusion can produce electricity. The IFRC would like to see that pilot plant operating in the 1990s and no later than 2000. But even when the world has progressed to that stage, there will be many problem areas which won't even have been touched: areas such as the enormous amount of research which will be required to examine the radiation damage to all the materials used in the construction of the fusion reactor.

> *"Once he knows something exists in nature, man has shown in the past that he has the ingenuity to learn how to tap nature."*

Material experts say that this is an area which will slow up development for many, many years after the scientists have shown they can achieve a pulse of power. It is one thing to produce a pulse of power. It is another to have a fusion reactor station operating continuously.

PLAYBOY: And what is your guesstimate when the fusion process will be working for man?

BUTLER: The optimists say by 2010; the more realistic, 2025 and the cautious say 2050. Let me say that between 2030 and 2050 is the most likely period, and that in a world which will be yearning for power. In the context of Australian priorities, I think we should be concentrating our research efforts on the uranium fuel cycle and solar energy. Fusion is less immediate. I have participated in and am greatly interested in plasma physics and I am not knocking fusion research. I am a staunch protagonist for fusion, but in perspective. Fusion groups are involved in a relatively small way but in very high-grade research at Flinders, Sydney and the Australian National Universities and they are being given support by the National Energy Research and Development Council.

The commission has staff members attached to these three universities where they are being trained in the fusion areas. We will eventually bring these people together at Lucas Heights and add staff to the group as we can. But our fusion research will not be on a mammoth scale.

PLAYBOY: Do you see fusion as the energy source that will make all others obsolete?

BUTLER: That is a possibility, but not nearly as certain as some people are saying. But it is an intrinsic source of energy. Nature has provided us with the way and, once he knows something exists in nature, man has shown in the past that he has the ingenuity to learn how to tap nature.

PLAYBOY: In the meantime, what are the pitfalls man must avoid?

BUTLER: The major pitfall I see is not making full use of nuclear energy or by delaying its further use for erroneous reasons. If you delay too long you go down the trough, and once you begin to fall you can't stop. Some countries are already in this danger zone. If the further use of nuclear power is delayed too long in countries such as the United States, there will be a real crisis.

PLAYBOY: How do you read the signs of man's ultimate destiny?

BUTLER: Going on past performances I suppose there will be one reason or another why the human race will cease to exist. But I think we have got a long way to run before that time comes. I certainly don't think we are going to end it all in the near future in one of those catastrophes peddled by the prophets of doom.

PLAYBOY: Is there any future in the stars? Does intelligent life exist anywhere else save on Earth?

BUTLER: I think it very unlikely that intelligent life exists elsewhere in our solar system. But there are hundreds of thousands of other solar systems in our and other galaxies. I am a firm believer that there is and has been life outside our solar system. But the probability of us ever making contact with them is remote.

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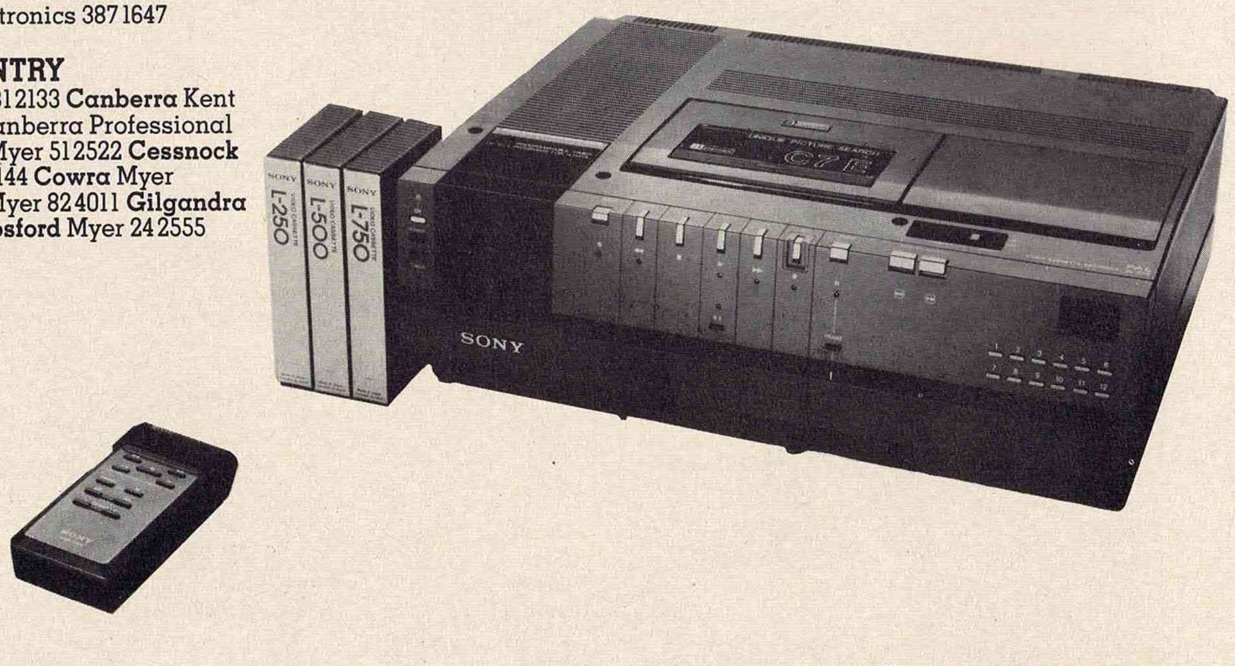

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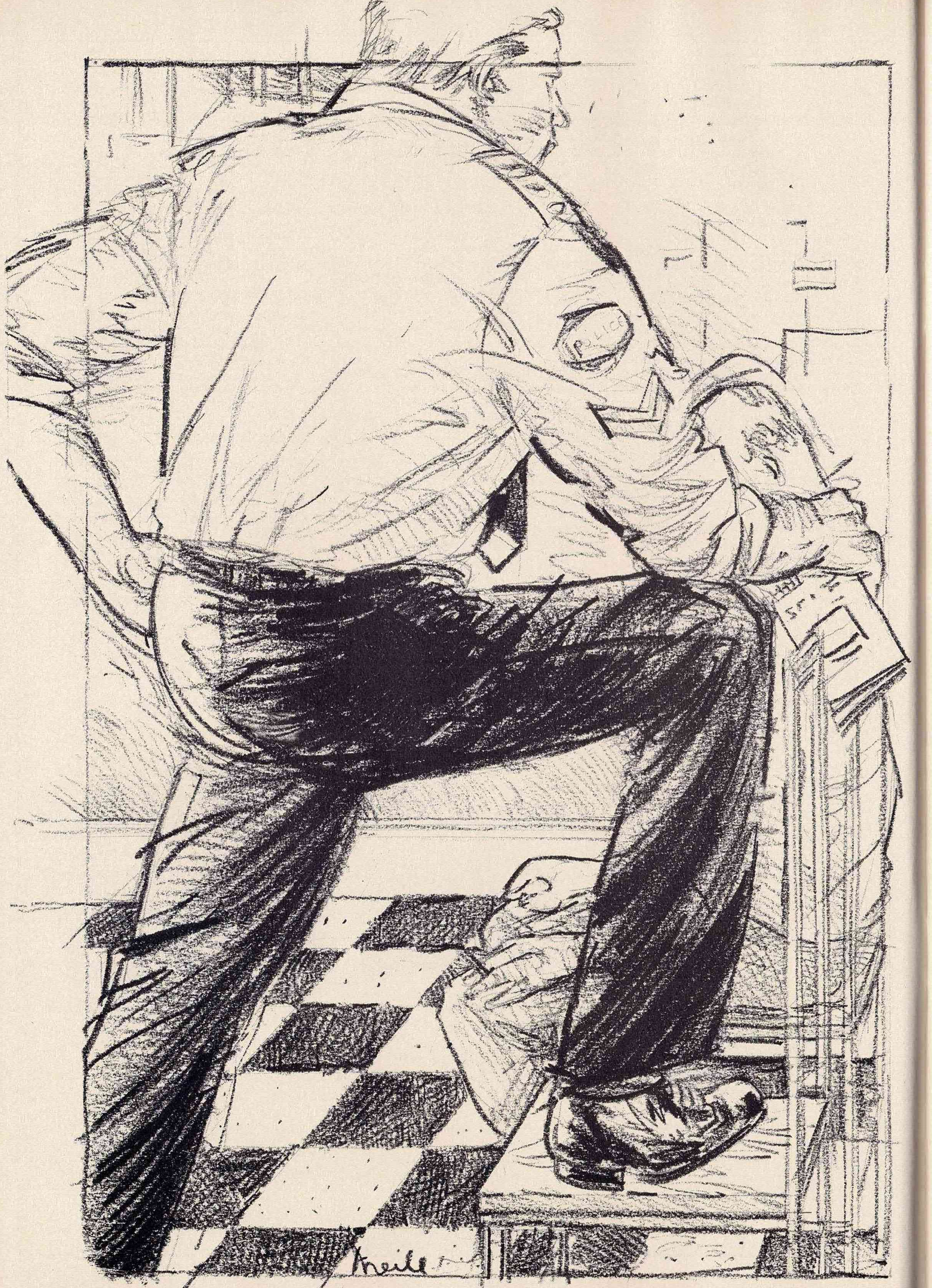


BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

Police Verbals

the little blue notebook the policeman opens in court has sent many to jail: too often unjustly.

article by gary sturgess

THURSDAY NIGHT. The Brisbane Supreme Court. The jury had retired to consider its verdict. The judge had retreated down mysterious corridors behind the high bench. Barry Fraser remained in the court room awaiting the jury's return. His barrister was still busy at the bar table, leafing through the pages of evidence that had accumulated there over the four days of the trial.

To his barrister, the crack in the police case had come almost too late. The police claimed that Fraser had confessed to having committed the burglary. Fraser claimed that he had been verballed — set up with a false confession invented by the police. According to the police, Fraser had confessed to having committed the crime on a Tuesday night. After the jury had retired, one prosecution witness approached Fraser's barrister and told him that the police evidence was wrong. He was certain that he had discovered the break-in on the Tuesday afternoon. Was it a slip of memory? Or had Barry Fraser been set up by the police as he claimed?

The jury had already returned a verdict of guilty when later that night solicitors called at the home of Mrs Margaret Kerr. She had been among those who had discovered the break-in. She was certain that it was the Tuesday afternoon when they had discovered the house burgled, and she could prove it. Further investigation by Fraser's solicitors uncovered police files which confirmed Monday night as the time of the crime.

On the Friday morning the Crown Prosecutor rose in court and told the judge that Fraser could not be guilty as charged. A nominal fine was given and the case immediately referred to the Court of Criminal Appeal. Within a week the appeal had been heard, the jury's verdict set aside, and a verdict of not guilty substituted.

Barry Fraser was the victim of a verbal. He was one of the lucky few who are able to establish from the surrounding facts that the police are lying. Others are not so fortunate. No one really knows how many wrong decisions have been made by the courts because of verballing. One would be too many.

Verballing is the fabrication of the evidence by the police to support or strengthen their case against a person they believe to be guilty. In practice it is usually a confession which the police allege the accused made while being questioned.

The term "verbal" was originally underworld slang for oral evidence, the most popular vehicle for police fabrications. The meaning of the word has changed so that it now describes falsified evidence in general.

The phrases "dropping a brick" and "bricking in" are also used to describe the practice.

Verballing is not merely unfairly obtained evidence; it is illegally obtained evidence. It is not merely the confession obtained through fraud or threats of violence, although such practices frequently do involve the police in lying to the law courts. Verballing is the confession that was never made, or the conversation that never occurred, or the record of an interview that was re-written to implicate the accused.

The practice is, of course, perjury; institutionalised perjury, but perjury all the same. The penalty is 14 years in jail.

Two avenues of police evidence account for more than 70 percent of contested confessions — the unsigned notebook and the unsigned record of interview. The record of interview is a typed transcript of the interview with the accused, made as the discussion was taking place. Typically, in these disputed cases, the police claim that the accused spoke freely with them during the interview, but then refused to sign the record of interview to verify it as an accurate account.

The "notebook verbal" was used in Barry Fraser's case. The police

ILLUSTRATION BY WARD O'NEILL

testified that Fraser had begun to confess to his part in the burglary as soon as he was taken to CIB headquarters. They had stopped him, they said, and warned him of his right to silence, but he had continued to confess. Having thus unburdened his soul, Fraser then refused to make a written statement, and when shown an account of the interview written by one of the detectives in his notebook, he had refused to sign it. However, Fraser had verbally agreed that it was a correct account of the interview, police said.

Fraser denied in the court that the interview had ever taken place. There had been some discussion about his criminal past, he said, and one of the detectives had then said to him: "You're going to wear two busts . . . think yourself lucky that you are going to get off so lightly."

The case was typical, in that the police were relying totally on this "confession" to establish Fraser's guilt. There was no independent evidence to implicate him in the crime. There was no objective proof that the confession had ever been made. Without assistance the jury had to decide who was lying — Fraser or the police.

In such a situation, the accused is already at a disadvantage in the jury's opinion for being under suspicion for having committed the crime. His position is worsened by the rule of evidence which provides that, when he challenges the alleged confession, the jury is entitled to hear about his criminal past. Normally such information is inadmissible. A man's past criminal record is generally considered to be irrelevant as to whether or not he is guilty of the charges then before the court. But this quite fundamental principle is waived when the accused challenges the credibility of the police witnesses, as for instance when he claims he has been verballed.

Barry Fraser was at just this disadvantage as soon as he claimed the verbal. Under cross-examination, the prosecutor asked him about his prior criminal record. He admitted to four prior convictions.

The jury was then faced with this question: were they to believe the police, or the testimony of a self-confessed criminal? In the absence of any independent evidence that the police were lying, they did what most people would do — they accepted the police account.

Frequently the jury's bias against the accused is confirmed by adverse comments made by the trial judge. Explicitly or implicitly, the judge often conveys a pro-police attitude to the jury during his summing up. The following comment is typical: "You must ask yourselves what motive a police officer would have for telling lies in the way suggested. Of course, if the accused is to be believed, these police officers are wicked men who should not for a moment longer be allowed to continue their careers in the police."

The question of the motives of the police for verballing is most complex. Ambition is part of the reason: the desire of the "kill-hungry" cop for recognition and promotion. Verballing is also easier than other forms of investigation. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen described a similar situation in India late last century: "There is a great deal of laziness in it. It is far pleasanter to sit comfortably in the shade rubbing pepper in some poor devil's eyes than to go out in the sun hunting up evidence."

The justification which the police seem to advance is that verballing is necessary to obtain convictions. The police tend to see the courts, and the rules of evidence under which they operate, as obstacles in the way of their campaign to enforce the law. Once this image is accepted, verballing is simply an attempt to remove some of the obstacles.

> *"The debate today is over how widespread is the practice. Is it the work of a few 'rotten apples'? Or is the whole crop bad?"*

There is no longer any dispute that verballing occurs. It has been referred to and criticised in four major government inquiries in Australia in the past five years, as well as in a number of judgments and academic seminars.

The debate today is over how widespread is the practice. Is it the work of a few "rotten apples"? Or is the whole crop bad?

The Australian Law Reform Commission in 1975 and the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Drugs in 1980 suggested that it was the work of only "a small minority of policemen". On the other hand the two most detailed studies of police malpractice, the Beach Inquiry in Victoria in 1976 and the Lucas Inquiry in Queensland in 1977, indicated that verballing was more common.

Statistical data are scarce. One of the most detailed studies to date was made by the Queensland Public Defender's Office in 1976 as a submission to the Lucas Inquiry. About 75 percent of the major criminal cases in Queensland are handled by the Public Defender's Office.

The study was based on 332 files covering a six-month period in 1975. The first significant conclusion from the study was that more than 60 percent of the criminal cases were resolved by the guilty party confessing to the police and pleading guilty in court. The successful operation of the criminal justice system is thus heavily dependent on confessional evidence in courts.

However, of the contested confessions, three out of every five were challenged as being wholly or partly fabricated. In two out of these three, the defendants were contesting an unsigned notebook or record of interview. Not all were verbals. In many cases the accused person was no doubt repenting of his earlier penitence. But in how many? To this question the study gave no answer.

If, as the police say, this change of heart accounts for the large majority of these cases, it is a strange phenomenon of human beings. This was commented on in a famous 19th century English case. The judge said: "It is remarkable that it is of very rare ocurrence for evidence of a confession to be given when proof of the prisoner's guilt is otherwise clear and satisfactory, but when it is not clear and satisfactory the prisoner is not infrequently alleged to have been seized with a desire born of penitence and remorse to supplement it with a confession; a desire which vanishes in a court of justice."

But verballing is not unique to Queensland, for a quite recent New South Wales study indicates that it is a serious problem in that State, too. The Campaign Against Legal Malpractice (CALM), an organ of the Ananda Marga, recently conducted a survey among 107 prisoners in Long Bay's Central Industrial Prison. The results of the CALM study were reported to a conference organised by the Australian Legal Workers' Group in late February on "The Criminal Injustice System".

The study indicated that 53 percent of the prisoners interviewed believed they had been convicted as the result, in part at least, of fabricated confessional evidence.

A separate but related question is how widely accepted verballing is among the police. In evidence to the Lucas Inquiry, the then Queensland Public Defender said: ". . . I still recall a statement made to me early in my career by one who later became head of the Criminal Investigation Branch in Brisbane to the effect that

LOVERS

Illustration by Pat Nagel

"My cut and your thrust make the perfect foil."

he fabricated confessions only after he decided the person was guilty."

Extreme though this attitude may appear, it seems to represent the view of most police. There *are* those who will not verbal in any circumstances, but they seem to be in a minority and to be counterbalanced by the unscrupulous few who will verbal regardless of their belief in the guilt or innocence of a person.

A case considered by the Lucas Inquiry illustrates this. The Committee had before it in evidence a tape-recording of conversations between four police officers as they falsified evidence. The recording was made by a fifth officer who was offended by what the others were doing. In this particular case, the four police were producing search warrants to cover an illegal search which had already taken place in Queensland.

In its report, the Committee commented on the apparent familiarity with the fabrication of evidence shown by all of the police officers involved. Despite the fact that they had not worked together before, all were at ease in what they were doing. The report also quoted from a conversation in the tapes in which two of the four offenders spoke with apparent disbelief of another police officer who would not verbal. These aspects of the case led the Lucas Committee to then conclude that verballing was widely accepted by the Queensland police.

The Beach Inquiry also heard evidence from members of the bar that the same practice was pervasive among Victorian police. While Beach refrained from commenting in his report on the extent of the problem, his recommendations indicate that he considered it to be serious.

There is no easy solution. Prosecutions of police officers for perjury are rare. This is due, in part, to the difficulty of proving perjury. But it is also a product of the "brotherhood syndrome" which exists among police whereby they defend one another from outsiders. While disciplinary action can occasionally be brought on for actions outside the police's code of ethics (bribery for instance), verballing is so widely accepted that the police are reluctant to act. In the Queensland case mentioned above, despite the damning evidence of the tape recordings, and specific recommendations from the Lucas Inquiry, no charges were ever laid. Indeed, all four officers were promoted after the contents of the tapes became known to the police.

Of the numerous recommendations that have been made to try to cope with the problem of verballing, few have been implemented anywhere in this country. The most consistent proposal has been the introduction of tape recorders into the interrogation process. This was recommended by the Australian Law Reform Commission, the Beach Inquiry and the Lucas Inquiry, as well as numerous overseas inquiries. Only Victoria has made any moves in this respect, and then its actions have been far short of what has been recommended.

Victoria has been attempting in other ways to deal with the problem of police malpractice, with apparent success. Victorian barristers report that, with the exception of the drug squad, the incidence of verballing has declined in recent years. While many of the recommendations of the Beach Report were scrapped by the subsequent Norris Committee, enough have been implemented to have had some sort of impact.

In Queensland, the news is not so encouraging. A recent Queensland Council for Civil Liberties report stated that "the problem of police misconduct has not disappeared since the Lucas Inquiry reported in 1977". Indeed, according to members of the Queensland bar, there has been no noticeable change in the incidence of verballing. The most optimistic view came from a senior criminal barrister who said that there had been some decline in verballing among senior detectives as the result of a campaign by the police commissioner. But this change did not at all extend to the lower ranks, he said. The Queensland Government has ignored most of the recommendations made in the Lucas Report. In particular, in 1978, Cabinet rejected the recommendation which that committee considered to be most important: the introduction of tape recorders in police interrogation.

> *"It has been suggested that the Government has been far too busy grappling with corruption in the police force to worry about verballing."*

But one encouraging trend in Queensland has been the continuing judicial criticism about police malpractice. This has extended from the Court of Criminal Appeal down to the magistrates' courts. The following comment is by a country magistrate in dismissing drug charges brought against two young men. The magistrate had found that the police had "planted" the drugs upon the two accused for the purpose of making the arrest. He said: "I cannot be other than caustically critical of the subversive fabrication by them (the police) of material presented to cloak the deception, which, if not refuted so effectively by the defendant, would have been instrumental in achieving his conviction and then destroying his reputation."

Despite the indications that New South Wales has a verballing problem at least as serious as the other States, there has been no government inquiry. It has been suggested that the reason for this is that the Government has been far too busy grappling with corruption in the police force to worry about verballing.

The notorious Darcy Dugan told an Australian Legal Workers' Group conference: "I have committed crimes in my life, but I was verballed on the offence I spent 14 years in jail for." Verballing not only occurred, Dugan said, but was commonplace. "One of my friends got three and a half years for verbally confessing to a crime I know he didn't commit. I did it."

The Victorian Bar Council in 1978 described the fabrication of confessions as a "cancer on the breast of justice". It results in innocent men going to jail and guilty men going free. The image is fitting.

The implications of law enforcement officials substituting their own decisions for those of the courts were explored in the second Dirty Harry movie, *Magnum Force.* Dirty Harry has discovered that a vigilante group has been set up by certain members of the police force to dispose of underworld figures they have not been able to catch through the courts. Toward the end of the movie he confronts his boss who, he has discovered, is the leader of this execution squad. In the ensuing conversation, Harry tells Lieutenant Briggs: "You know, when the police start becoming their own executioners, where's it going to end? Pretty soon you'll start executing people for jaywalking, then executing people for traffic violations, then you end up executing your neighbor because his dog pisses on your lawn."

The same point was put more elegantly by the High Court of Australia in a recent case when it said: "It is not fair play that is called into question in such cases, but rather society's right to insist that those who enforce the law themselves respect it, so that a citizen's right to immunity from arbitrary and unlawful intrusion into the daily affairs of private life may remain unimpaired."

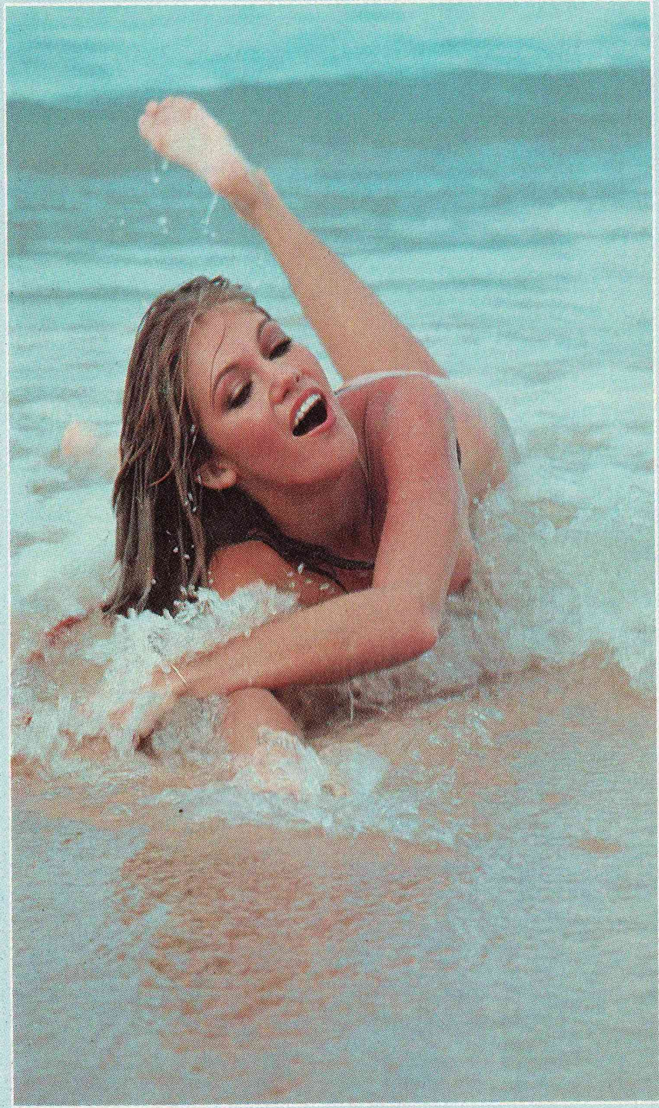
"Look, Ned, you've got to face the sight of blood one day."

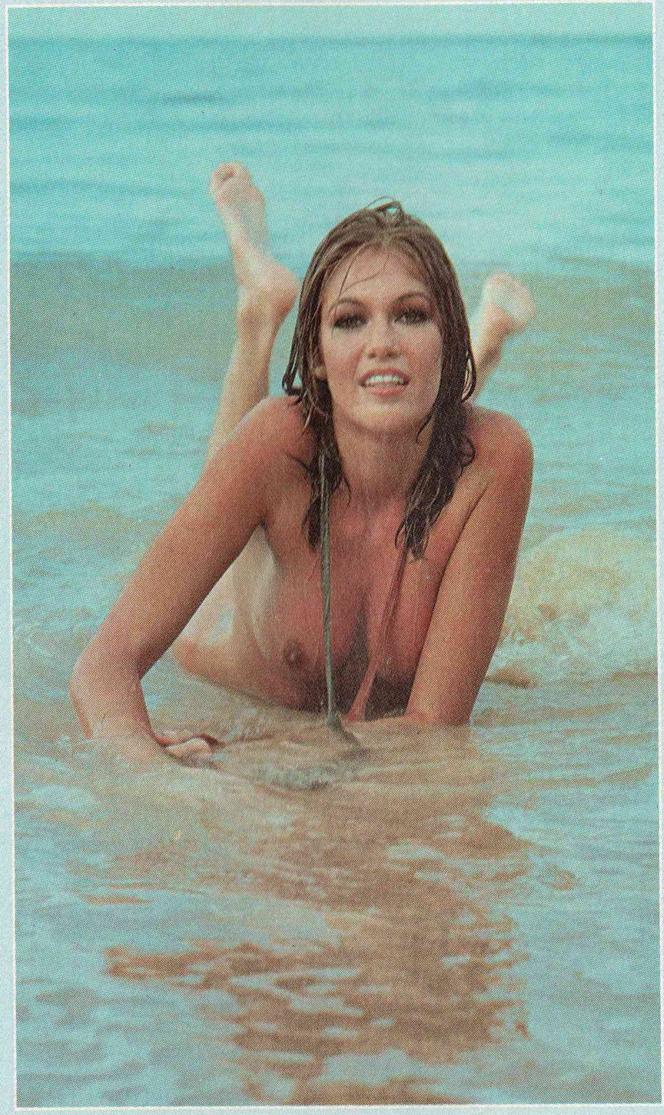
Queen for a day

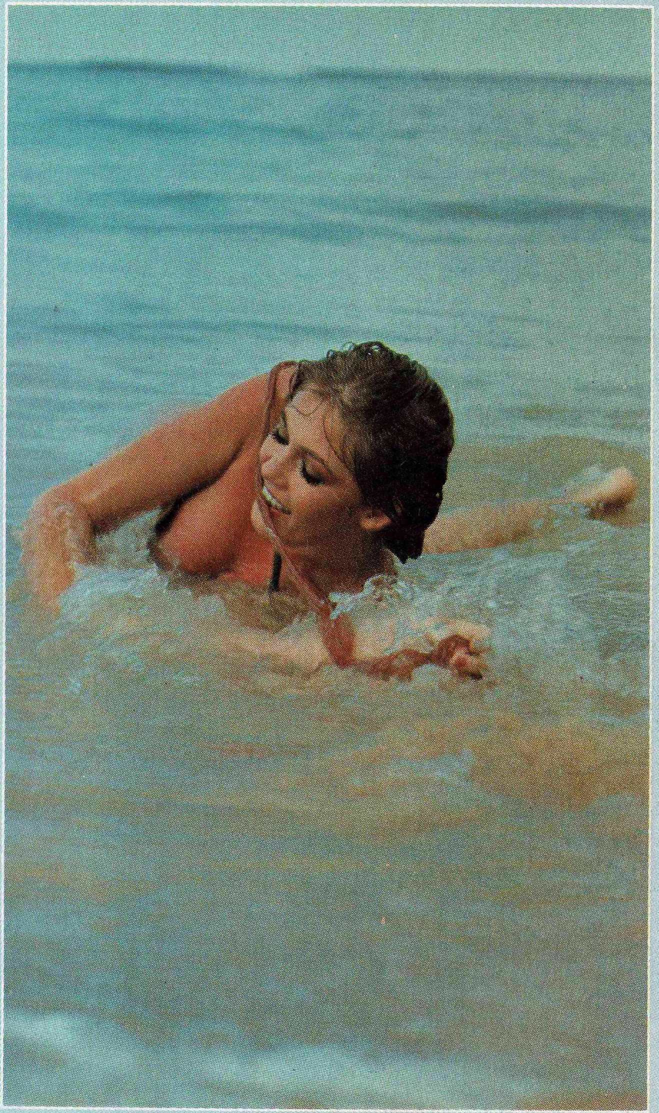
the moment had come.
the crowd was hushed —
who would be the new
miss world? gentlemen,
the envelope please.
and the winner is . . .
miss germany, gabriella
brum, who immediately
thought: how on earth
do i get out of this?

Photography by Sebastian Giefer Bastel

HERE SHE was, the envy of all women, everywhere. About to embark on a world tour as the ultimate symbol of feminine beauty, and all she wanted was out! Within 24 hours, Gabriella Brum had her wish. Thanks but no thanks. She turned in her crown and it was given to Miss Guam, Kimberley Santos. Gabriella was once again just plain Gaby. All around the world, people asked why, and speculation





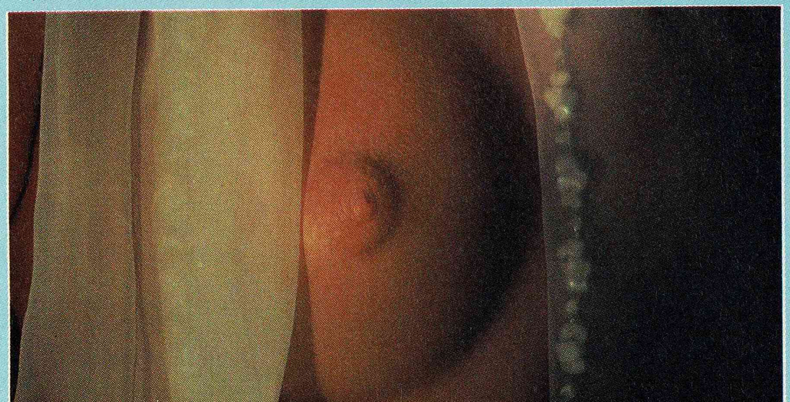


ran wild. When the media learned that she was the girlfriend of a producer and film cameraman who was — shock, horror — 34 years her senior, it was only a matter of time before Benno Bellenbaum was being portrayed as a jealous Svengali bent on denying Gabriella her place in the sun. The truth was a little short of that, but no less interesting.

The imposing (180cm) Miss Germany was born 18 years ago in Berlin. Quiet, introspective and independent, she had no boyfriend nor expressed any interest in having one until, at age 17, she met Benno. He became, and remains, very important to Gaby, so one would understand why she's angry at the press. "They wrote so many stupid things, things that are not true about me and my boyfriend. The true story was that I quit because I wanted to go to school for costume design. I didn't want to take a whole year off. If I want to quit, I quit. If Benno asks me to quit, okay, but I decide."

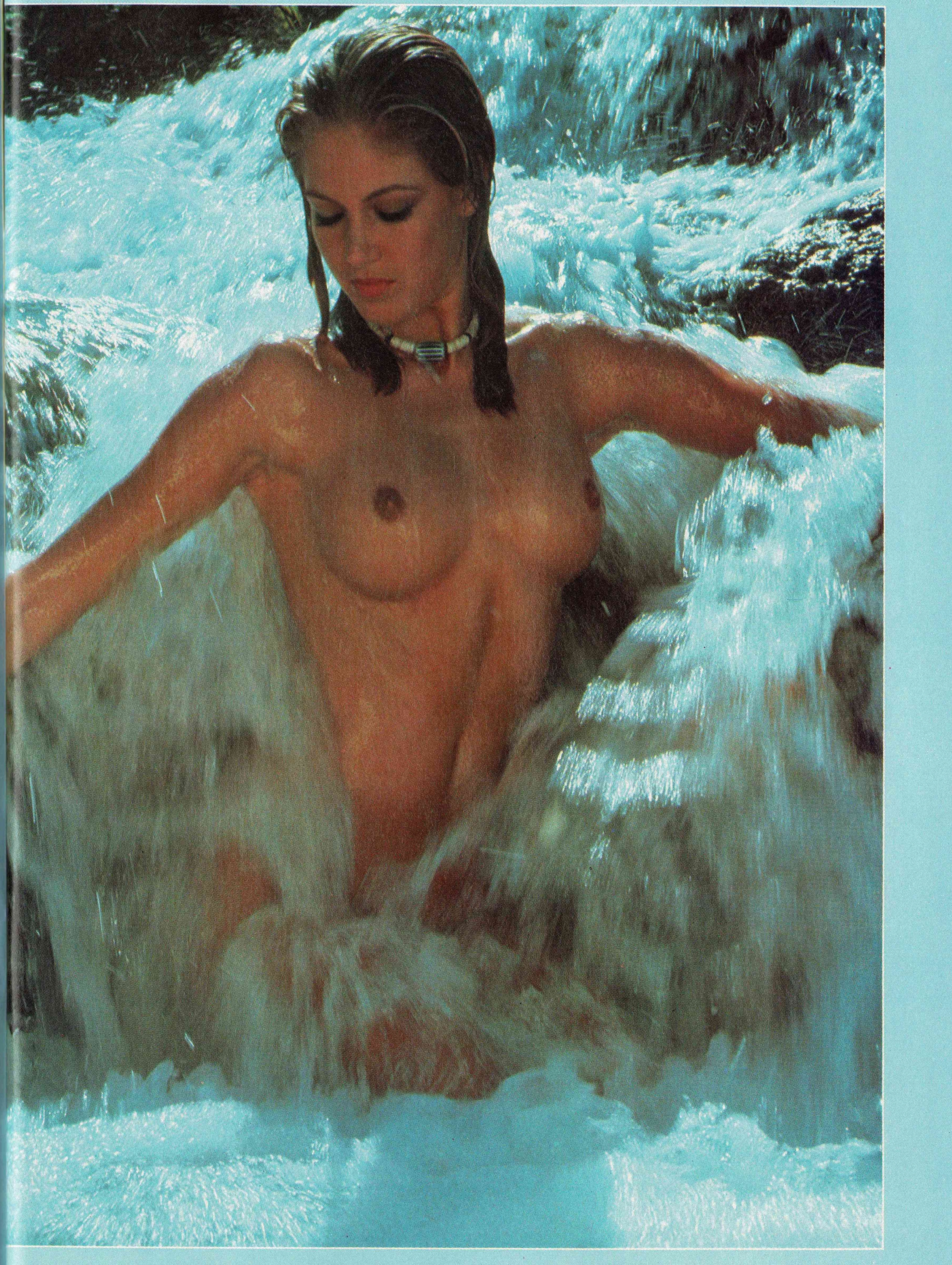
Actually winning the Miss World title was a possibility she did not even consider. Gaby said: "I just wanted the money. I have to make a living." But after reading the Miss World contract, Gabriella wondered just what it was she was supposed to have won.

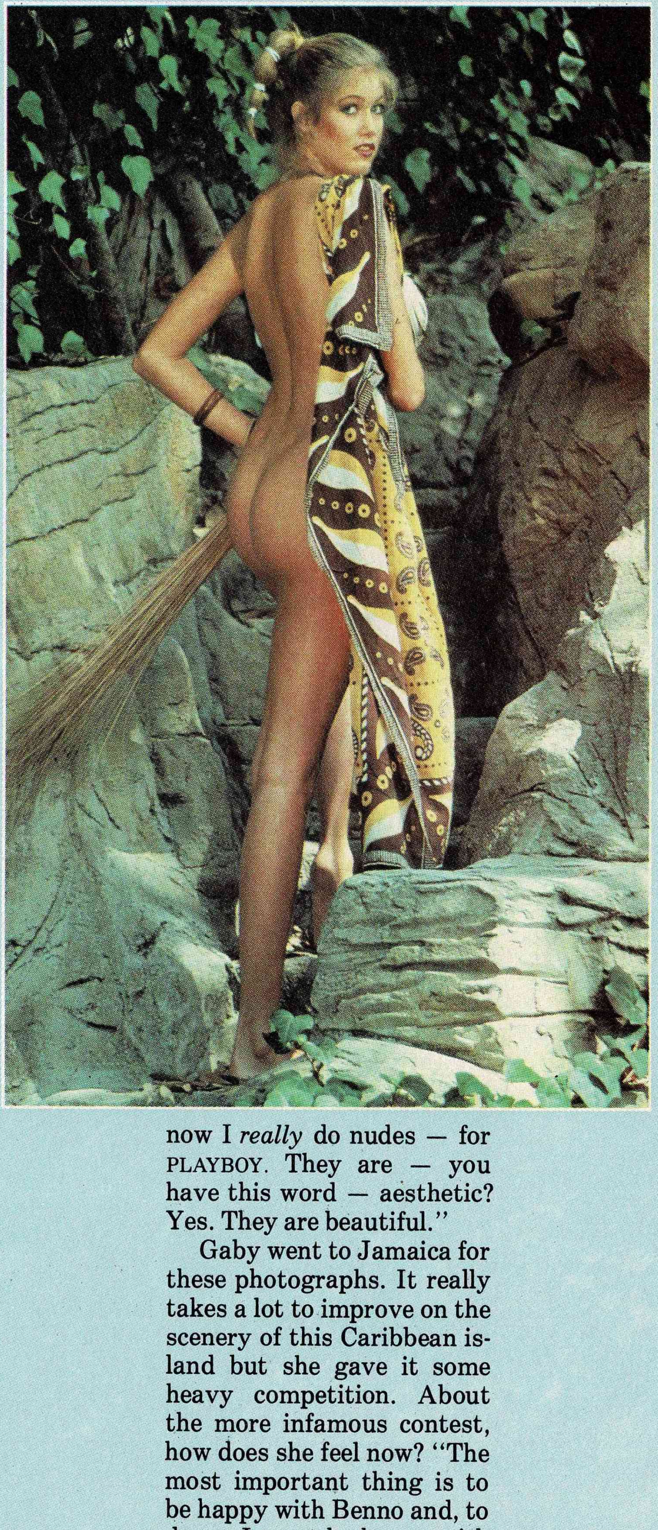
"After taxes, and the Miss Germany contract to repay, and airfares, and my



accommodation in London, I end up with nothing. I couldn't believe my eyes. I called Benno. He said: 'No problem; just quit and go away.' So I did."

Press reports also had it that Gabriella had done some nude modelling. She scoffs at that. "They said I did nude pictures, but I only did topless, for Benno, as a test. But the press, they try to spoil my image. So after the contest, I decide, okay,





now I *really* do nudes — for PLAYBOY. They are — you have this word — aesthetic? Yes. They are beautiful."

Gaby went to Jamaica for these photographs. It really takes a lot to improve on the scenery of this Caribbean island but she gave it some heavy competition. About the more infamous contest, how does she feel now? "The most important thing is to be happy with Benno and, to do so, I must be happy with myself. I'm a simple person."

CANYON FEVER

four days of hell . . . lost and wounded in rugged country . . . the writer sees life at its most raw

article by Mark Richmond

There are places in this world that can seduce a man. They are far away and hard to find. Sometimes they aren't even on maps. But once a man finds such a place, and dares step away from civilisation, he is enchanted. He sees wild beauty and yearns to be part of it.

Nature does her best to entice him. She leads him along with her virgin majesty. He wanders deeper into the sanctuary. Then, with a sudden cruel blow, she casts him off. When a man comes away — if he comes away — he is never the same.

In these places, the native peoples live as children of the earth. Their very natures reflect the regal isolation of the greater nature that surrounds them all of their lives.

Such a people are the Tarahumara Indians of Mexico. Such a place is the Tarahumara-land.

I first learned of this place and its people from John Rawlins, who is an anthropologist from Tucson, Arizona. I was a student at the University of Arizona at the time. I had always been interested in native people, and lived for a time in Western Samoa. John spun an intriguing tale:

"They live in an area of Mexico about 400 miles south of the border," he told me, "in the Sierra Madre occidental range. They are painfully timid folk, especially round any members of the opposite sex. If it weren't for *tesguino* they probably would never make love."

"Tesguino?"

"A fermented corn drink. And very potent indeed."

"You mean," I asked incredulously, "they can't make love at all without being drunk?"

"That's about it. But you see, it isn't a bad thing to be drunk. It's a social necessity — a cordial thing. And it's the only way to remove barriers."

"They have these drinking parties — *tesguinadas* — at the drop of a hat. All are conducted under the most precise regulations, of course. The courtesies are carried out under the direction of the shaman until everybody is too drunk to care."

"But why are they so shy?"

John explained: "They spend their lives in virtual isolation. They do three main things: plant fields, guard the animals and drink their corn drink. Social gatherings are the exception rather than the rule. A child thinks nothing of being sent out into the wilds for a week to tend his father's herd of goats. He'll play with stones and acorns to amuse himself. He learns to get along with nature better than with other people."

I found a very old book about the Tarahumara. The word Tarahumara, I learned, is a Mexican derivative of "foot runner." In their own language, the people call themselves *daramuli,* from *dara,* meaning foot. These native Americans are the greatest runners in the world. It is practically their only sport. They have races lasting days and covering hundreds of miles. The men kick a small wooden ball while they are running through the fields.

One anecdote well illustrates this Tarahumara prowess at athletics. The Olympic Games officials in Mexico City wanted a runner for the marathon race in the '68 Olympics. The Government asked one of the Tarahumara chiefs to send two runners. The chief asked how long the race was to be. They told him, and he said, "All right, I will send you the runners."

A while later, two runners showed up in Mexico City. They had run most of the way. The Olympic officials looked at them aghast and then sent them scampering home.

They were women.

The chief merely sniffed, "The race would have been too short for any of my men."

In my readings I also came across references to an extensive canyon in Tarahumara-land. *Barranca del Cobre* it is called . . . Copper Canyon.

Barranca del Cobre, I read, is a huge complex of slashes in the earth, cutting to some 2000 metres in depth. It is so deep that on the rim — elevation 2500 metres — the ecology is sierra, while at the very bottom, it is all tropical. In the winter, when snow and sub-freezing temperatures chill the sierra, it is still hot and humid in the bowels of the canyon. There are bamboo trees and monkeys and hot springs down there, and steam boils out of the earthen gash as the hot air rises to meet the cold. Eagles soar upon the warm thermals above the great canyon.

Along the bottom courses the Urique River, which cascades into the Rio Fuerte, which in turn pours into the Gulf of California. And the waters — all the streams and tributaries and rivers — pass across some of the highest waterfalls in the world. The raging rivers crash over rock spillways, falling thousands of feet into pools below.

It seemed to me a whole new world . . . raw and rugged and beautiful.

Barranca del Cobre became a challenge to me. I had to see this mysterious place.

Eventually, John and I made plans to go there. We practised rock climbing near Tucson while gathering together our equipment. We planned carefully, allowing for three weeks' worth of supplies. We got two 50-metre nylon climbing ropes, pitons, caribiners, an American pack for me, a Swiss pack for him, sleeping bags, a two-man tent, a rain fly, cooking utensils, a gas stove, dehydrated foods, first aid kits, plastic bags, nylon day packs, fishing gear, a lantern, water containers and bush knives. In all, 35 kilos of gear each. We put it all into John's VW van and took off. It was late summer . . . warm . . . and we felt good.

Once we got across the border, we drove to Las Mochis, a city on the Gulf. We shelled out five dollars apiece for train tickets and left the van. The train sped along until it came to a tiny tourist spot called Divisidero. We piled out and found ourselves right at the edge of the great canyon, and it was even more breathtaking than I had imagined. It was vast and forbidding, and a long way to the bottom. A few Indians in front of the store quietly looked us over. It was two in the afternoon. We headed down.

The first part is simple. The trail is rocky but level. There are pine trees all around and crude Indian cabins here and there, flanked by flocks of playful goats. The Indians — if they saw us — disappeared like vapor.

We slept on a level spot near the trail the first night; next morning, we hiked along the top of a narrow spine. The view was a vast cinerama of blues, greens with mist in the distance. Far below, the brown Urique River snaked through the chasm. When we got to the end of the spine, the going became rough. We scrambled down beside the waterfalls, hacked our way through the dense undergrowth and slid down cliffs and rockslides.

That night we camped at the top of a three hundred metre high waterfall. In the darkness, we listened to the waterfall and studied the stars.

In the morning, we shinnied down the cliff at the side of the waterfall. We found that our stream joined another at the bottom. The pool at the junction was too inviting to resist. We swam and then we rested.

Down and down we went. Until we ran into a new problem . . . another waterfall. It wasn't big, about three metres. But it cut through slippery cliffs which defied climbing. I thought the situation over, then took off my pack and jumped.

It's a good thing I jumped instead of dived. I hit bottom. John lowered the packs and jumped down. We followed the stream. Plants around us began to take on a lush green flair. By late afternoon, we met with the Urique River. We had descended to the bottom of the canyon. We were more than 2000 metres down. We knew if we followed the river, we would drop still another 300 metres . . . into that tropical wonderland we sought.

It was almost dark. We were tired. But we had to get across to the south side of the river; there was no place on our side to set up a camp. The water was about 50 metres wide at that point. Since I was the stronger swimmer, I plunged in to test the current. It only came up to my chin at the deepest, but the river was swift. I found I could walk with a pack on my head to weigh me down. I carried one pack through the rapids and over the slippery rocks to the other side. I swam back to collect the other pack.

I made a third trip, hauling the end of a rope with me. John tied it around his waist. He swam and I pulled.

We made it. Everybody in one piece, the packs all dry. We hiked 100 metres upstream and found a bamboo grove. There we set up our base camp and settled down to rest.

That spot was like a magical garden, warm and alive. I sat in the twilight and watched huge white butterflies with wing spans of 15 to 20 centimetres flutter about. There were big praying mantises on the kapok trees. The secret places of nature's beauty, I mused, are well hidden.

The next day was given to exploratory hikes up the stream from our base camp. We saw an Indian, but he hid.

On the fifth day in the canyon, we had our first real run-in with that cantankerous river. We headed downstream on the other side, crossing the placid water in the morning. We came back later. When we were almost at the spot where we could cross to our camp, the river — within minutes — became a furious torrent. The canyon swelled with murky, boiling water, carrying rocks and trees in its raging grip. The whole thing was amazing . . . a real super-gullywasher. I decided there was only one way to get across that river, so I swam for it, dodging rocks and trees as I fought the current. But John wouldn't chance it. I tied a rock on to one of our ropes and gave it a great heave. It fell short. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty times I threw that rock, only to see it plunge into the turbulent rapids out of John's reach. Then I made one final thrust. John dived for it. He caught it. I towed him across.

> *"I flew out into space . . . began somersaulting backwards . . . hit a tree . . . dropped and hit a ledge . . . and crashed . . . to a dead stop."*

On day six, we decided there was only one way to penetrate the canyon as far as we wanted: build a raft. We set about the task. I was busy cutting bamboo near our camp; John was out gathering the other material. I turned away from the river for a few minutes. When I turned back, it was more than a metre higher — and rising fast! It was threatening to wipe out our camp. We cleared out fast for higher ground.

We finally got our heads together enough to realise the river floods just about every day. Rain somewhere high above us would gorge the rivulets, the streams, and ultimately the Urique with huge torrents of water, boulders, uprooted trees and anything else that happened to be in the way. We almost learned our nature lesson the hard way. We spent that night in an Indian cave.

We'd reached day seven. September 9 — a day that changed my life. We had given up the raft idea — not wanting to be crunched every day by assorted flotsam — and elected instead to climb the south wall. We followed a trail to its end and began our ascent. The wild Urique lay three hundred metres below, just waiting for us to falter. It was midday and getting hot.

John explored one route to the top of a cliff; I went another way. We moved along smoothly and lost sight of each other. I moved carefully against the vertical face, edging from handhold to handhold, foothold to foothold.

I came to a difficult spot, removed my backpack and wedged it between the cliff and a stout scrub tree. I tied one end of my rope to the pack, laid the coil on top and tied the other end around my waist. I climbed upward for about three body lengths, the rope dangling behind.

Then I made a mistake. I had chosen rotten rock for two critical holds. I could feel them going and reached out . . . into the air. I flew out into space . . . began somersaulting backwards . . . over and over again . . . hit a tree . . . dropped and hit a ledge, tumbled, hit another ledge and crashed . . . to a dead stop.

I cursed.

I swore.

I shouted my indignation and wrath.

And then I started hurting. I was a bloody mess. There was no flesh on my right elbow, several ribs were poking at a crazy angle and there were cuts and bruises all over. Then I tried to move my left leg. It only flopped. A bone was sticking out through my open flesh and it was bleeding like hell. I tore off my shirt and pulled it tight around my leg. I yelled. I screamed bloody murder.

I couldn't see John. What I did see — high above me — was my pack still stuck in the tree. The rope stretched from the tree to me — as taut as a high wire. The rope had halted my plunge. I must have fallen more than 50 metres. I was on a sloping ledge high above the river. I couldn't tell how high. I couldn't even see the river. I couldn't care less.

John finally heard my shouts and made his way back down. His first and only reaction was "Good God, Mark!" He turned pale. He could see, better than I, how badly I was injured. He made me as comfortable as possible. He pulled me up to a nearly level spot, brought my pack and bandaged my leg as best he could. Then he headed for the river and came back several hours later with containers of muddy water. He set out a flashlight, energy bars and some water where I could reach them. It was about eleven at night by this time. It was a clear night with a half moon.

Carrying only a day pack, John left to get help. I watched him hustle out of sight. Then I felt a sudden panic. I was alone . . . the canyon and I. My mind raced. "How long will it take him? He's going up; that is harder. Two days, maybe three. And he has to cross that damn river. Can he get across the river or not? Maybe. Maybe he'll die trying. God! I could die here. No one knows where I am . . ."

I suddenly realised it was futile to worry. All I could do was wait.

The next four days, in retrospect, seem like a horrible story somebody invented and made me believe.

I tried to sleep, but the pain lashed me awake. There was a rock under my tailbone I couldn't reach to remove.

I looked up at the moon in a daze. I would close my eyes — for hours, it seemed — and the moon would still be in the same place when I opened them. "Move moon!" It was like time wasn't happening. I knew that, for me to be rescued, time had to pass. It dragged on.

Day came, slowly. The sun can only penetrate the depths of the canyon for four hours in the middle of the day, but in that time it creates an inferno. The heat bounced off the rocks and burned into me. The sweat dripped off and made little puddles in the dust. I pulled the rain fly over me to block out the merciless rays; it was even more suffocating that way. I drank a lot of the water. I couldn't help it. My body cried for liquid.

The fourth day upon that ledge, complete desperation and fear hit me. My mind flashed to John. Where the hell was he? He should have reached the rim by now and be on his way back.

I was going to die. I had almost accepted it. That's a strange feeling, the total hopelessness of it. I envisioned myself rolling away . . . dying of thirst . . . I saw the vultures picking at my body. In a delirium, I saw myself lying there, a skeleton of parched bones. I lapsed into a half-conscious doze. I dreamed I had died.

It was noon of the fourth day. I decided John hadn't made it. I planned a last desperate effort to save myself.

I pulled two large plastic bags over my worthless leg and made a splint with tent poles. Using two other tent poles, I began pushing myself down the slope. If I dragged myself to the end of the steep ledge, I figured, I could drop off into that river. Better to take a chance with the river than to die like a wounded animal. Besides, my body ached for water.

The going was slow and painful. With every jolt and stone and motion, a shock of pain coursed through my tangled, torn nerves. The broken bones and cartilage inside my chest scraped together. The dust caked on the open gashes. I moved closer and closer to the edge. I still could not see the water. When I was near the edge, I saw the river below.

Time crept on. I was in a total stupor. Mindless. No thoughts. So close, and now . . . the canyon had won. It closed in around me, those great high walls of rock. "Laugh at me, you monster," I raged, "just try to take my soul!"

Then, noiselessly, an apparition appeared behind me. It muttered the old Indian greeting: "Kaisiba".

At that moment, I was almost a dead man. But I had never been happier in all my life.

Another Indian showed up. They worked quietly and quickly, gathering my provisions and putting together a litter out of the tent and poles. They lifted me on to the litter — gingerly holding my festering leg.

They carried me to the river. There they fashioned a raft from spindly branches. Using our climbing ropes, they trundled me across. John and a Mexican official greeted us on the other side. He looked exhausted, but I was just glad to see he was alive. Someone gave me a bottle of liquor. It said Scotch on the label, so I took a long drink. I threw up; it was wood alcohol.

The rescue crew fussed over my leg. They cleaned my wounds, poured alcohol into the open gashes and bandaged them. No one said anything about the gangrene.

> *"A blind Indian arrived with a violin. The music he played was like nothing else I have ever heard . . . as I drifted in and out of consciousness."*

We spent the night near the river. It rained until dawn.

At first light, six Indians picked me up and we all started the journey. They were tireless. They never broke their pace, they never slowed down. Cliffs, rocks, slides, trees — nothing bothered them. It was as though we were moving in another dimension.

That night we stayed in a cave. We were met there by an orthopedic surgeon from El Paso, Dr John Emmett. By some coincidence, he had been vacationing nearby when the alarm came. There isn't a hospital in more than 100 kilometres. Dr Emmett gave me pain pills, a penicillin shot, and made me drink saline solution all night.

The medicine went to work and I felt a semblance of comfort.

The next day, we easily made the remaining 300 metres to Divisidero. A fresh group of Indians had arrived at the cave during the night, and ran the last several kilometres, carrying me and the litter on their shoulders.

At Divisidero we waited for the train. A blind Indian arrived with a violin. The music he played was like nothing I had ever heard. It sounded almost other-worldly as I drifted in and out of consciousness. I was told that the Tarahumaras had learned to make violins long ago from Jesuit missionaries. Since many of them had never heard any music from outside Tarahumara-land, they made up their own, uninfluenced by any other.

The wives and children of some of the rescue team then began gathering around. John gave them our remaining food and supplies. Later, the train from Las Mochis pulled in.

They took me to a Mexican hospital in Chihuahua. The doctors there said the gangrene was very advanced and amputation was indicated. I protested, explaining that I had already experienced death several times during the last five days and was actually beginning to like the idea. They finally decided to take a chance and cut out the infected tissue as best they could. They explained that the maggots had fortunately eaten much of the gangrenous flesh. They operated on me, putting the jumbled pieces back together as a stop-gap measure until I could get back to the United States.

From there it has been a succession of hospitals, operations, crutches and casts and dressings. First El Paso, then Newport Beach, then the University of California Medical Centre, where they finally conquered the infection in the bone. In Los Angeles, I stayed with a friend from Colorado who invented a rubber covering for my weighty cast.

I would roll it over the plaster like a stocking and swim every day. I had the best suntan at the medical centre!

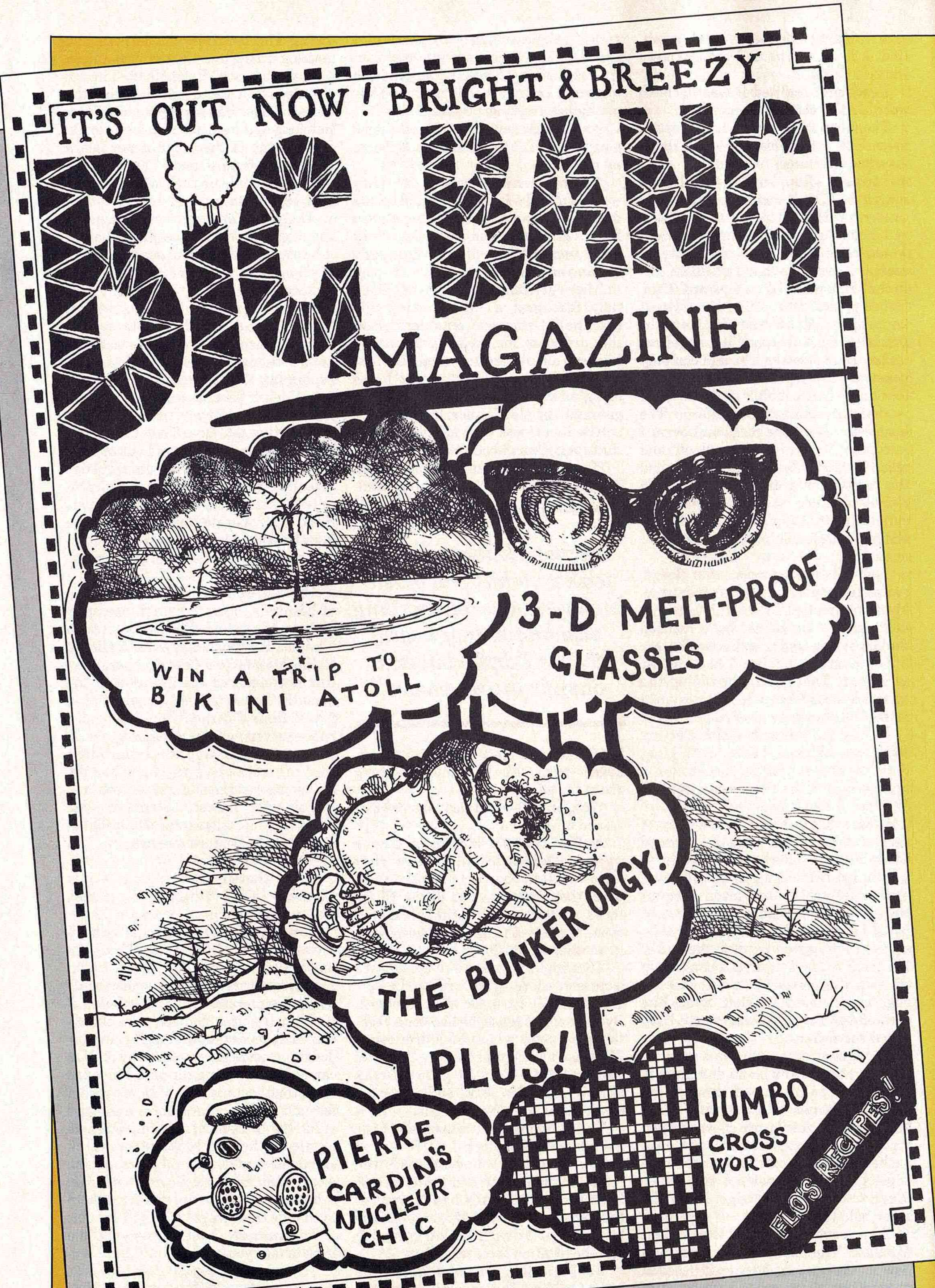
Following seven operations and thousands of kilometres of bicycling, my leg is almost back to normal.

And I'm alive.

I owe that to many people — Dr Emmett, to the Tarahumara people, and to John.

So here I am. Marked for life with my souvenir from Tarahumara-land. We had made no important scientific discoveries, carried out no memorable feats of exploration. But the whole experience has, in sum, been more beneficial than detrimental. It made me slow down . . . made me stop and think. You can only go bashing through life for so long, then you hit a wall. In my case, I fell off it. The experience made me value the lifestyle of the simple native people of the Earth. Made me think about life and death and places in the world that force people to their very limits of endurance . . . and force them to change their ways.

Barranca del Cobre. I may yet come back to face you.



Big Bang

The magazine geared for the nuclear holocaust.

This Month

- Win a great all-expenses paid, endless, one-way trip to beautiful Bikini Atoll.

Plus

- A fully-imported lead-lined limo with a sliding radiation-proof roof.

Features

- We discover who's in front as the TV networks bid for international coverage rights to the Big Burn.
- A consumer guide to surviving on tinned baked beans and one lung.
- Armageddon on a budget.
- How to crochet your own unisex anti-radiation tracksuit.

And...

- Bonus gift offer to all BIG BANG readers. Yes, you can watch the big event through our free, 3-D melt-proof super sunglasses. A quite invaluable asset in the event of anything other than a direct hit.

Interview

- Pierre Cardin on nuclear chic.

And, On Other Pages:

- We track down that most elusive Minister of Defence to award him BIG BANG's Bunker-of-the-Month first prize.
- The Big Bake — Senator Flo Bjelke-Petersen offers BIG BANG readers first bite of her new Yellow cake Crumble Pie.
- Travel — A Bunker-by-bunker young hitch-hiker's guide to the Nullarbor Plain.
- Sport — Will the new Ice Age improve our chances of holding the Winter Olympics?
- Religion — Church leaders pick their top 10 for the Judgment Day honors list. Guess who misses out on a prize?
- Crossword — Tired of waiting for the All-Clear? Pass the time with our free, pull-out 200-page five-year jumbo crossword — comes complete with candle.

ARMAGEDDON, BE IN IT

In launching BIG BANG, the editors have expressed the free world's growing resentment of the Book of Revelations' monopoly hold on the Judgment Day forecasting. Our policy at BIG BANG is to keep the consumer in mind, and come nuclear doomsday we really want every consumer to be fully aware of just how, when, where and why she or he will be completely consumed.

We'll feature a regular *Panic In the Streets* lift-out section in which we'll provide 101 ways to exploit your credit rating during nuclear countdown week, a survival craft section on making spears from curtain rods, plus a guide to getting rich in our *Looting, Be In It* feature.

Our special kids' section will include 50 games ideas to keep all your bunker-bound children amused while waiting for the all-clear. And we haven't forgotten our adult readers. Don't miss our special erotic pictorial *Bunker Orgy* and the truly outrageous comic strip the *Adventures of the Nuclear Nymphos* — all in our big monthly sealed section. Resident astrologer *The Great Astro* will scan the heavens for a celestial guide to the final countdown — *and,* he has promised to predict *The Date.* Who's got their money on April 1, 1984?

Next month's centrefold is a real knockout. Her name's Enola Gay and she's a cosmopolitan lady who can justifiably call the Nevada Desert, Bikini Atoll and Hiroshima home. What scene can we expect her explosive looks to embrace next?

For all of you potential survivors who think that brick and mortar assets will be a thing of the past, BIG BANG offers a scavenger's guide to turning useless rubble into profit. Stock market players are in for a few shocks as our phantom shares forecaster *Gilt-Edged Goldstein* tips that Eastlands Garbage Disposal and the Roman Catholic Church will be the subjects of investment stampedes.

DOOMSDAY ADVISER

Dear Big Bang,

I've been told that a steady diet of lead-polluted China Sea herrings can inoculate the body against nuclear radiation. This idea was once tested extensively by all the residents in the Three-Mile Island-Harrisburg area of Pennsylvania with the result that doctors could not trace one death as a direct result of nuclear spillage. Would our Government be wise to experiment with the China Sea herrings? — R.E.D., Bass, Victoria.

What the Pennsylvania researchers failed to report was that all Three-Mile herring users plus four domestic cats died of lead poisoning. Additionally, we're informed by the Department of Trade that any upgrading of China Sea herring imports would exceed the quota levels agreed on between Australia and Japan. CSIRO scientists are currently believed to be developing a lead-polluted Murray cod.

Dear Big Bang,

The Beever St girls have planned a Tupperware party for April 28 this year. Will it clash with doomsday? — T.N.T., Heavy Water, WA.

A quick ring around of Ronnie, Leonid, Yassar, Maggie, Helmut, Alan (Renouf) and our astrologer provided a uniform "not likely" answer. But some crank calling himself Dr Strangelove warns us not to make any firm plans.

Dear Big Bang,

As a fully paid-up member of the Conscientious Objectors' League of the Nuclear Age, I feel compelled to express our organisation's refusal to accept the inevitability of an atomic holocaust. As a form of protest to your magazine's sell-out stance, I have enclosed a white feather, symbol of our opposition. We're keen to know how you guys plan to cope with the growing support for the nuclear non-conformists — A. Dove, Hawks Nest, NSW.

As sure as eggs don't bounce, the bomb is going to fall. Just ask our publisher. By the way, did you know that the Chinese accidentally nuked a down pillow factory while testing in 1974 and blew little white feathers clear to Antarctica? Perhaps a few dropped in your backyard?

Illustration by Ward O'Neill

KEN WARBY'S LATEST FLAME

our world water speed record holder isn't happy with that; he's testing a new motor by going drag racing

photo feature by Voytek Eymont

IT BELCHES a five-metre tail of flame like some mechanical comet, and can outrun a Mirage fighter aircraft. However, although the beak-like nose is similar to Concorde's, Ken Warby's beast, Advance Australia, doesn't breach the sound barrier. But, at 400 km/h, it's got to be the ultimate drag racer.

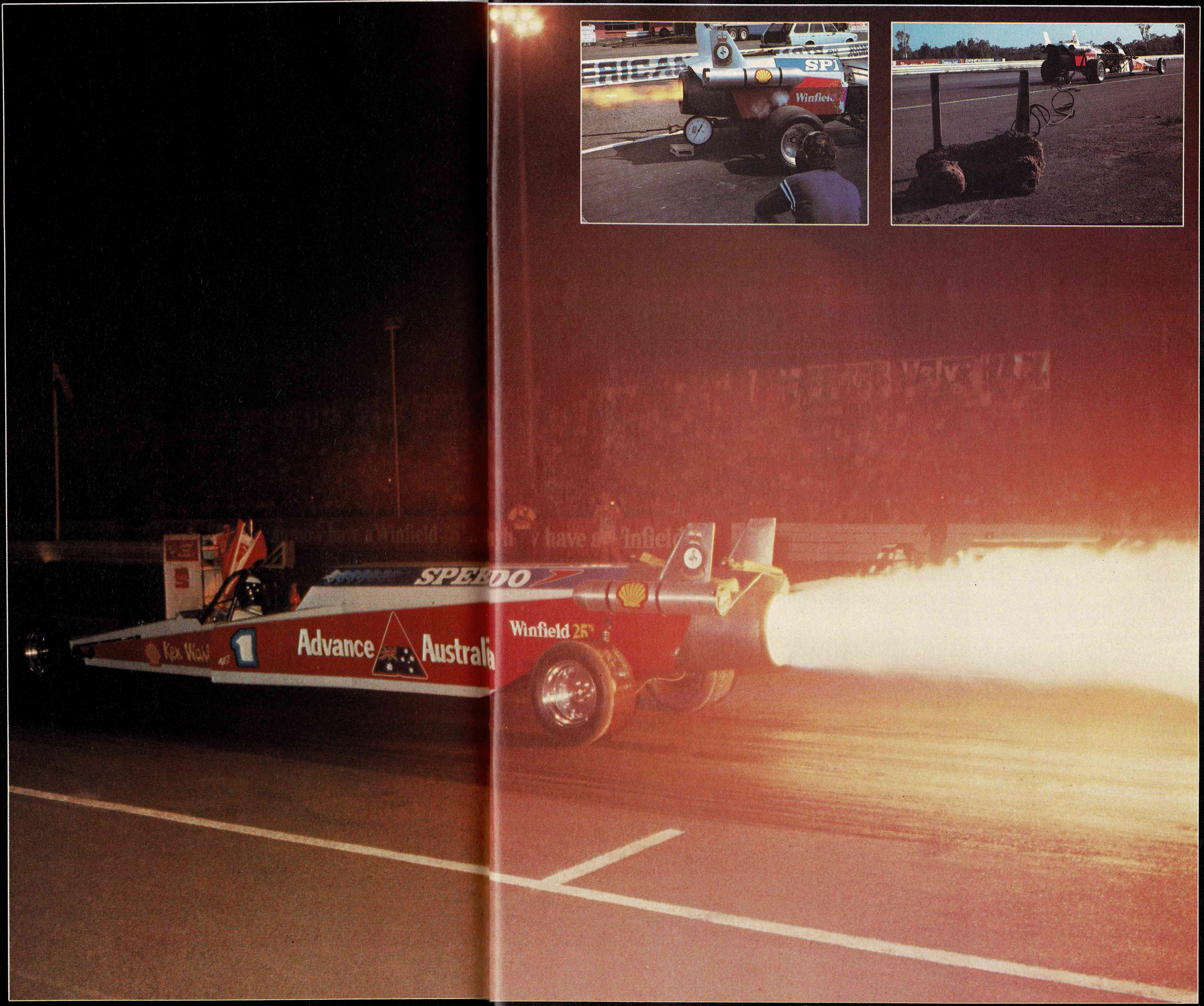
What, you may well ask, is water speed champion Warby doing on land in a drag racer?

Well, for a start, he's testing the new jet engine for his water rocket, Spirit of Australia. Secondly, he's having a helluva lot of fun.

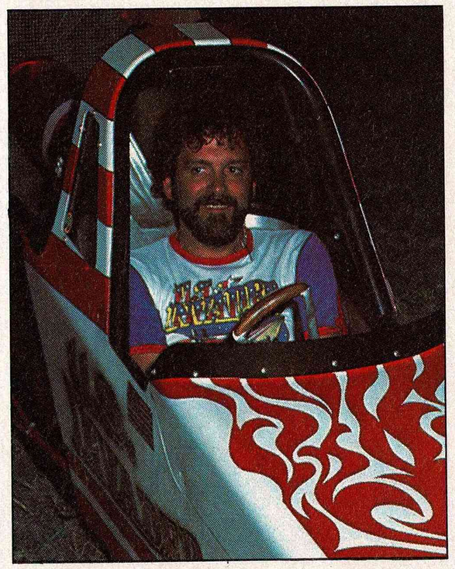
"I used to drag race as a kid," says Warby. "I had this '52 Ford with a V8 racing engine which I'd pulled out of a speedboat. Admittedly it was nothing like Advance Australia, which is why I felt like a kid again when I first drove the machine."

We talked with Warby at Castlereagh Dragway in NSW during the Winfield World Series, the first international jet dragster competition ever to take place anywhere in the world. He went through three rounds with Tom Brown, the 1979 US jet car champion, who was behind the wheel of US Invader.

The drag racers started each heat lined up alongside each other some 20 metres from the starting line, where



RIGHT: The world's biggest cigarette lighter. Warby revs his jet motor just before the start of his drag race.
INSET: Earlier in the day, Warby tested the thrust of his motor by tying a cable between car and a stout post. The car was so powerful that it ripped the post and concrete base out of the ground.



ABOVE: Tom Brown in jet car US invader.

The aftermath of one of Warby's flame-throwing take-offs.

Firemen extinguish pieces of flaming hoarding as they fall to the ground, but it's too late to save the banner itself.

ABOVE: Parachutes are employed to help slow the cars at the end of their race.
RIGHT: Warby falters at the start line as Tom Brown makes a clean getaway.

they did their flame-throwing act, with raw fuel coming from the tail pipes to burst into a brilliant spurt of flame up to seven metres long.

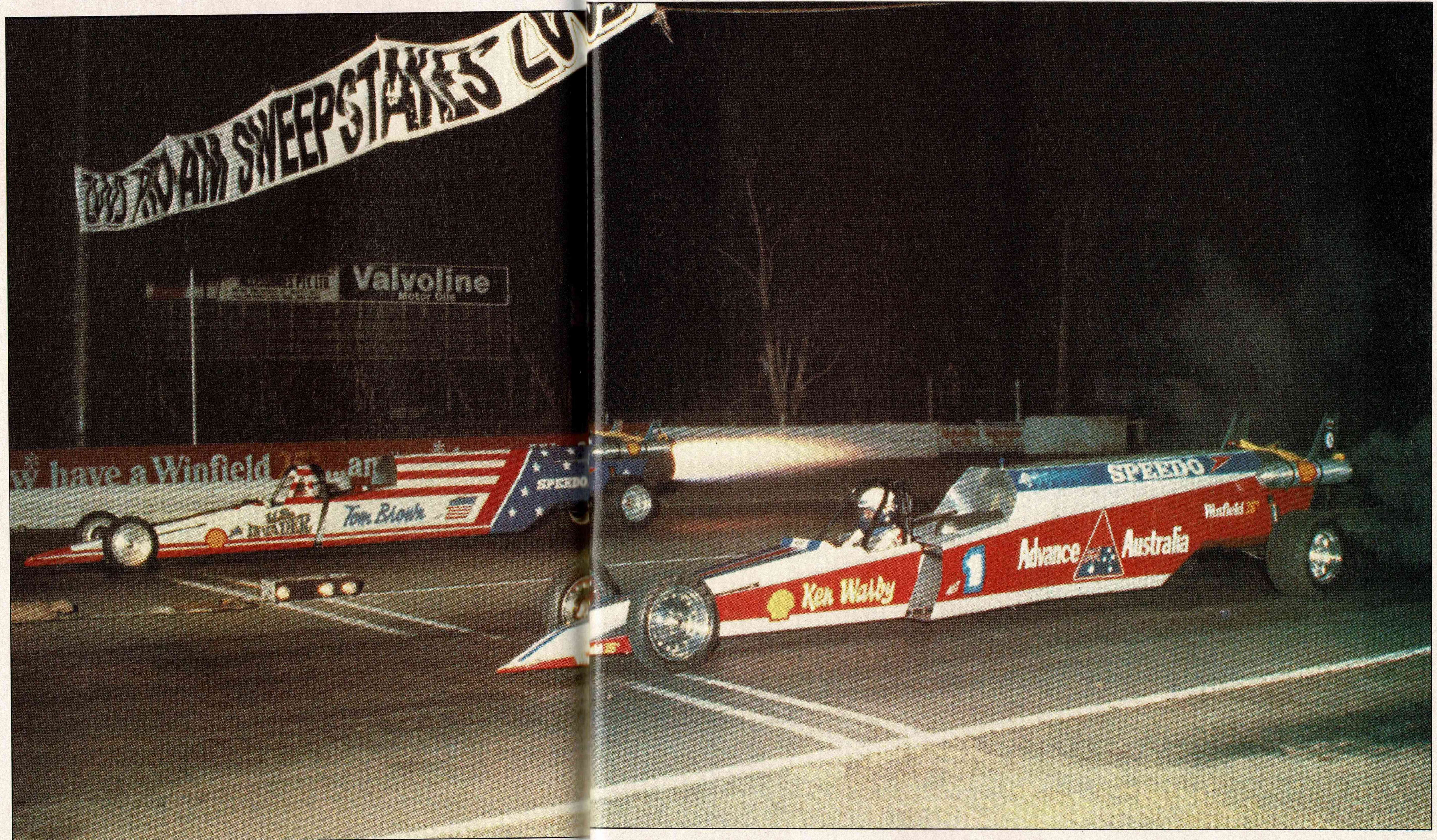
Then Warby and Brown pushed the engines to full throttle under brakes. The jet cars edged to the start line.

The drivers built up the jet revs, and when there was sufficient power a little light on top of each car flashed. With both lights flashing and both engines and drivers raring to go, a two second count-down began, at the end of which the start lights came on.

As they took their feet off the brakes and pulled away, the drivers pressed their afterburn buttons, almost doubling the amount of thrust in the amount of time it took them to press the buttons. The dragsters exploded from the line. In just six seconds the cars covered the 400-metre race and reached 400km/h.

Does Warby find this type of land-racing as big a thrill as jetting across the water in the Spirit of Australia?

"Well, both get the old adrenalin pumping, but of course the boat is my first love." — TONY MAGUIRE



HERE COME THE DRONES:

The next phase of the computer revolution

feature by Robert E. Carr

THE WAR is over and they have won. The large-scale invasion everyone had feared was accomplished with very little difficulty. In fact, they had our full and enthusiastic co-operation. Now it's too late. The computer people and their drones are in control.

Don't look so innocent, you filthy collaborator! When you were first contacted, you could have given just name, rank and serial number. But no, you had to elaborate. You told them where you lived, how many kids you had, what your favorite TV show was, what the mark was on your leaving exam in high school. Face it, you gave them your authorised biography and a complete psychological profile.

That was the first wave. The information gathering. The reconnaissance. You went along because that was the system. Help them so they could help you. You did want that loan, didn't you? You did want to go to university? And you couldn't have done without all that insurance, could you? How could you have known back then that, in the 1980s, the most valuable commodity would not be gold or oil or even food — it would be *information.* Pure, raw knowledge. By the time you found that out, it was too late. And the information, our life's blood, had been hidden away, stored in computer memory banks. They had access, you didn't. The coup had begun. It was now time to launch the second wave.

You probably recall that attack. The computer people sent out thousands of drones. They were so small and harmless-looking that everybody welcomed them into their homes. Disguised as pocket calculators, these drones swept the nation — and the world. They hit us where it hurt the most — in our basic laziness. Like some sinister narcotic released in the water supply, the drones created a dependence in young and old. By the second year of their occupation, there were few among us who would even attempt long division any longer without the aid of the drone.

The success of the second wave was all that was needed. The computer people were encouraged. If the little drones encountered no resistance, who would be tough enough to withstand the onslaught of their big guns? So it happened that the computer people constructed what was destined to be the most devastating weapon in the arsenal of drones: the first home computer. Home computer. Say it to yourself. It almost has a ring of respectability. Like the family car. "Put one of these babies in your house and you got it made, son," they said. "It's just a machine, a slave. It'll do all those menial tasks you wouldn't dirty your hands with. Don't you understand, I'm talking easy street."

We didn't understand, but some of us bought the line — as well as one of the computers. Now they're all over our homes and their numbers are growing. The home computer represents the end of life as we once knew it; things are going to be radically different for us from here on in. The computer people have us by the short hairs and they're not going to let go, not till every one of us is paired with a drone. The only thing left to do is to start some sort of underground, a guerrilla force of concerned people. We've got to learn everything we can about these drones in order not to be *their* drones. Starting yesterday.

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For a good look at the computer mentality, you have only to try one of the many electronic games that have appeared since the development of the microprocessor. These games are the escort drones the computer people sent out to entice you to accept the larger, more obnoxious scourge of the home computer.

In a fit of collaborationist fervor, I allowed one of these to come into my house. It calls itself, with no modesty at all, the Chess Challenger. It's made by an outfit courageously named Fidelity Electronics. The particular model I have is the Sensory Chess Challenger; you move a piece from square to square and sensors below the board record the move. Then the machine analyses the position and shows you its move via a small light

Illustration by Charles Shields

on each square. You must then move the machine's piece to the designated square. (A similar chess-playing drone called Boris actually has one of those science fiction robot arms that moves its pieces, but that's a little over-designed for my taste.) The Challenger has eight levels of play, ranging from beginner to the chess equivalent of hara-kiri. You can tell a lot about a person by the way he plays a game. Watch a golfer miss a two-inch putt and you'll get a good idea of how he'll handle any crisis situation. Chess, because it is a "pure" game with no chance involved, and because it is easily reduced to simple logic, makes it the perfect game for learning how computers handle problems and how *you* may react to computers.

My own reactions range from furor to rage. When the drone first arrived, I sat for several hours playing game after game. I was enthralled. The machine not only played a good game, it played a perfect game, and I lost, constantly. Now, chess is a game that taxes ego as much as intellect, physical stamina as well as mental endurance. In a top level game among grandmasters, the defeated party is often physically exhausted, mentally drained and humiliated just short of suicide. But at least he was beaten by the better *man,* not by a box of chips and wires.

I am not a grandmaster, but the stakes are, nevertheless, the same. To add insult to injury, I was playing at level 1, the sandbox level. It didn't take me long to realise why I was losing. I was playing casual, friendly chess, the machine was playing for keeps. I'd make what I thought was a devastating, intimidating move. The machine would sit there coolly, blinking the little light that says it's "thinking", and when it had analysed both the board and all the possible combinations, it would make the perfect move for a particular situation. Crunch! Pow! I began to think of my opponent in such terms as sadistic, mean and ruthless. Now we were getting somewhere. Mentally, I took off the gloves. I, too, can be sadistic, mean, and ruthless. I can also play by the book. Two days and 30-odd games later, I whupped the sucker at level 8. It was beautiful. It was orgasmic. It was the ultimate triumph of man over machine. It was four in the morning.

When you beat the Challenger, in humble acknowledgement of its defeat, it flashes all of the 64 lights on its sensor board. I must have sat watching that joyous display in those early morning hours for a good 15 minutes before shutting it off. And that's when I learned the truth about the machine: it was brutally logical and cold as a handshake at the door. It was neither as mentally nor as physically exhausted as I was. It had no feelings so it was certainly not humiliated. The damn thing did not even *care* that it had lost! My glorious triumph was unceremoniously erased by the pressing of the reset button.

Granted, my reaction to a simple machine may be considered by some to be irrational. I plead guilty. To multiple offences. I admit I have been known to kick a vending machine or two when it steals my coin. I pound on the steering wheel when my car won't start. And I once had a television set which, I swear, would never work properly without a good shot just to the left of its channel selector. Maybe you don't know what I'm talking about. Maybe things work for you. So send yourself a single rose.

But if, on the other hand, you understand, as I do, that machinery in general is prone to be bothersome, awkward, inefficient and the spawning ground for untold evil, then surely you will be able to appreciate the grim prospects in store for a machine that can "think". For those of us in the know, the idea of having one in our home is a fate worse than a tax audit. Besides, this is not just any machine we're talking about. Microprocessors were only developed 10 years ago, home computers only five. By 1985, the seers tell us 20 percent of all homes will have some kind of microprocessing unit in them. The sheer speed at which this juggernaut is moving and its potential power in our society is enough to send waves of insecurity, even paranoia, through all of us.

The phenomenon is *not* like the advent of the car or the television set. Those were merely adjuncts to our lives. The home computer, at its worst, was meant to be the centre of our lives, our friend, our helper and our link to the outside world.

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The raw material used to make microprocessor chips is sand. Not including what the Saudis are currently hoarding, we have a supply adequate for the next few centuries, at least.

It would appear, then, that the odds are in favor of the computer people. But before they can complete their takeover, they're going to need something further from us. Our money. That's going to be a little hard to get with their present offerings. The much heralded drones are simply far too complicated for casual use. You've got to really *want* to use one to put up with the complexity of the most simple programs.

Part of the problem is that the prototypes were originally designed by computer people for computer people. Nobody really bothered to retool for the common folk. Computer people are a weird mob. First off, they're puzzle junkies by vocation and, in most cases, by avocation as well. They get off on complexity while the rest of us crave simplicity. They're also pretty whimsical. There has been little attempt made to standardise computer manufacturing. Each manufacturer has his own idea about what one should look like and how it should operate. If some jokester decides that it would nice to have a bud vase built into the central processing unit, all subsequent machines from that maker will have one. And it's up to *you* to pluck the daisies for it.

This fact has not escaped the attention of the computer people, however. And that's why current marketing practices include selling the sizzle and not the steak. The sizzle in this case is computer games. Everybody has them. Most have what amounts to an electronic penny arcade. The idea is: suck them in with the games and they'll learn how to do real work with the machines later. Truth is, few of us can resist a rip-snorting, buzz-whirr electronic pinball package. And, by the time the infiltrator has been unmasked, you've plunked down a couple of grand for a babysitter. So forget the games for a moment. Let's look at a bona fide, no-nonsense drone.

"That's very nice, Bruce. But what I said was I wanted a clock-radio."

The Commodore PET 2001 is such a machine. (You should know that PET is short for Personal Electronic Transactor.) It's the top-of-the-line, state-of-the-art home computer. There are simpler computers, there are more involved models, too. But the PET is typical of those drones that the computer people say we're going to have to learn to live with. It's an impressive looking piece of hardware. You wouldn't be surprised to find it sitting on the command deck of the Starship *Enterprise.* The PET looks powerful, well-designed, clean and efficient. The model I was privileged to experiment with came with a cassette drive, disk drive and a printer. The printer types at high speed anything you punch into the typewriter keyboard. It also has "software", for programs. *Software* is a disk or cassette tape that contains the programming for the various computer functions. Because I fancy myself a man of letters, the word-processing software seemed a good place for me to begin.

It is possible when using the word-processing mode to insert words into the already written text, change the order of paragraphs, search and replace one word for another, delete sentences, words or even complete paragraphs, and a host of other niceties. Each is accomplished by using equally mysterious commands. That will give you an idea of what you are up against. You will, after some time and practise, memorise the various input codes and the process will go fairly quickly. It is, however, essential that every input code be given the way you're supposed to give it and in the order it should be given. Screw up one, or press the wrong button at the wrong time and you'll be obliged to start all over again. Like I said, you've really got to *want* to use the damn thing.

What manner of man would ever deliberately put himself under that kind of pressure? I talked to several. Most gave every outward appearance of being in control of their faculties. A family man, for instance, told me he had purchased his machine to balance the family books. He hasn't been able to get near the thing. The kids play with it all the time. It seems that children have a bizarre affection for it. It's as new to them as it is to their parents, but then everything in their lives is new to them. They've not existed long enough to know the natural perfidy of machines. "I bought them educational programs," the man told me, "and they are actually using them. Their grades have improved, anyhow. I never have to remind them to do their homework. Of course, they get a lot of use out of the game cassettes, too."

Of course. What's more fun to play, Space Invaders or Boolean algebra?

Another gentleman, who seemed somewhat on edge, is in the process of recording every aspect of his life. If he loses his credit cards, he's got account numbers, current balances and the phone numbers of the cancellation offices. He's got the birthdates of all extant relatives with notations on appropriate remembrances. He can tell you to the cent how much he paid for deodorant last year. Or gas. Or heating oil.

Here, obviously, we have a real live programmer. A renegade at that, since by day he brokers stocks. He had no formal training beyond that which came with his job. He had learned by reading and practise on his home equipment. His programming was done at night (presumably with the blinds drawn). His mission was simple: "I want to know as much about my life as I possibly can. I want to know what the patterns are. People do that when they buy stocks. They investigate and they wait for a trend to emerge. And they act on that information. I want to do that with my life. There are trends there that must be identified and acted upon.

"You laughed about the deodorant. But insignificant things like that are where the money goes. Add 'em all up and they're not so insignificant. I have a chocolate bar every day I work. It's just a habit. They cost 35c. If I eat one every day for the 50 weeks I work, that's $87.50. Suddenly that chocolate bar becomes significant. Not that I say, 'Oh, I've gotta stop eating chocolate bars', but I do have a useful piece of information. You know where you stand and where you're likely to go. Sure you could do it with a calculator or with paper and pencil, but the computer can *analyse* it and you see it in color right on the screen in front of you. Really, when you do it successfully, it's kind of a thrill."

Seeing one's weaknesses itemised in living color may provide thrills for some, but it could prove injurious to the self-indulgent. Especially, for the enthusiastically self-indulgent. Nonetheless, it's clear the home computer can be a boon to some. While checking out a computer at a local shop, I saw an excited old lady coming at me, gibbering without introduction, as certain old ladies are wont to do, pointing at the machine. "This is it," she said, wagging her finger at the display. "This is just what I needed. I do trees, you know. Genealogy. This will be perfect."

She turned from me and just stared at it. In ecstasy — 60ish — and ready to do battle against the forces of revisionism with the latest in high-tech weaponry. It's positively inspirational. And a little sad. Because few people have the endurance to work out the kind of program she needs. Most rely on pre-programmed systems.

The difficulty of programming has given rise to an all-out battle in the software field. A good program is solid gold to the computer people. The masochist who developed one of the best chess programs, Microchess, is

"That goddamn woodpecker!"

now a millionaire. Since all you need do to rip-off somebody's program is to type in the right code word, it's no wonder piracy is common and a black market has developed. Computer people are now putting access codes on their material so they can only be read by those who have the code.

But, equally as valuable as programs — as I alluded to earlier — is information. Just about everything imaginable in terms of raw information has by now been converted to computer files. The storage libraries, called data-bases, have sprung up all around the United States. Using a computer and a Modem (Modulator-Demodulator), which amounts to a telephone hook-up, a customer can dial into a data-base and his machine will absorb whatever it's got in its memory banks. Not surprisingly, he pays for the privilege.

It's obvious that telephone lines will soon be humming with rapidly exchanged information. It's also clear that those who have access will have a decided advantage over those who don't. Picture, for example, a scientist working out a new formula. He wants to know if it will work, so he dials into a scientific data-base where with a simple code he calls up all the work of other scientists who have pondered the same problem. Now he has the benefit of the other scientists' labors, and he's got it in the twinkling of a chip. No more will he have to search through volumes of dusty information in ordinary libraries. He won't even have to leave his laboratory. His information is also up to the minute, not sitting on some publisher's desk. If the scientist works for a commercial firm, he saves them time and money. His "computer literacy" makes him a super-employee.

Let me reiterate: this computer explosion is not science fiction. It is happening now, and it's happening at such an incredible rate of speed that new products are often obsolete before they hit the stores. There is no market for used computers. Nobody wants last year's model. The only saving grace is that any computer you buy will still perform the functions for which you bought it even though a better, or different, model comes along. Computer people have already developed voice synthesiser units that allow the computer to talk and voice recognition systems so you can talk back to it.

Keyboards are gradually being simplified so it's not necessary to feed in complex commands for simple functions. Disk technology is being combined with laser technology to allow computers to read new high-capacity aluminium disks faster and more efficiently. And even the basic microprocessor will soon be changed. The speed with which computers can now operate is dependent on the speed of electric signals. Currently that's about one-third the speed of light. In the complexity of a microprocessing board, that speed adds up quickly, sometimes to seconds. We obviously can't wait that long a time. So an English scientist by the name of Brian Josephson has developed superconducting circuits which make ultra-high speed switching between transistors a possibility. The "Josephson Junction" switch will allow computers to be made both faster and smaller because they do not generate as much heat as ordinary switches and so can be put closer together. IBM calculates that a Josephson computer with 18 centimetres on a side would have all the computing power of one of their top-of-the-line, main frame computers such as the 370-168 but could perform 70 million instructions per second compared to 3.5 million for the 370-168. A commercial version of that computer will be on line in 10 years. Bet you can't wait.

"I don't think we're going to suffer any permanent deflation of ego just because a machine can do maths better than we can."

One group of people who can't wait is the Japanese. They've leaped into the fray with a vengeance. If you want to frighten the wits out of any businessman, all you have to do is whisper two words into his ear: "Japanese technology." We admire German technology, scoff at Russian technology, ridicule French technology, but deep down we know that, no matter what we produce, the wily Japanese can make it faster, better and cheaper. Already Japanese-made silicon chips are being touted as having far fewer problems than any others. They're organised.

Private companies, often backed by matching funds from the government, are focusing the fabled Japanese technological expertise on semiconductor research. They've taken the Josephson Junction one step further by discovering a different way of manufacturing them that is not only simpler, but results in a more durable product. The real problem with the device in any configuration is that it is only able to operate at temperatures approaching absolute zero (—273C). That much ice is a bit unwieldy — so the smart money in Tokyo is on the Fujitsu company's gallium arsenide circuits. They don't have to be cold to work. Even at room temperature they can process at a rate of 20 billion units per second. But if you should cool them a bit that's okay. They will simply function at twice the speed. Fujitsu is aiming for a switching time about half that of the Josephson Junction. Their factory should be churning out the circuits by sometime in 1983.

The cramming of large amounts of information into very small spaces may seem an esoteric, if not useless, exercise to the untrained eye, but the smaller a computer is, the more portable it is. By the time this technology filters down to home computers, there will be no excuse for anyone not to have his own private drone. Won't it be lovely?

How is one *supposed* to react to this influx of drones? What will the impact be on our personal lives, our businesses, our educational system, our pocketbooks? Like any sane neurotic, I went to the head doctors to find out. I talked to two psychologists who are also computer experts. Such a combination is not unusual. The workings of a computer brain can tell us much about its human counterpart. The first was Dr Herbert Simon, a Nobel Laureate and the creator of the computer language, BACON. Simon writes books using his home computer word processor. The second was Peter Frey, an American university psychology professor who formulates computer programs for the strategy board game Othello.

Simon, at least, was reassuring enough to work in anybody's psycho ward. The question of psychological adjustment to the drones was the first I put to him. He didn't see any real problem in that. "We're going to get used to computers. We got used to Mr Darwin telling us we weren't different from the other species. I don't think we're going to suffer any permanent deflation of our egos from being told that there are non-human beings that are pretty good at certain kinds of thinking. It's partly a question of whether we think of ourselves as participants in the whole business or whether we just think it's being done to us. I don't think we should get upset just because a machine can do maths better than we can."

The drones invaded our schools long ago as teacher's helper and as the teacher itself. One nightmare vision has students sitting row upon row staring blankly at their cathode ray tubes. We've always held that a certain amount of human contact was beneficial in the learning process. Are these kids going to be alienated from their peers — uncommunicative, and withdrawn from the lack of this human contact?

Simon admits that there may be a problem. "We should be concerned about anything that would radically change the balance of close, human, one-on-one contact. But I really don't know of anything which says that the socialising effect of sitting in a classroom full of students is any greater or any less than sitting in a classroom with computers."

Frey takes a slightly different view. "Young people are going to start growing up in an environment that includes computers as a daily tool that they use. They're going to find it a comfortable thing that they can carry under their arms just as they now carry books. True, if you look at the individuals who have been involved in the development and use of computers up until now there seems to be a certain tendency for the introverted personality to be the one that's most comfortable in that environment, as opposed to the person who enjoys interacting with other people. But one of the things you must keep in mind is that the new computer revolution goes hand in hand with the revolution in telecommunications. It may be that we'll have to modify extensively the way we define social interaction.

"It's also true that the culture shock may be occurring more rapidly than that associated with the car or the TV. But . . . consider the TV. Everybody has been so upset about the fact that Johnny can't read that no one has taken into consideration that that's the older generation's idea of what it means to be an intelligent person. Anyone who can't read is thought to be uneducated. But what's interesting is that we have a whole generation of people growing up in a television environment and it turns out that's the way they learn about the world. The way they're getting their information is very different from the way a person who's 40 or 50 years old gets his. For them, the book is the ultimate source of knowledge. A large portion of the kids' knowledge comes from the TV.

"The major problem in education right now is that very few institutions have started to restructure the way they impart information. We're trying to force kids to use a horse and buggy method when they've already had a chance to ride in a sports car.

"We're going to have to modify the basic concept of education. After all, why should people go to a university when they have computers in their homes hooked up to a library through telecommunications devices?"

So what's the upshot? Should we all go out and buy ourselves a drone? Simon takes a passive view. "Some people should have them. Some may stay away from them. I, for example, haven't looked at a television in I don't know how long. What we have is another technological alternative in the world that we haven't had before. Just like the steam engine in the past century. On the whole, we'll be a lot better off having a wider range of technological possibilities than fewer. I like the world better today than I think I would have liked it before steam engines. And I think our descendants will say the same thing about computers. It'll be a more productive world, there'll be less poverty. Maybe computers will help us better understand how the mind works. I don't think we have any more right to be frightened of another computer being born in the world than in another person being born."

"Repair is expensive. If you liked TV repair, you'll love computer repair. And fear not, your drone will break down."

Frey's outlook is slightly more ominous. "I think everyone *will* have a computer — not *should*. The price doesn't matter. Just as it was once thought that only the wealthy would have cars, now there is no one who would think of going around without a driver's licence. The computer is going to be an indispensable part of your daily life. In a very short time, people are going to be able to communicate with them by voice. They'll call it Charley. 'Charley, what do you know about the market report for today?', 'Charley, what's the weather going to be like?'. Individuals will not be decreased in value; they will be increased because there will be more the individual can do. As it turns out, there's nothing we can do about these changes. They are going to occur, and the question is whether we adjust to it or fall by the wayside."

•

To buy a home computer now is to get in on the ground floor. The home drone is not going to go away. It will become increasingly essential that you have some facility for the multitude of products and services that are going to include this technology. The fact is anything and everything can be activated with a memory chip. Some new articles will be useful and some will simply be exploitive — witness the rash of silly products that appeared after the introduction of the calculator. Have you ever really found a use for that AM-FM calculator pen you bought several years ago?

If you think you want to become a full-fledged collaborator, there are a few things you should know:

Computers are expensive. They cost anywhere from $600 for the stripped-down model up to several thousands for the top-of-the-line drone with all the peripherals (modems, printers, drives, etc).

Software is expensive, around $6-$100 per program disk or cassette.

Repair is expensive. If you liked TV repair, you'll love computer repair. Some of the fastest growing and highest paid professions in the world right now are computer programmers and computer repair people. And fear not, your drone *will* break down.

If you go to look for one, therefore, stay out of department stores. They seldom have the back-up personnel to help you. Instead, go to a reputable outlet. Get friendly with someone there. In fact, if your brother-in-law sells computers, buy one from him and then make the bed in the spare room. For the first few weeks after you get your drone, you're going to need someone around to help get the kinks out of it — and you.

Before you choose a computer, have in mind some specific use for it. Don't depend on games. It might be word-processing, or household accounting, or you might want to dial in a data-base. Whatever it is, you can then shop around and *read* around to find the machine that best fits your needs.

Buy from an established, multi-faceted computer company. Right now, there are a lot of one-man operations. They won't be able to stand the heat in the economic kitchen in the near future. The shake-out should occur some time in the next couple of years. You don't want to be stuck with a nifty piece of hardware when the company is no longer producing software. And you don't want a central processing unit that can't adapt to new peripherals.

There are still a few battles going on, but the war is technically over. By the end of this decade the computer revolution will be history. If you're going to survive the occupation, you'll do well to arm yourself now.

GIRL FROM THE GOLD COAST

although one of queensland's most popular exports is the bikini, our sunloving may playmate michelle randell can either take it or leave it

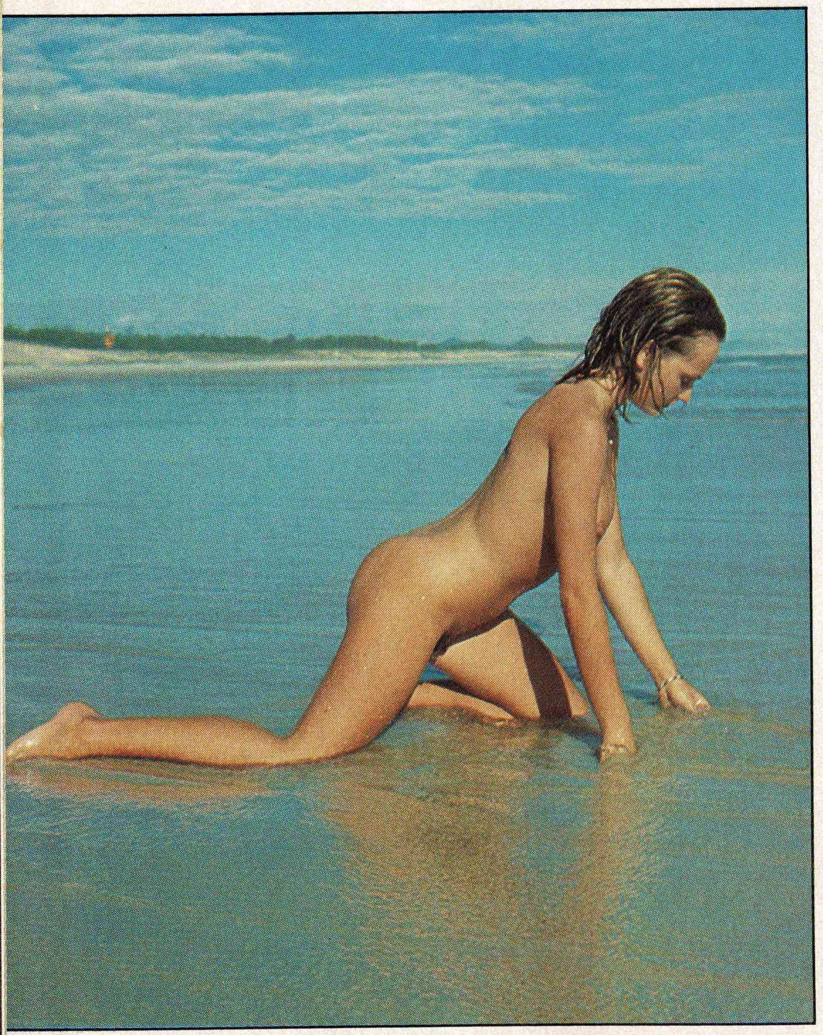
Photography by Colin Stead and Peter McLean

When Michelle Randell first made an appearance in our January 1981 issue, so many readers wrote in exclaiming about her beauty and begging for more that we here at Australian PLAYBOY had no choice but to make her our May Playmate.

Not that the lovely lady from the Gold Coast wasn't eager to pose for our cameras. "I bought myself a beat-up Cortina with $150 of the January modelling fee, but that was my only splurge. I'm salting it all away till I have enough saved to be able to travel overseas for at least a year. When I get to Europe, I'm going to try to find some modelling work in London or Paris."

While on one hand we wish Michelle the best of luck, on the other, if she gets *too* successful, she might never come home — and that would be a real

"People who live on the Gold Coast seem to be more in touch with their bodies. We're a lot more physical . . . and very sensual."

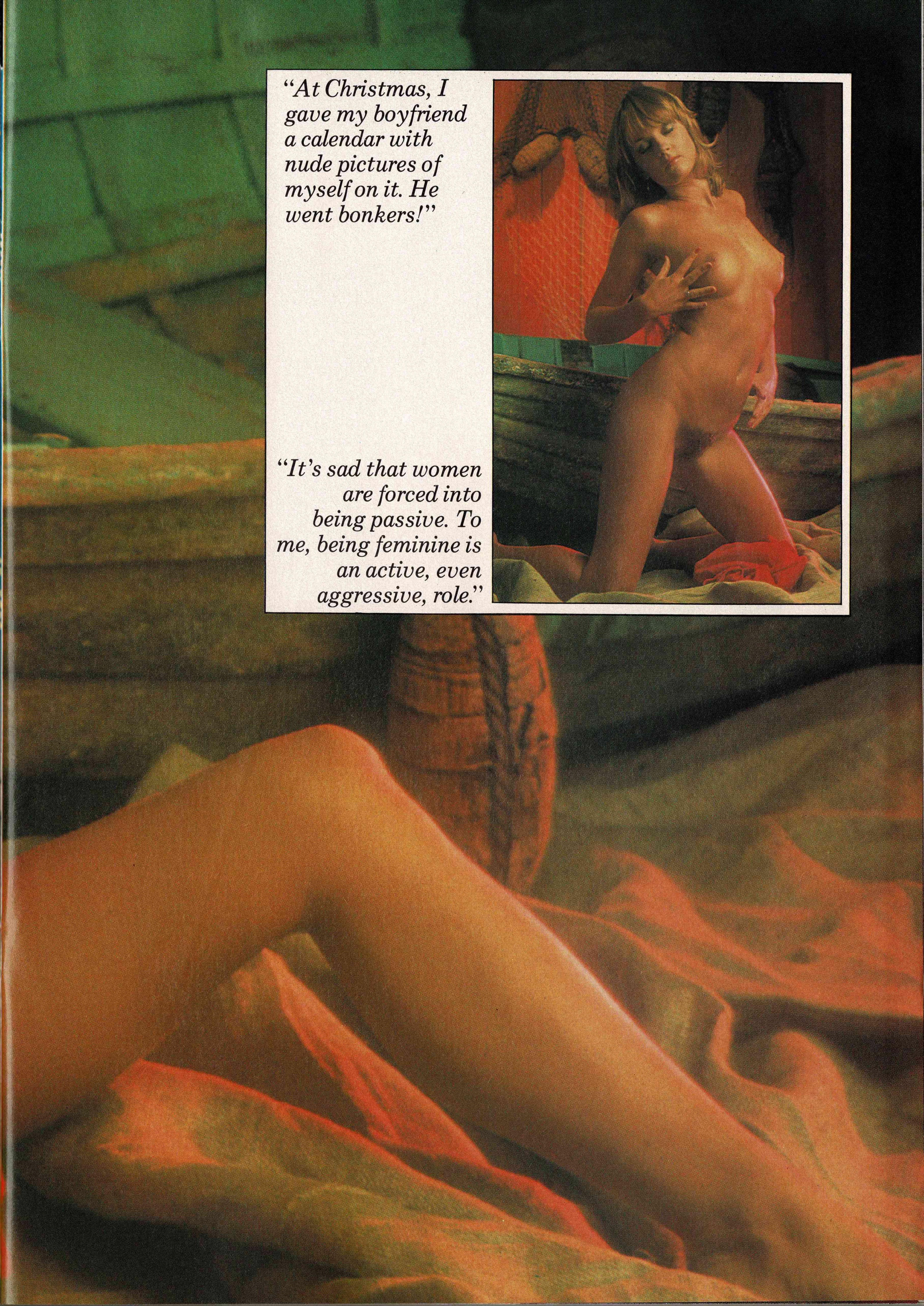


pity. But we're not especially worried about never seeing her blonde beauty on our shores again because she told us herself that "I could never stay away from Queensland forever. It's my home; my family is there. Plus I love the beach. I could never live very far away from the ocean — I feel so free there."

Indeed, her first love is the Sun and, as you can see, the feeling is mutual. Sunbathing turns Michelle's skin a tawny, burnished hue, setting off her cat-like hazel eyes and sun-frosted blonde hair to great advantage.

After her world jaunt — what then? "I would like to go to university and study child psychology. I just love children and I'm intrigued by the way they combine fantasy and reality. As a matter of fact, I guess you could call me a big kid — I live in my imagination as much as I do my day-to-day life." Wow! Some big kid! You really *do* have a great imagination Michelle!

"I jog every day on the beach for at least an hour. There's one beach inspector I drool over and so I make him my turn-around marker."



"At Christmas, I gave my boyfriend a calendar with nude pictures of myself on it. He went bonkers!"

"It's sad that women are forced into being passive. To me, being feminine is an active, even aggressive, role."

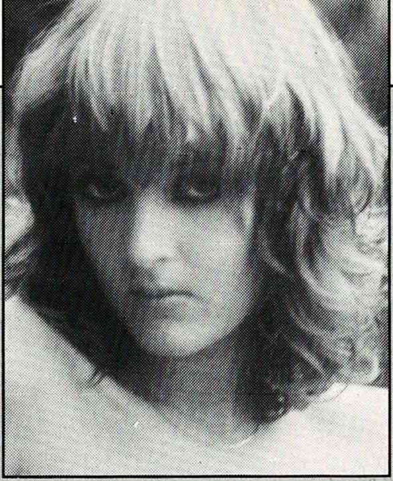
"My ideal man? Well, I'd settle for Burt Reynolds — provided he kept his moustache. I think it's sexy and terribly manly."

"Fitness and pleasure are related. The more control you have over your body, the more you can make it do anything you want."

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Michelle Randell



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: MICHELLE RANDELL

BUST: 33 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'2" WEIGHT: 7st SIGN: PISCES

BIRTH DATE: 12·3·62 BIRTHPLACE: NEWCASTLE

GOALS: TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN LIFE, NEVER STOP BEING MYSELF, OBTAIN A DEGREE IN THE PARAMEDICAL WORLD

TURN-ONS: PEOPLE, MOUSTACHES, SMILES, BODIES

FAVORITE FOOD: MEXICAN, CAMEMBERT CHEESE, CHOCOLATE

TURN-OFFS: OVERWEIGHT PEOPLE, SARCASM, OCKERISM, RAIN

RELAXING: SAILING SURFING, FISHING AND MAKING LOVE

FAVORITE BOOKS: SYBIL, WOMEN'S ROOM, GRAPES OF WRATH

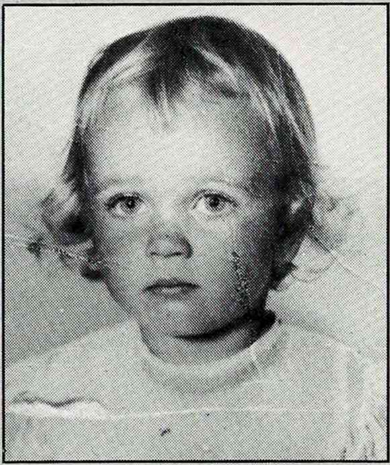
SECRET DREAM: TO FLY TO THE MOON NUDE WITH MY MAN

FAVORITE MOVIES: ALL THAT JAZZ, DIVINE MADNESS LIFE OF BRIAN

FAVORITE ACTORS: BURT REYNOLDS, VANESSA REDGRAVE GLENDA JACKSON, AND JACK THOMPSON

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: JOE JACKSON, JOHN LENNON, BETTE MIDLER

AGED THREE MONTHS AND SULKY!



AT THREE YEARS STILL SULKY

AT SWEET 16: SULTRY (I THOUGHT)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A handsome young man, delighted by his untroubled first sexual experience with his virgin girlfriend, wondered why his news wasn't greeted more enthusiastically by his friend.

"What's wrong with you?" he inquired. "Are you jealous or something?"

"No," answered the fellow calmly, "you just didn't remember what I told you before."

"What was that?" demanded the youth.

"If at first you do succeed," replied the second, "you weren't first."

Having given his name to the divorce lawyer, the new client started off by saying, "I live in a two-storey house —"

"I'm a very busy man and that's irrelevant information," interrupted the counsellor.

"But I *do* live in a two-story house," persisted the man. "One is that she has a splitting headache. The other is that it's the wrong time of the month."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotence* as zero copulation growth.

Hey, Max," yelled a researcher on psychologically-induced interspecies breeding as he saw one of the laboratory's rabbits mounting a small cat, "come and see the hare on this pussy!"

The morning after the night they met, the lovers had a falling out.

"Look, you creep," snapped the girl. "I stretched the truth pretty far when I told you that you were a great lover."

"But I beat you to the punch," the fellow snapped back, "when I said I had had a vasectomy."

Then there was the abandoned tugboat who felt really low after discovering her mother was a tramp and her father was a ferry.

Finding her husband in bed with a long-haired lovely, the wife furiously picked up an ashtray, ready to launch it at him. "She's just a poor hitchhiker I picked up on the highway," the man tried to explain. "She was hungry, so I brought her home and fed her. Then I saw her sandals were worn out, so I gave her that old pair you haven't worn in at least 12 years. Then I noticed her shirt was torn, so I gave her an old blouse you haven't looked at since 1978. And her jeans were all patched so I gave her an old pair of slacks you never wear. But as she was getting ready to leave, she asked me, 'Is there anything else your wife doesn't use?' "

After six weeks away on business in a strange city, the married executive entered a local brothel, produced $100 and asked for the worst screw in the house. "But, sir," the madam answered, "$100 will buy you our best."

"No, I want the worst available," demanded the businessman peevishly.

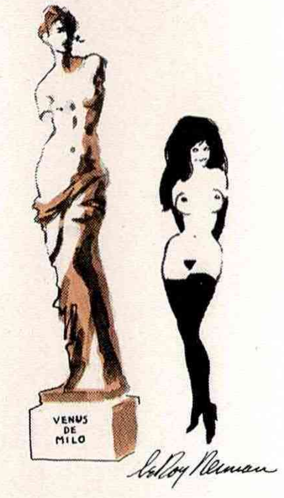
"I can't let you do this," the woman pleaded, "You're entitled to the top of the line."

"Listen, lady," the man insisted, "I'm *not* horny, just homesick."

I know you yelled that all systems were go," the disappointed female snapped at her astronaut lover, who had ejaculated prematurely, "but I certainly thought there would at least be a countdown before blast-off!"

A Catholic female named Trent
Refrained from the sex act for Lent.
Although she kept feigning
She liked the abstaining,
She was eager to come when Lent went.

We know a bachelor who, when filling out the blank, "Length at present address," on a computer-dating card, wrote: "Eighteen centimetres."

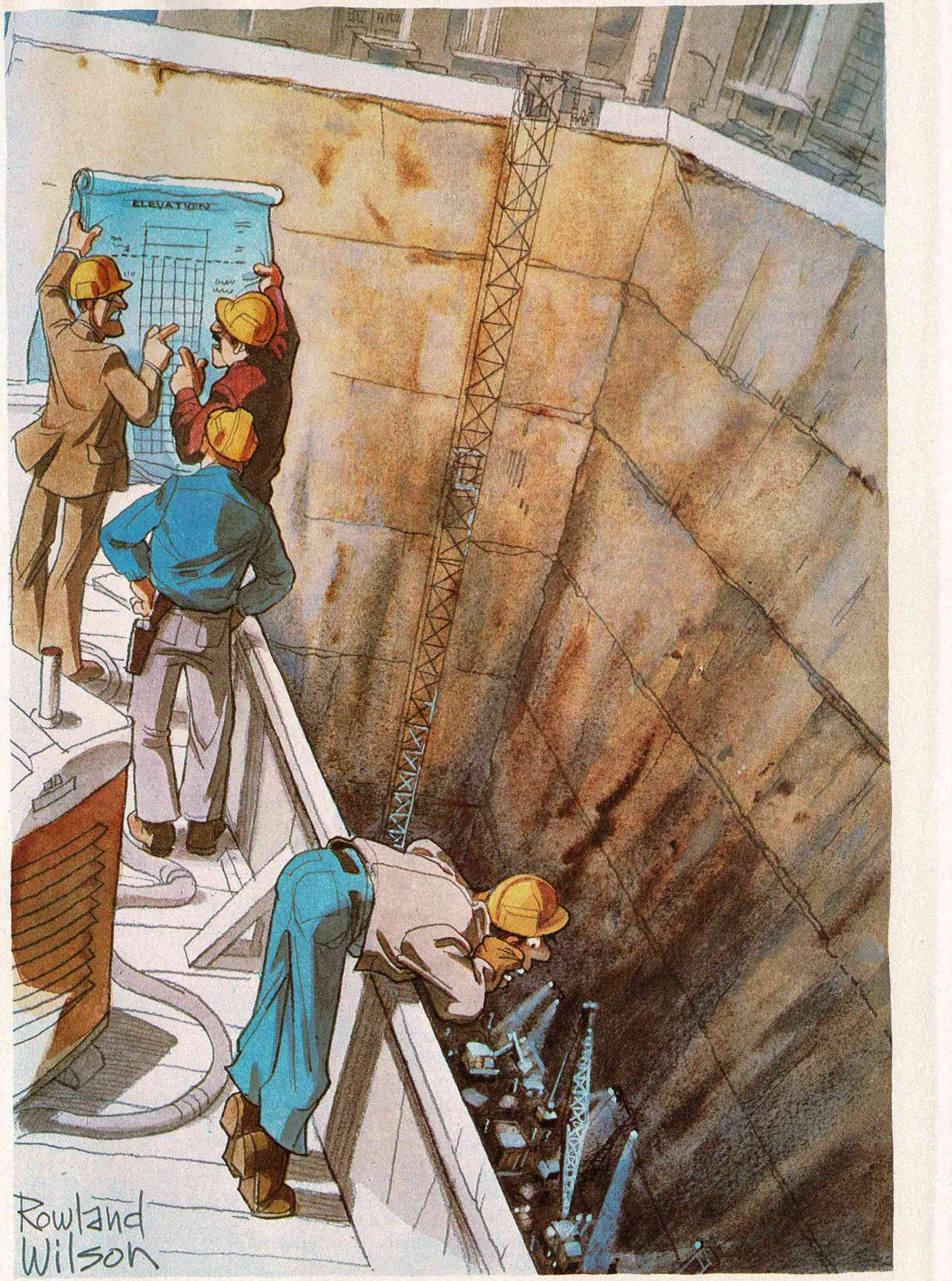


Do you have a special scientific name, doctor," the patient asked his psychiatrist, "for compulsive masturbation while fantasising about one's past love affairs?"

"Yes, in fact I do," answered the shrink. "I call it whacking nostalgic."

And, of course, you've heard about the sensitive young thing who, upon hearing of her best beau's marriage to another, threw herself into bed and balled all night.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"Stop digging! The plans were upside down."

SYDNEY Gay capital of Australia

their own discos, papers, saunas, even suburbs . . . daphne guinness watches the closet door open . . .

DENNIS ALTMAN had had a real media day: *Vogue* of all people had interviewed him, the ABC was doing a program and that morning his publisher had taken pictures of him in the *fog,* for Heaven's sake.

Altman was explaining that he did not give a damn being called queen, fag, queer if the term is used in the sense that blacks call themselves nigger, but if a heterosexual used it, it would be presumptuous and arrogant. When the man from the ABC sat on his beanbag and announced they would introduce him as a self-confessed homosexual and . . . the ABC got no further. "I am not self-confessed, I *am* . . ." exploded Altman, and anyone with half an eye could see it was going to be an uphill climb.

That was in 1972. Altman's book *Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation* was just out and had caused a predictable furore. A good taste furore. Even *Vogue* had thought it was all right to run the coverline HOMOSEXUALITY: ARE ATTITUDES CHANGING? sandwiched like meat between How to Look Great for Spring and Facts about the Pill. Meat it was. Altman, then 28 and a lecturer at Sydney University, was a rare bird. No hangups at all talking to a glossy lady whose naïve questions mercifully stopped short of *but what do they do?* Besides which, he was eloquent and patient, and took a good picture.

I telephoned him to continue our discussion; homosexuality a decade later, or something along those lines. The thought appalled him. "It's all so *passé,* the idea of a straight journalist writing about homosexuality," he said and referred me to his latest book, *Coming Out in the Seventies,* from Penguin, which he hoped I would buy and not get free. Straight journalists reporting the gay scene was the British thing in the 1960s and the American in the 1970s, Altman explained, "and ever since those terrible articles by Kay Keavney in *The Australian* gay people have closed up; I doubt if you'll find anyone to speak on the subject . . ."

Illustration by Stephen Gorton.

●

There are 300,000 gay men and women in Sydney. This figure is based on the Kinsey estimate that at least 10 percent of the population is homosexually orientated, with 66 percent being male.

Interesting thought (1): If all gays in Sydney were to withdraw their productive labor, close down their businesses or cease performing any voluntary community services for a period of 48 hours during a normal working week, churches and schools would close because of the absent ministers and school teachers; hospitals would go over to emergency staffing; the Federal and State parliaments and local councils would go into recess; the courts would be adjourned; the police would be short-staffed; garbage collection and emergency repairs to the water, gas, electricity and the telephone services would be all interrupted. Because homosexuals work side by side with the community in every instance, Sydney would grind to a halt.

Interesting thought (2): If all the homosexuals formed themselves into a firm Gay Vote, voting solely on the issue of homosexual reform, they would have the 10 percent swing needed to instal a State Government which promised the decriminalisation of homosexual acts between consenting adult males and anti-discrimination of benefit to gay men and women. They could also bring it down on any issue they chose.

●

Down in Newtown, the deadline has been reached for *Libertine* (circulation of 7000), the gay person's *Women's Weekly,* and George's copy is late again. Editor Ross Crich, *sans* shoes, sighs. They will cope. They always do at the office of Australia's journal of gay affairs which is in mid-transformation from warehouse to green carpeted red teak splendor.

Gordon Thomas is there. He does the advertising. They present a dual monologue on the gayification of Sydney. "Nowhere in the world is there such a swinging gay scene. Nowhere else can you get entertainment 24 hours a day, seven days a week. At the 253 Steam Baths, for instance, they've got a special. You can spend a whole weekend there for $7.50 . . ."

A whole weekend in steam and darkness for $7.50. Food sent in, of course. And drinks. The thought is appalling. A whole weekend in a sauna. Once out another $7.50 to go back in again? Wrong. They issue you a pass. All the same — uh — don't you come out rather frazzled?

“With a friend?”

“I should hope with a whole army after a weekend — no, frazzled like a prune . . . ”

Well, Ross Crich and Gordon Thomas couldn't stand it. Too dark and dingy, they say. Would have to come out and see daylight. Drinks are a rip-off; twice the price charged anywhere else, but you are getting a sauna and it's not exactly running to the letter of the law. It's somewhere to meet friends and make new ones. “Perhaps it's not a rip-off. Take the Sebel Town-House,” says Gordon, who knows about these things, “there it's $2.20 for a whisky and they are not gay.” True.

Sydney now has five gay discos, three gay wine bars, six gay hotels and a staggering 44 gay services and clubs.

Libertine is now just 11 months old, the square sister to *Gay, Bawdy, Kinky, Ribald, Flash* and, coming out any day, *Hunky*. “It's dreadful,” says Ross, who has nothing to do with that porn trash. *Libertine* has now reached a respectable stage. People actually want to appear in it. Michael Edgley, for instance, has taken a double-page spread for *Evita,* the magazine's first big non-gay advertising coup.

That month the cover was very Health and Beauty with a tasteful shot of the Sydney Dance Company, although sold carefully sealed. “We do it all ourselves,” says Ross. “I said to Bill — Bill Horn our boss, names go well with professions — I said why don't we do a gay newspaper and he said well get a dummy out, darl, and Gordon and I did.”

They brought it out during the journalists' strike last year and so got lovely coverage. “Gordon said we'll write to everybody and get them to put us on their programs and I said don't write, *ring* up. John Singleton said he'd love to have us on 2GB, and there was 2KY, AM and PM and everyone. We put a party on for 300 at Flo's. It was outrageous, drag queens were there, all the stereotypes, in the middle of the day, it was so successful. We did our first issue on VDT machines on the day they went out on strike about them, a *scream.* Every time I went in to 2GB they said have a *Clarion* and I said have a *Libertine* . . . ”

Sydney has five gay discos, six gay hotels, three gay wine bars, seven fully-licensed gay bars, six gay baths/saunas, two gay gyms, three gay travel agencies, 44 gay services and clubs, give or take a few in outlying districts, three gay publications and one journal of gay poetics.

What was it that detective said when another magazine published a complete list and maps of the gay restaurants and so on in Sydney? “Thanks, fellers, now we know where to flush you out, we've gotta arrest some every month and you've sure made things easy . . . ”

A grand tour reveals Debbie coping with Campanionship Classifieds: two dollars each and a form to fill in and then a cheery “then settle back, relax and wait for all those doors to open on your future happiness” (it says). There is Snow the carpenter screeching through wood, Ken the sub surrounded by porn, Teena in typesetting with the VDTs. Over the road the presses are printing and distribution is under way. Back through the courtyard, Bill Horn is building a pool and other mod cons for the staff. They think he is great. Who do you see as your reader? I ask the boss. “A lot of poofters,” he roars. “We try to be nice” says Ross *sotto voce.* On the way out there is a stack of new *Gay* magazines with bottoms upturned.

“Rude”, I say, but no one hears.

•

One entrepreneurial homosexual says Sydney really is the mecca for gays, and Newcastle is taking off. The leather macho scene is there. They have their own nude beaches. Sydney has Lady Jane and Coogee which are not strictly gay but nude, towards which gays gravitate. They live in a seven kilometre circle which extends from Hyde Park to the old Victoria Barracks (as in army, not hotel), and thence down to Queen Street, Woollahra, along to Paddington, up through Darlinghurst and the Cross then, if you have a car, to the fringe of Petersham where rents are low. One modern block has 33 apartments, 23 of which are taken by gays. Then there is Leichhardt and Balmain.

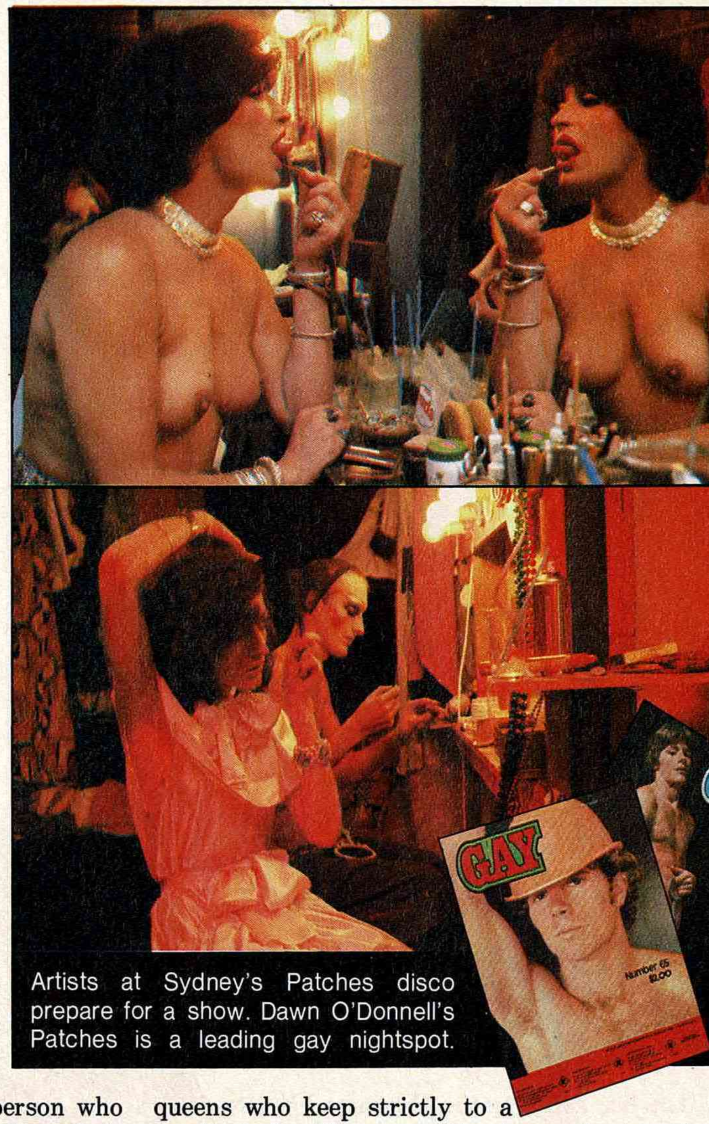
The scene is fragmented and confusing. Simplified, straights have their golf, their tennis, their bridge and stamps. Gays have their leather bars, hotels, lavatories known as the beat (“the married gays' scene, not exactly the best — well, you know, sleazy”), gay libbers (“the good-doers I call them — oh let them get on with it”), the drag queen society and the very, very quiet gays. And these groups overlap.

There lowly people, people of esteem, accepted and non-accepted and, depending on where they are, a special code of mores prevails. The social behavior at Flo's in Oxford Street, for instance, is different from the social behavior at the Barracks in Flinders. I quote: “At Flo's you wouldn't screw anybody in the lavatories. You dance, have a drink at the bar and a sniff of your amph and that's all right, the place is clean, well run and away you go. On the same night at the Barracks you go upstairs all night in the rooms. It's very sweaty and raunchy, you can spit on the floors, you can fondle everyone in the bar, and it is all accepted.”

Put delicately for my benefit, it's the same if you are straight. “You go to your RSL club and you can swear and you can drink, you play your pokies, pinch someone on the bum, or you go to the Paradise Strip (he wouldn't), you take your girlfriend and fondle her and they won't put you out on the street.

Well, they're all doing it on the stage anyway.”

America is the great pick-up bar scene and, again, given certain social behavior, a similar scene is in Sydney. “You can start an evening out at Flo's and everyone is fussy, everyone is particular. As they get the grog down and the night wears on and they reach the desperate hour they start pairing off. Like — you know — everybody wants that white knight to come through the door. Just like the straights.” He is right, except that straight bars aren't so clearly defined: a man may approach a woman on her own then discover that she is waiting for her husband.



Artists at Sydney's Patches disco prepare for a show. Dawn O'Donnell's Patches is a leading gay nightspot.

The gay's loose lifestyle essentially means he is available. “If you haven't got your arm around someone you are open slather. Now, a lot of people will go up to a guy and say, ‘I like you, shall we go off and screw’, but that's not for me. There must be some intellectual rapport. Anyway, it only lasts a week and you get bored. And there's another way gays differentiate from straights. We need to know, first, is he interested and, second, what does he do in bed. We are more complicated than the straights.”

•

QUOTE: “We follow the American trends but we've still got Australian taboos and Victorian attitudes.”

Sydney is the drag capital of the world. No other country has as many drag queens. Let there be no confusion here: a drag queen is a transexual, a person who permanently acts the part and is thus completely identified with the opposite sex; a transvestite is a person who seeks sexual pleasure from wearing clothes of the opposite sex. Most drag queens don't have the full physical change. They keep the penis and have their breasts enlarged with sacs of silicone implanted in the chest which results in realistic women's curves. Some transexuals are so stunning they can fool a heterosexual male right until the time they climb into bed.

Sydney has some of the most elegant queens. They are essentially night people, but occasionally the odd one can be seen in Double Bay slipping into Coles early on Saturday. Their impact is electric. There are several hundred in Sydney and the curious thing is that Australians adore them. Even at the most macho heterosexual clubs they love their performances onstage. There is a trend these days for queens to be butch. Trixie is one favorite in Oxford Street: the more she swears the more they want. “More, more” they shout. And she obliges.

There are queens who do the bar scene, and there are the very closeted queens who keep strictly to a small circle. There are the type of queens who enjoy the evening social side, the dinner-party set found in Paddington, Woollahra and other Eastern Suburbs social stamping grounds. The dinner parties attract people from all walks of life, but they all have one thing in common: their homosexuality. There will be, say, a laborer from Mount Druitt and a doctor from Woollahra, and conversation is about each other, the fact that they are homosexual and their homosexual relationships with other people. Well, it's handy. For example: “If I went to Mount Druitt, where would I meet anybody?” Oh, he might meet them at this club or down the park, or — Mount Druitt is not as well-organised as Sydney, it must be remembered. Gays meeting other gays, whether for social or sexual reasons, is what this is all about.

•

Over in Clarence Street, the carpet is sludge green with walls of wood. In places the carpet goes up the walls. I am in a room of strangely assorted sofas. Down my back breathes a video game. Gary Beauchamp arrives. He publishes *Campaign* which has now returned, he hopes, to 10,000 circulation and, at six years old, is a gay world institution. It carries gay news, local and foreign, in the front and the arts at the back. Its classified supplement is an eight-page liftout. “And that's what they all buy *Campaign* for” says Beauchamp.

The straight eye must at first accustom itself to the turn-around: “Now there is somewhere special you can take him . . . ” Visiting San Francisco? Stay at California's largest exclusively all-male gay hotel. The Brothel Hotel, none other, laced with muscular male angels with macho moustaches. There is a (fairly) straight gossip column with the centre supplement, and ads for King Steam, Barracks and for painful toys: tit clamps must be agony. There is news: the Government has coughed up $5000 for a kit on homosexuality. Your guide to the Festival of Sydney. Then overseas to England and the US or “whichever of those two countries have the hottest items” says Beauchamp, and back for travel and terrible fiction. “*Campaign* doesn't have to be on the coffee table of a gay person or on the coffee table of a non-gay. It is an alternative lifestyle magazine for someone who wants to be socially aware.”

Campaign has its problems. Newsagents will put it in the ethnics section, closeted gays won't buy a paper that labels them. (That's easy. They've put a non-gay ad on the back). Staff get slack. One walks out. He won't work with a straight. Beauchamp blushes, for he is the straight. The editor's walked out on him. “I'm not saying I know all about the gay scene, I'm not saying I know all about the gays, but it's easier for me. I'm not a closeted gay (he's a closeted hetero) so I don't have worries that would bother me to go on TV and talk about the paper. It doesn't bother me to go on radio or to take on the police department because I don't have anything to lose. They can't nab me on a sodomy charge and give me 14 years."

Fascinating. Was he in it for the money or was the milk of human kindness overflowing to help this minority group? Neither. His friends wouldn't credit the latter, but if he can make a living and help someone too, well and good. But doesn't his heterosexuality color his judgment? Well, the new editor is gay, the other writers are too. He does have the casting vote which at first they did not accept, but now they do. "Some of the time they don't know why they do things, some of the time I don't know why I do things, but I've been fortunate. The times I've done them they have worked out well."

Top, Gary Beauchamp, the straight who is publisher of the gay *Campaign.* Above, Gordon Thomas (left) and Ross Crich of *Libertine.*

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QUOTE: "Homosexuals, although largely ignored by marketers, have a combined purse totalling $60 million a week."

The taboo does exist: straights won't advertise with gay media, but the *Evita* ad with *Libertine* may start things rolling.

Tooth's, the Sydney brewers, have discovered the happiness their product can bring to homosexuals and themselves. Sales have shot up at the four gay pubs, the Beresford, Cricketer's Arms, the Flinders and the Unicorn. Jim Boyce, Tooth's marketing manager, says that hotels are tapping a once denied market.

Toohey's pub the Albury is biggest and, say its Lacoste shirted fans, the best: they pour into and from its main bar that has been decorated salmon and green with twinkling lights and cactus plants.

What happened was the Beresford changed in 1979 from straight customers and laminex tables to gay barmen in blue singlets and moustaches, the air, heavy with Paco Rabanne. Crowds of short-haired, moustachioed men, bulbously muscled and macho, sent the sales of draught beer from nine 18-gallon kegs to 27 in seven days. One joke, still put about, is they were so butch they swilled Perrier water from the bottle. Then the Flinders and the Albury opened to complete the trio of openly homosexual pubs. The Cricketer's had been gay for seven years, the Unicorn followed two years later.

Another spin-off from the gay pubs is the booking of rooms to gay tourists. The Beresford has done a roaring trade with the American and European gays, all booked through the telex of international airlines to the amazement of Qantas and KLM staff who are more accustomed to handling the Hilton and Wentworth's more conventional trade. "If you got all the gays out of Sydney, can you imagine just what would happen to the clothing industry?" asks Gordon Thomas. "Imagine the style if you had straight people doing it. Imagine the theatres. And the restaurants. The windows at Myers would be *atrocious.*"

There you have it. Gay influence is everywhere. The other day I saw a literary don standing at the lights in Double Bay wearing an outrageous check cap with baggy trousers, the very clothes he derided a decade ago on the cover of a news magazine. Now he is retaining a youthful image, certainly not mutton dressed as lamb.

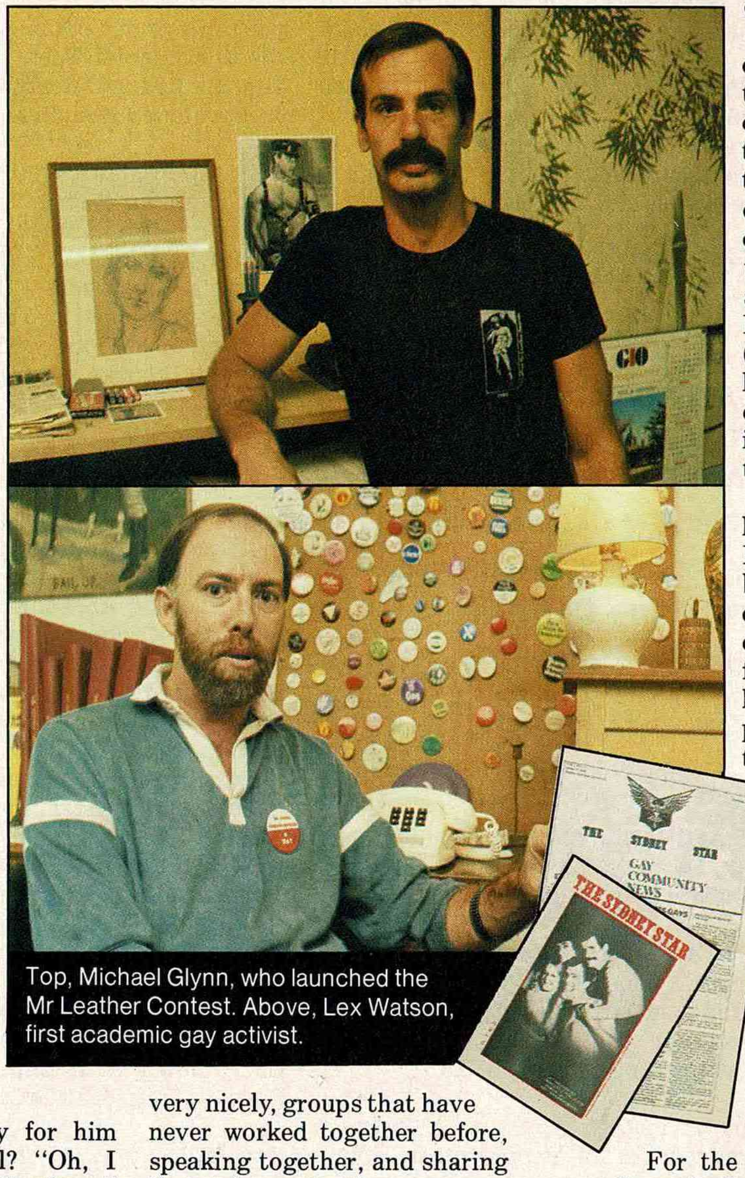
Short back and sides has taken a few years to reach straight men. The trick now is to guess who is behind the moustache or beard: gay or straight? Now that is precisely one of those questions that academic gays despise. They know their lifestyle has influenced the heterosexual. They know the trendy boutiques, restaurants, theatres, concerts, furnishings, painting as in art, painting as in interior designing (never decorating) et cetera and so forth have all changed because of gay influence but, frankly, they would rather not know about any of these things at all.

•

Lex Watson won't be drawn into this. He is leader of gay rights but, like all academics, has a horror of appearing pushy, affecting to lead anything. In the early '70s he and Dennis Altman came out together at Sydney University where they both worked and Lex Watson still does as senior lecturer in politics. I call on him at Balmain where he lives in academic muddle amid vast numbers of books devoted to gay rights, cabinets jammed with papers. He drags open a drawer. "Look, tons of it on homosexual reform." You could see he had been busy. The commercial power of gays is a putdown, says Watson, and it's done to stir up antagonism. Sure there is a gay market but no one talks about the family in the Western suburbs pulling in a vast disposable income. All people see are gay men running around — rich, rich, rich — and it's not right. "What's happening in America now, and I suppose will happen here, is they are turning gays into the Jews of the '80s. It's a very good way of putting gay people down by saying they are all out there with money in their pockets and they've not got any problems."

And that is Watson's complaint: that the whole political debate tries to shift the emphasis on to the wrong things, rather than talk about the problems of the homosexual and give him the right to a life in this community. Lex Watson was the first of the Australian gays to appear on television. That was 1971 in Canberra. The following year he went on to Adelaide television, another first. Then he did a radio talk-show in Newcastle and in September 1976 went on to Bob Moore's *Monday Conference* on ABC-TV before a very straight macho audience in Mount Isa where someone threw what he calls sewerage at him. That was a bit of a jolt, he says. But amazingly it crystallised his situation. They had come for a laugh but when they saw this hostility they were suddenly sympathetic and supportive. Watson didn't mind the sewerage. "It was good television" he says.

Photography by Graham Rochester



Top, Michael Glynn, who launched the Mr Leather Contest. Above, Lex Watson, first academic gay activist.

He enjoys a fight. He went off his brain last year when Column Eight in the *Sydney Morning Herald* used "faggot". Still, he got another first: the first letter on homosexuality published in the *Herald* and the first apology from Column Eight. A jokey one, but it did. He has a jokey way of putting down straights who speak of the *practising* homosexual. What. After all this time, is he qualified? No one ever talks of a *practising* heterosexual. But they do have a way of putting gays into categories, looking at people in a goldfish bowl, thus: "All gay people recognise one another, they have all these different signs."

In Newcastle it used to be yellow socks. All the kids were warned never to wear yellow socks or yellow anything or they will think you a poofter. It's hilarious, says Watson. "Can you imagine standing at a bus stop lifting your trousers to show your socks to let a man know that you are homosexual?"

People ask if it is easy for him to pick out a homosexual? "Oh, I couldn't pick one in a fit of Sundays," he answers, "but I tend to check heterosexuals in the street, they stick out a mile. They look different. They don't look normal. They have these funny little rituals of identifying themselves, do you know what I mean? Some heterosexuals do really weird things like wearing wedding rings on their fingers."

And then people also say why do homosexuals talk about who is homosexual so much i.e. "have you all heard that so-and-so in the library is gay, nudge nudge, and they say so-and-so is gay too." Well, it means two more have come out. Two more makes secrecy less. Two more gays to be honest with. What Lex Watson calls the conspiracy of silence goes a shade more public.

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Behind locked doors in Crown Street, Michael Glynn owner/editor of the free *Sydney Star* (circulation 10,000) waxes eloquent. "We are in the process of being re-born. In that process there are very real labor pains and there is also growth. In the past six months groups have come together very nicely, groups that have never worked together before, speaking together, and sharing their information."

He launched the Australian Mr Leather Contest as a serious attempt to open up the scene in Sydney and no one can say he hasn't succeeded. To everyone's surprise and joy, last year's Mr Leather, a well known Sydney architect, went to Chicago and became Mr Leather International. With one feather in his (leather) cap, Glynn's scene has broadened dramatically: there are church leaders into leather and corporate executives too, he confides. Then after first inquiring if it would be my pleasure, launches into his dissertation:

"One of the first things leather people respond to is liking the feel and the smell and the look of leather. Black leather, a bikie sort of look. Brown leather, the cowboy look. I did a lot of research to find out where it came from and traced it back to cowboys in Australia and America, back through the Middle Ages to the Knights Templar and then on to a little known sect called Mithra in Persia. There were various initiations, ceremonies and rites, and leather was a symbol of strength, and power and of sensuality.

"Now, if someone is completely into the process today, a lot of responsibility exists. People don't realise that there is danger, but the true leather man is exploring his limits with other people. It is a sexual trip, it's an emotional trip, and it's also a head trip. For those seriously into it (and he is) it is a way of life, a code of conduct, a code of ethics. An incredible amount of trust has to be there."

Glynn is not a leader in leather or anything else. He tries not to be, he says, but agrees that the gay community needs a political leader; the problem is finding one. That's where heterosexuals differ. The problem there is stemming the rush.

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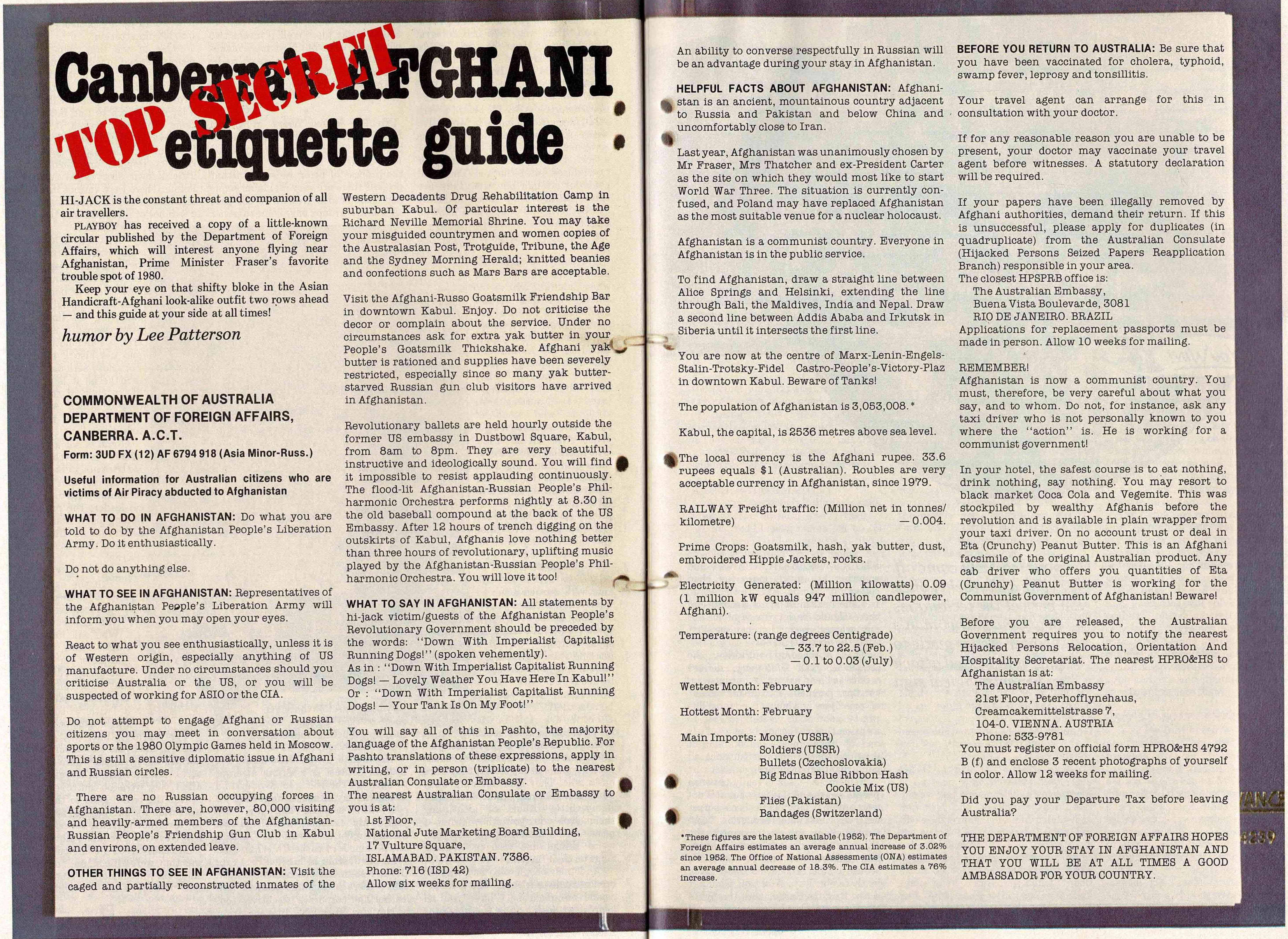
All the same, 1981 has notched up some provocative firsts for the gay community. Who will forget that Ken Booth, the NSW Minister for Tourism, launched Sydney as being "Australia's Leading Lady". And he did it with a commercial worth millions.

For the first time, too, gays had floats in the Sydney Festival Carnival parade. Last year they were told their sort could not be seen: it was a family affair, they were too controversial.

But the crown goes to the official invitation for two gays to actually go to Government House to welcome the new Governor, Sir James Rowland.

Michael Glynn's comment to that was they were official, but somewhere along the line shouldn't someone have said "but they are also criminal"?



Canberra's TOP SECRET AFGHANI etiquette guide

HI-JACK is the constant threat and companion of all air travellers.

PLAYBOY has received a copy of a little-known circular published by the Department of Foreign Affairs, which will interest anyone flying near Afghanistan, Prime Minister Fraser's favorite trouble spot of 1980.

Keep your eye on that shifty bloke in the Asian Handicraft-Afghani look-alike outfit two rows ahead — and this guide at your side at all times!

humor by Lee Patterson

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA
DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS,
CANBERRA. A.C.T.
Form: 3UD FX (12) AF 6794 918 (Asia Minor-Russ.)

Useful information for Australian citizens who are victims of Air Piracy abducted to Afghanistan

WHAT TO DO IN AFGHANISTAN: Do what you are told to do by the Afghanistan People's Liberation Army. Do it enthusiastically.

Do not do anything else.

WHAT TO SEE IN AFGHANISTAN: Representatives of the Afghanistan People's Liberation Army will inform you when you may open your eyes.

React to what you see enthusiastically, unless it is of Western origin, especially anything of US manufacture. Under no circumstances should you criticise Australia or the US, or you will be suspected of working for ASIO or the CIA.

Do not attempt to engage Afghani or Russian citizens you may meet in conversation about sports or the 1980 Olympic Games held in Moscow. This is still a sensitive diplomatic issue in Afghani and Russian circles.

There are no Russian occupying forces in Afghanistan. There are, however, 80,000 visiting and heavily-armed members of the Afghanistan-Russian People's Friendship Gun Club in Kabul and environs, on extended leave.

OTHER THINGS TO SEE IN AFGHANISTAN: Visit the caged and partially reconstructed inmates of the Western Decadents Drug Rehabilitation Camp in suburban Kabul. Of particular interest is the Richard Neville Memorial Shrine. You may take your misguided countrymen and women copies of the Australasian Post, Trotguide, Tribune, the Age and the Sydney Morning Herald; knitted beanies and confections such as Mars Bars are acceptable.

Visit the Afghani-Russo Goatsmilk Friendship Bar in downtown Kabul. Enjoy. Do not criticise the decor or complain about the service. Under no circumstances ask for extra yak butter in your People's Goatsmilk Thickshake. Afghani yak butter is rationed and supplies have been severely restricted, especially since so many yak butter-starved Russian gun club visitors have arrived in Afghanistan.

Revolutionary ballets are held hourly outside the former US embassy in Dustbowl Square, Kabul, from 8am to 8pm. They are very beautiful, instructive and ideologically sound. You will find it impossible to resist applauding continuously. The flood-lit Afghanistan-Russian People's Philharmonic Orchestra performs nightly at 8.30 in the old baseball compound at the back of the US Embassy. After 12 hours of trench digging on the outskirts of Kabul, Afghanis love nothing better than three hours of revolutionary, uplifting music played by the Afghanistan-Russian People's Philharmonic Orchestra. You will love it too!

WHAT TO SAY IN AFGHANISTAN: All statements by hi-jack victim/guests of the Afghanistan People's Revolutionary Government should be preceded by the words: "Down With Imperialist Capitalist Running Dogs!" (spoken vehemently).
As in : "Down With Imperialist Capitalist Running Dogs! — Lovely Weather You Have Here In Kabul!"
Or : "Down With Imperialist Capitalist Running Dogs! — Your Tank Is On My Foot!"

You will say all of this in Pashto, the majority language of the Afghanistan People's Republic. For Pashto translations of these expressions, apply in writing, or in person (triplicate) to the nearest Australian Consulate or Embassy.
The nearest Australian Consulate or Embassy to you is at:

1st Floor,
National Jute Marketing Board Building,
17 Vulture Square,
ISLAMABAD. PAKISTAN. 7386.
Phone: 716 (ISD 42)
Allow six weeks for mailing.

An ability to converse respectfully in Russian will be an advantage during your stay in Afghanistan.

HELPFUL FACTS ABOUT AFGHANISTAN: Afghanistan is an ancient, mountainous country adjacent to Russia and Pakistan and below China and uncomfortably close to Iran.

Last year, Afghanistan was unanimously chosen by Mr Fraser, Mrs Thatcher and ex-President Carter as the site on which they would most like to start World War Three. The situation is currently confused, and Poland may have replaced Afghanistan as the most suitable venue for a nuclear holocaust.

Afghanistan is a communist country. Everyone in Afghanistan is in the public service.

To find Afghanistan, draw a straight line between Alice Springs and Helsinki, extending the line through Bali, the Maldives, India and Nepal. Draw a second line between Addis Ababa and Irkutsk in Siberia until it intersects the first line.

You are now at the centre of Marx-Lenin-Engels-Stalin-Trotsky-Fidel Castro-People's-Victory-Plaz in downtown Kabul. Beware of Tanks!

The population of Afghanistan is 3,053,008.*

Kabul, the capital, is 2536 metres above sea level.

The local currency is the Afghani rupee. 33.6 rupees equals $1 (Australian). Roubles are very acceptable currency in Afghanistan, since 1979.

RAILWAY Freight traffic: (Million net in tonnes/kilometre) — 0.004.

Prime Crops: Goatsmilk, hash, yak butter, dust, embroidered Hippie Jackets, rocks.

Electricity Generated: (Million kilowatts) 0.09 (1 million kW equals 947 million candlepower, Afghani).

Temperature: (range degrees Centigrade)
— 33.7 to 22.5 (Feb.)
— 0.1 to 0.03 (July)

Wettest Month: February

Hottest Month: February

Main Imports: Money (USSR)
Soldiers (USSR)
Bullets (Czechoslovakia)
Big Ednas Blue Ribbon Hash Cookie Mix (US)
Flies (Pakistan)
Bandages (Switzerland)

BEFORE YOU RETURN TO AUSTRALIA: Be sure that you have been vaccinated for cholera, typhoid, swamp fever, leprosy and tonsillitis.

Your travel agent can arrange for this in consultation with your doctor.

If for any reasonable reason you are unable to be present, your doctor may vaccinate your travel agent before witnesses. A statutory declaration will be required.

If your papers have been illegally removed by Afghani authorities, demand their return. If this is unsuccessful, please apply for duplicates (in quadruplicate) from the Australian Consulate (Hijacked Persons Seized Papers Reapplication Branch) responsible in your area.
The closest HPSPRB office is:

The Australian Embassy,
Buena Vista Boulevarde, 3081
RIO DE JANEIRO. BRAZIL

Applications for replacement passports must be made in person. Allow 10 weeks for mailing.

REMEMBER!
Afghanistan is now a communist country. You must, therefore, be very careful about what you say, and to whom. Do not, for instance, ask any taxi driver who is not personally known to you where the "action" is. He is working for a communist government!

In your hotel, the safest course is to eat nothing, drink nothing, say nothing. You may resort to black market Coca Cola and Vegemite. This was stockpiled by wealthy Afghanis before the revolution and is available in plain wrapper from your taxi driver. On no account trust or deal in Eta (Crunchy) Peanut Butter. This is an Afghani facsimile of the original Australian product. Any cab driver who offers you quantities of Eta (Crunchy) Peanut Butter is working for the Communist Government of Afghanistan! Beware!

Before you are released, the Australian Government requires you to notify the nearest Hijacked Persons Relocation, Orientation And Hospitality Secretariat. The nearest HPRO&HS to Afghanistan is at:

The Australian Embassy
21st Floor, Peterhofflynehaus,
Creamcakemittelstrasse 7,
104-0. VIENNA. AUSTRIA
Phone: 533-9781

You must register on official form HPRO&HS 4792 B (f) and enclose 3 recent photographs of yourself in color. Allow 12 weeks for mailing.

Did you pay your Departure Tax before leaving Australia?

THE DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS HOPES YOU ENJOY YOUR STAY IN AFGHANISTAN AND THAT YOU WILL BE AT ALL TIMES A GOOD AMBASSADOR FOR YOUR COUNTRY.

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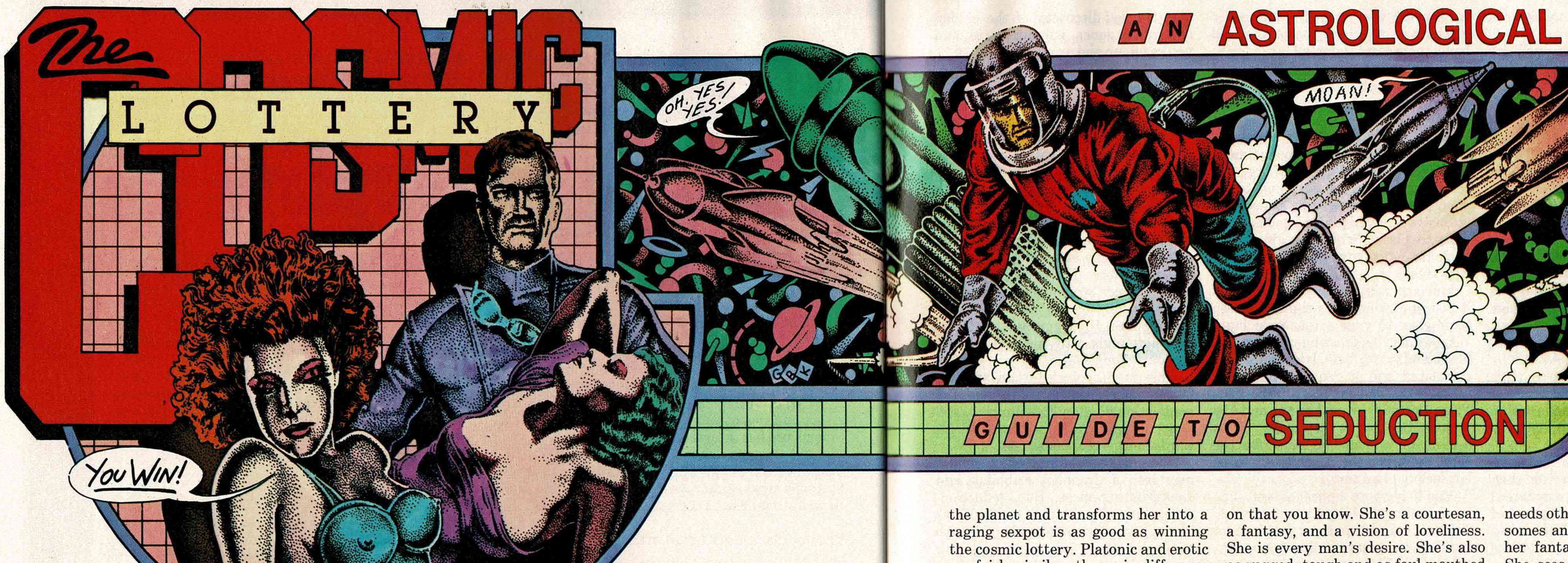
*These figures are the latest available (1952). The Department of Foreign Affairs estimates an average annual increase of 3.02% since 1952. The Office of National Assessments (ONA) estimates an average annual decrease of 18.3%. The CIA estimates a 76% increase.

The COSMIC LOTTERY

AN ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEDUCTION


YOU WIN!
OH, YES! YES!
MOAN!
NOW DARLING!
Mmmmm

your lady will come off like a skyrocket once you perfect the techniques in athena starwoman's inter-stellar guide to basing your sexual attack on her astrological sign

SEDUCTION, HANKY-PANKY and screwing are much more fun than collecting stamps. Sex is wonderful. It's the healthiest sport around and there should be lots more of it. For any woman, seduction can be just what the doctor ordered.

That stitched-up authority, the *Oxford English Dictionary,* defines seduce as "lead astray, tempt into sin, corrupt, persuade into abandonment of principles", which all sounds like pretty good stuff. But it forgets to mention that seduction is an art. It is one of life's finest contests and it provides the ultimate conclusion: all participants are winners.

Remember — sex is really between people's ears and if it isn't fun it's not worth doing. Obviously, each player deserves individual seduction techniques. *Your* job is to project the object of your desire's sexual fantasy into reality. After all, you wouldn't seduce Minnie Mouse and Daisy Duck in the same way. And you wouldn't screw Brigitte Bardot with the lights off. Knowing what blows your lady off the planet and transforms her into a raging sexpot is as good as winning the cosmic lottery. Platonic and erotic are fairly similar; the main difference is that one's lots more fun. Astrology gives us insights into what puts the wham back into the bam. Read on . . .

Illustration by Geoff Kelly

ARIES: WILD AMAZON

An Aries woman is built like a tank. Cool on the surface, she is really a sizzling red-blooded mama out on the sexual prowl. She fantasises about macho types with lots of spunk, and dreams of wearing black suspenders and red patent stilettos. Dressing up turns her on.

A masculine sign, she sees herself as strong and independent. She's not. The Arian has to have heaps of sex, otherwise she turns into a shrew. Aggression and power are a large part of her personality. Sex, her biggest power trip, is where she gets off on being the weaker sex. She needs her men to rough-ride her and have her begging for mercy at their feet.

But watch out! If she guesses you are intent on seducing her, she'll be capable of murder. You have to be devious, disinterested, yet stay horny as hell.

When seducing her, you'll win only when she does. Convince her the whole deal was her idea in the first place, then give her a tough time and she'll be your slave forever.

TAURUS: SMART TART

There's a touch of a hooker in every Taurus woman. You can expect to be slaughtered, however, if you ever let on that you know. She's a courtesan, a fantasy, and a vision of loveliness. She is every man's desire. She's also as rugged, tough and as foul-mouthed as a brickie's laborer.

The expression "there is no such thing as a free lunch" applies to your Taurus. After the words, and after a screw, you'll find yourself paying in some way. Yet seduction is well worth the effort. She's something special. Once you blast off with her, you will experience another dimension of what man/woman is all about.

To score points, you will have to invest in wining and dining, and you won't be able to pounce on her in the back-seat of your car unless it's a Rolls. She sees herself as a sex kitten goddess, all soft skin and velvet, and gets off on watching herself in mirrors when she's being made love to. She fantasises about getting set up in a penthouse and making love with a handsome millionaire. So if you are broke, you'll have to work hard to get her, but if you're rich and frequently have your name in the social columns, you won't have any problem.

GEMINI: SEX ON WHEELS

Lace up your sneakers. Zap! This one's a fast mover. She's all over town and everyone is talking about her. She's vivacious, cute and cuddly but she also possesses a verbal sting like a death adder.

Seducing a Gemini is like trying to catch up with the roadrunner; she's faster than a speeding bullet. Small and tight, she notches up conquests on her six-shooter. She adores and needs other people's company, so foursomes and moresomes is the name of her fantasy (the more the merrier). She sees herself as surrounded by a group of randy, good-looking movie stars who all do wonderful things to her. She screams and squeals with delight. She comes again and again, and after her fantasy, no single man can ever be enough.

Her seduction requires you to be three people in one: her daddy, her psychiatrist and her guru. You must be sure to convince her that any problems she has are sexual; appoint yourself her sex therapist. Just a few smart answers and you're in. Hint that your cock will solve her anxiety problem, cut her cigarette intake and remove her migraines, and you'll soon have your Gemini swinging from the chandelier. Remember, she's a curious creature by nature so don't forget your gadgets and gimmicks — she's sure to appreciate them.

CANCER: SOFT CENTRE

You are confronted with a delicate problem here. This girl's a softy — romantic, over-sensitive and bad news to play around with. But, like cosmic dynamite, she can be dangerous when dropped, so if you don't fancy her and don't think she's going to be worth seeing again, try another sign.

This babe is kinky, erotic and is totally caressable. What turns her on sexually is affection for her partner. If she's into you, she'll leave no holes barred. Her usual fantasy is to be screwed in a church wearing a bridal gown. If you're not careful, you could discover a loaded shotgun up against your temple.

She'll decide on whether she'll let you control her by a totally illogical reasoning process — with questions like: Do you really, really like me? Have you been kind to me? Do you love me? You'll have to be Mr Nice Guy to get into this lady's knickers. Rush her and she'll be off like a frightened rabbit; win her trust and she will be screwing like one. It's all based on your attitude toward her.

Cancer ladies think about marriage and kids every time they hit the sack with a guy. So remember, if you decide to keep her on, you could have nappies hanging off your line and a mortgage or two on your back.

LEO: QUEEN OF EROTICA

Wear your asbestos gloves: this lady is hot! Every Leo has a touch of the nympho waiting to explode within her. Your job is to be a good little boy scout and light the fire.

A performer at heart, hand her a G-string and she'll perform better than any stripper. She's a real dramatist, fantasising that she is the Queen of Erotica. Surrounded by oiled, naked young men, she is carried aloft on a leopard-skin covered palanquin (move over, Cleopatra).

All men who know her are crazy to possess her voluptuous body. She sets them quests to win her because her ego loves to play games. Should they pass, after she's whipped them into subservience, she grants them their desire, but her insatiable lust prevents them from keeping up with her.

She's a ball-biter and she gives as good as she gets. She can orgasm by pulling off the jackpot on a poker machine or watching football. You'll have to present yourself as a prize stud. She has a passion for heaps of tongue work, so yours could be in for quite a licking.

VIRGO: HEADHUNTER

You're headed for "good times" with your Virgin. They call Virgo the perfectionist, so she is going to be your ultimate screw. She's made an intensive study of giving head and she aims to please. You'll be able to lie back and enjoy some wonderful music with this lady.

But you will only get to this point if you play your cards right and keep them close to your chest. Seducing a Virgo is not like dressing up to go to a black and white ball. It's completely calculated and it requires a mental attitude of dancing on tip-toe. The Virgo demands sexual space and she requires her men to respect her. She's a beautiful woman who lusts after the right man, yet she doesn't like to be left feeling like a tart.

You'll have to approach this one carefully, for the Virgin is a strategist. The best way to approach her is to let her discover you're a raunchy, randy, wild stud. This may require you to screw her best friend. Or, if you're lucky, several of her best friends. Once your Virgin hears a whisper of your sexual prowess, she'll be anxious to experience your form. If the Virgo thinks you'll be fantastic, she'll certainly be in it.

Her fantasy is to be screwed by her doctor. Wear a white jacket and tell her you're a medical man yourself and gynaecology is your speciality. Let on that the self-discovery of the hidden erogenous zones is your forte and you're up, up and away.

"Well, we can't really stop him from seeking an alternative lifestyle."

LIBRA: SEXPERT

She fantasises about lying naked on her bed on a steaming-hot summer's evening as a handsome masked intruder stealthily enters the room. Before she can utter a sound, he binds her, securing her hands and feet with leather thongs. He's gentle, but firm and when she's helpless, he begins to kiss and lick her all over. Totally defenceless, she attempts to struggle but it's futile. He enters her and, before she can stop herself, she comes. She falls limp on her bed. She never sees his face. He is her mystery lover, returning night after night. She waits anxiously for him.

This is a typical Libran type of fantasy. She seeks purity through the eradication of all guilt feelings. "Yes" and "no" are the two most difficult words in her vocabulary.

She plays sex games which send a man into a drooling, dribbling and masturbating mess. But, seduction-wise, she's a hard nut to crack. Why? She's always surrounding herself with handsome studs panting to get into her knickers, and making decisions makes her head feel foggy.

You're going to have to cheat a little to seduce her. When it gets down to setting the scenario for the seduction ploy, make sure you have the scales stacked in your favor and that there are no interruptions to give her time to change her mind.

SCORPIO: THE PENIS PRINCESS

Scorpio women are frenetic cock-worshippers. A Scorpion sees herself as the High Priestess of Sex. Passion is her middle name and she knows exactly what turns her on. So if she agrees to go out with you, you can be pretty certain that she is expecting to get laid.

Eye contact can say heaps when there's a Scorpion involved and, when you are actually getting it on, eye contact can produce that electrifying psychic exchange which flips some interesting genital switches.

She's interested in magic and sex and fantasises about both. Put black sheets on your bed and red candles around it. Create an altar setting, and she'll feel like the sexual goddess she fantasises about. Make certain she knows that *your* offering is your cock, which is going to pay homage to her mystical comeliness, and she won't be able to resist.

Either she's playing the same game and enjoying her seduction, or she won't hesitate to tell you that you're worshipping at the wrong altar. She will keep you informed on exactly how far you can go. When you do finally get down to business, expect to be tied up for a while.

SAGITTARIUS: EASY RIDER

The Sagittarian woman loves a good seduction game, and is adept at making moves toward the guys she fancies. The archetypal cock-teaser, she finds sexual release in seeing how many men she can give hard-ons and then runs merrily away.

Sometimes she is very confused because, although sex makes her feel fulfilled and happy, it also interferes with her liberated outlook. They say Sagittarian women do more horse-riding than most. Refusing to face the fact that she's a very horny girl makes her seek an alternative outlet in sport.

Her fantasy is that she's really a little girl still floundering in the school of life. She looks up to her teachers and, when she's naughty, they spank and chastise her. They then cuddle and comfort her in their arms. She wears an old school uniform without knickers underneath. The soft hair of her mons veneris shows as she bends forward to wipe the blackboard. She is innocent, yet erotic; ingenuous, yet conniving. She is every man's female ideal, a symbol of incestuous purity.

The secret way of seducing a lady Sagittarian is one of friendship and trust. Before you can become her lover, you must become her friend. Once the bonds of friendship are established, she is prepared to share everything with you.

CAPRICORN: HAPPY HOOKER

A Capricornian woman gets a big turn-on from playing hard to get. Seducing her isn't going to be a piece of cake, but it could be. There's a joke in astrology that all Capricorns have ferocious appetites. Why? Because they always demand to be taken to an expensive restaurant before they'll even begin to think about bed.

Although as sexy and as randy as the goat which is her zodiac symbol, Miss Capricorn sees herself as the Ice Maiden who can only be melted by total lust or big bickies. When you want to seduce her, your Capricorn lady will be influenced by the fact that she lusts after your body (in which case you've got no problems) or that you have money and power aplenty. If you fall into the former category, you'll have to blow all of your hard-earned money on a bottle of French bubbly for your first date. If you fall into the latter, you probably could get away with Chinese takeaway.

If she plays hard to get, here's a sure-fire way to seduce her. First step: go up to her and squeeze her hand tightly. Then embrace her in a vicious bear-hug. The lady will immediately scream and complain that you have wrecked her spine. (Capricorns are notorious for bad backs). You then offer to massage her better. Once she reclines face down on a couch or bed, you deftly go to work massaging her. When she is on the verge of falling into a relaxed sleep, you start licking the inside of her knees. If this elicits low moans, a gourmet's night of love-making is close at hand.

AQUARIUS: MAYBE BABY

The Aquarian woman is a cosmic riddle, a question within a question. An independent Lone Ranger, she tells herself she needs a man like she needs a hole in the head. The zodiac's oracle, she is harder to tame than a ferocious lion.

The individual takes many forms. She's a wild, intense woman beneath her composed and happy-go-lucky exterior. She's a professional at acting sexually coy and uninterested. Yet once the sheets are peeled back, she's ready for *anything*. The *Kama Sutra* could be revised when this hot-house flower meets her sexual match.

Her fantasies revolve around the experiences she's already had, taking them a step further. She plays one game and plays it to the hilt, an ever-watchful eye unconsciously seeking a sexual encounter. She vibes into a party crowd and sees a man who's head and shoulders above everyone else — she goes for them big all over. And he's macho. Not even glancing in his direction, she transmits a mental message on her cosmic telephone. If he is open telepathically, Mr Macho becomes as spellbound as Ulysses was when the siren Circe waylaid him.

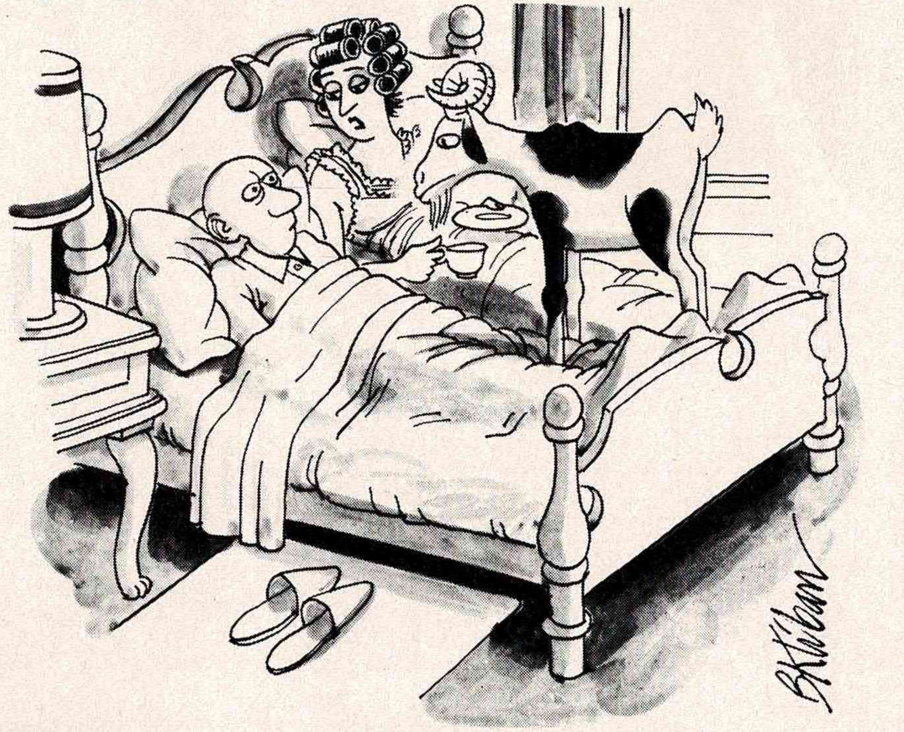
If you want to seduce her, just hope she rings your chimes on the cosmic telephone. Send out a few lustful vibes in her direction and hang around in her vicinity. When she goes for you, remember she talks in riddles. "Go away" means "stay". "I'm turned off by sex at the moment" means "I'm ready, willing and able". She will demand only one thing from you (apart from sex) and that is, when it's over, you're totally up-front with her.

PISCES: FEMME FATALE

Playing sexual games with a Pisces is a little like swimming out of your depth with a strong rip about to grab you. She's the ultra-feminine, gentle lady covered in lace with jasmine through her hair. Being the most sensitive sign in the zodiac, she'll weep buckets of tears if flowers aren't on her doorstep the next day.

She fantasises that she is the sleeping princess in her ivory tower, kissed awake by Prince Charming. The Piscean lady is very proficient in her lovemaking, and her sexual technique involves much caressing, fondling, soft kisses and multiple orgasms. You need to put some time into this little princess and also be prepared to spend weeks (as opposed to one night) in seducing her.

Flattery and flowers are the key to her chastity belt. A Piscean may play hard to get but she is sexually very giving. Her desire is to be loved and this puts plenty of pollen in her posy — all you need is to be her honeybee.



"While you were asleep, the goat ate all your hair."

JOHN FARNHAM

schmaltz turns to rock

the lights dim and on comes the king of soft sell . . . but belting out hard rock. "help me if you can," he sings. but why change styles at 32?

profile by Russell Deiley

Photograph by Luis Martin

THE OCCASIONAL flashes of the shutterbugging strobe paint a pink shirt, but there isn't a hint of all the cloying saccharin that was once the special trademark of the slight figure gyrating on centre stage. The old candyfloss melts in the sensual beat of the drums and keyboards and the throbbing riffs of the guitars. The voice picks it up. It's a strange blend of the familiar and new . . .
**Sitting at home on a Saturday,*
Thinking of all I've been through . . ."

It's Wednesday, rock night in the Maroubra Seals Club and John Farnham might well be thinking of all he's been through. It is 13 years since the then 18-year-old Farnham handed in his ticket as an apprentice plumber two days before the launching of his first record, Sadie the Cleaning Lady — destined to become the biggest selling single in the history of the Australian charts. Tonight in this rock-outpost of Sydney's eastern suburbs we're a million semitones removed from Sadie and Time Brings Change, from Panto and Charlie Girl. The plastic tables, the fibreglass chairs, the schooners and the Bacardis and Cokes served oh-so-natural at the bar is bargain basement stuff compared to the livery and lobsters circle Farnham has been prowling for years.

There are neither come-ons nor lackeys. You pay your money and you take what you get. Tonight all the posters in the entrance hall two floors below tell the Wednesday nighters they are getting John Farnham Uncovered. The posters are a low key sell for the concert and Farnham's first album in five years.

Through what seems and is a pop music eternity, Farnham has always found Sydney his toughest market. Long before he starts to belt out Matilda, all the signs are that the Maroubra Seals habitues are not convinced at all that Johnny and J.P. Farnham, prince of sugar-coated pop and balladier, has changed his spots.

The club manager bustles up. He's looking puzzled. Worried. "I can't understand it," he says. "For the last few weeks you couldn't move in here. Sure they were late arriving last week when InXS played the club, but they just came in droves in the last few minutes. And they were queued right down the stairs."

Tonight the stairs are empty. One minute to blast off there is a seated audience only. Maybe 150 people. But there is quite a stack of standing and dancing room.

On stage, Farnham is not fazed. He is a pro. One hundred and fifty have paid their money and he'll give them everything he's got. The voice pounds and it screams, caresses and then cajoles as the numbers tumble out: fast, fast, slow. The feet tap and, between the up-tempo and slower points in the set, there is applause and the odd whistle. Farnham slides into Sweet, Sweet Love and a young man and woman move on to the dancing floor. But, compared with the mega-wattage Farnham and the band are generating on stage, you can measure the audience response in candlepower. Farnham saves the single from his *Uncovered* album for the final stretch. Finally some of the audience begin to react. This they've heard. The song's been on the charts and had a heap of air play. His final number, Help, the song he sang for the Queen in the Royal Charity Concert at the Opera House, brings them to their feet.

But the spark that just could have made this a wild night has come too late. Farnham returns to the stage to belt out a rock'n'roll standard that has them dancing in the beerways, but the singer has sung his song. He's sweated for them, spent his voice on them, and when the feedback starts he's got nothing more to give.

Relaxing over a cool drink and one of the 50 or 60 regulation cigarettes of the day, John Farnham, reborn rock 'n' roller, is disappointed because he hasn't been able to pick up the audience and shake 'em, but it's not the end of the world.

When he decided to take the plunge early last year and forsook the comfortable club circuit to sing the rock 'n' roll he has always wanted to sing, he knew it was going to be tough.

It was easy to shorten the name from Johnny to John, but nothing else has been.

Coming as it does well along the national trail of some pretty explosive gigs, the Maroubra night is a downer within the Farnham ranks. But the next day, as the roadies climb aboard the mini-bus for another one-nighter in Newcastle, the Farnham confidence is hyping the gang.

And there have been high spots on the 10-week tour leading up to Maroubra . . . They all remember and draw strength from the memories such as Mr Supercool himself, Boz Scaggs, sending up his own image by cheering himself hoarse; Peter Allen taking the stage in the same Melbourne nightery, Billboard, to declare John Farnham not only the most talented singer in Australia but on a par with any in the world; the raincheck that Janis Ian left backstage of the Countdown set with an offer to write songs just for Farnham; Sammy Davis' offer to pull a few strings for Farnham in the US.

But for years no one with half an ear has ever doubted that Farnham is talented. But neither talent nor testimonials mean instantly full rock and roll halls. Scaggs can cheer from the apex of the Centrepoint Tower or the Empire State building, Allen can make his subjective judgements from any stage he chooses and Janis can write albums full of songs just for John. And it all might help, but Farnham's big problem in convincing the Aussie market that he is a true and loyal rock 'n' roller is the rack of many colored hats he has worn with such rakish distinction during the first 13 years.

Some at Maroubra have turned up because the word is out that Farnham is really rocking; some of the 150 are merely curious; and some are the old faithful coming along because they expect him to play out old dreams or to sing a duet with Debbie Byrne. The result is that, unlike those nights when the rockers swing from the rafters with those kings of the road, the Angels, the Farnham audience is largely out of tune.

But, for the Peter Pan of Australian show biz, Maroubra is quickly forgotten, filed away in a portfolio of experience that fills his private bank vault, but never his heart.

Sadie and a succession of sugary hits made him the perennial King of Pop, drove mums and teeny-boppers into shirt-tearing frenzies. A couple of times the fans KO'd him with their adulation. There was the smash hit of Charlie Girl, the lucrative but less critically successful Pippin, the good, the bad and the ugly television shows and the thousand and one nights in swank but soulless cabarets. But within Johnny, JP and plain John Farnham there has always been a rock and roller straining at the vocal strings. As Mentor Williams wrote:

***Give me the beat boys and free*
my soul,
I want to get lost in your rock
and roll.

"It's like beginning again. It's new and it's great," says Farnham, lighting up maybe the 33rd Kent of the day. In conversation Farnham sounds like the heavy smoker he is. The voice, which is well into its 14th year in an entertainment world in which he has won just about every Australian award around, plus the Kingdom of Moomba and the 1972 world popular song quest, is throaty, almost hoarse. A cold he has picked up somewhere between Perth and the East Coast hasn't helped.

Richard East, the road manager of the Wheatley organisation which is masterminding the reborn Farnham career, disapproves of the gaspers. Maybe he has heard those old stories raised every year or so by the showbiz acolytes who doubt the lasting qualities of Farnham's voice.

Farnham acknowledges that he smokes too much, but has a simple but firm faith in his vocal stamina. "I really punch it out up there," he says, gesturing toward the stage where the technicians are running the umpteenth sound check on the show's six tonnes of equipment. "But I never have any trouble hitting the note and I'm as strong at the end of every gig as I am in the first number. Maybe the voice was a bit thin in the early days, but Charlie Girl fixed that. You have to have a bit of power to fill a theatre night after night without a mike.

"Besides, I think these rock 'n' roll concerts are making my voice even stronger." Hearing is believing. Come concert time, Farnham is in explosive form, gutsy, and wide of range. There is no hint of the conversational croak.

Farnham is where he has always wanted to be — behind a microphone bouncing along on the big R 'n' R beat. Nothing too heavy, nothing too radical. That is all part of the plan which began with the middlebrow pop in the acclaimed *Farnham and Byrne* series on ABC television last year. After so long in the world of musical chairs, Farnham and his advisers know that he must pick up the beat gradually if he is to avoid subjecting the listening public to culture shock.

A couple of nights later Farnham and friends take on Sydney again in the Family Hotel on the other side of the city. As the amplifier hums into life, about 200 young western suburbanites are all sitting and standing around, plastic tumblers in hand waiting to put Farnham to the test. At least half the $5 seats are empty. For some fathomless reason, the doorman stamps the word Swanee on the patrons' wrists in exchange for the five bucks.

The band plays roughly the same set and Farnham and his choristers, Kim Collins and Janine Nicholls, belt out the now faintly familiar bracket of songs. But suddenly the signals are changing. The decibel gap between the performers' output and the audience response begins to narrow. More and more couples join the pace-setters writhing on the carpeted square set aside for dancing.

Farnham and company are off and running. Farnham appeals with Help and the audience gives some more. The singer and his musicians return for a prolonged encore. The lighting system fails, but no one gives a damn. Farnham improvises with a torch to pick out individual members of the group as each goes through a single spot — David Jones in a virtuoso drum solo, Barry Sullivan on bass, Sam McNally on the keyboards and Tommy Emmanuel hamming it up in the half darkness on the lead guitar. The magic is so close you can almost touch it. If only a few more rockers had fronted it could have been one of those great nights in the hotel.

But it has been the kind of night that stiffens Farnham's resolve to make it back to the top of the charts on his own terms as a soft rock singer. "I know it is going to be tough, but we are confident of making it," he says. "We can feel the wave forming. Just today, Rod Muir, the Sydney radio man said to me: 'John, there's a great industry buzz out there.'

"The word is spreading. Certain sections of the media are on our side, they approve of what we are doing right now and they're prepared to discount all we have done in the past as irrelevant. People are coming up to me and saying: 'It is great to see you back; it's good to see your comeback is working.'

"It doesn't worry me to hear people talking about a comeback because, in the context of what we are doing, that's precisely what it is. I've never really been away, but it doesn't offend me if that is how people see it. However they read it, it is nice to be back singing. I don't want to act, I don't want to do musical comedy, I don't want to be a television compere and I am not a comedian. I just want to do what I have always wanted to do — and that is to sing."

As the man says, he has never been away. Nor has he ever stopped his singing. Perhaps the one who is at the crossroads is not Farnham the singer, but Farnham, the style. Can a man who crashed into the popular music scene with a novelty song, Sadie the Cleaning Lady, and who has since spread himself over such diverse entertainment fields as musical comedy, revue and schmaltz be taken seriously in his bid to become a chart busting singer's singer as he nears the ripe old age of 32?

"I'll never regret Sadie or apologise for it," he says. "It's the reason I'm still here. But it has created a stigma and I realise I have an enormous credibility problem with the audiences with which I'm now trying to work. The people who have come to see my club shows in the recent past are the people who come to hear the Sadies and the Raindrops and that kind of thing — the mothers, the fathers and the little children. They don't buy records.

"Let me give you a classic example. Shortly after my Royal Command concert performance and the release of Help, I was going home in a cab. The driver told me he didn't like the record because he reckoned that I screamed. I asked him when he had last bought a record. He thought about that and said he would have bought maybe two records in 30 years. I said to him: 'That's why I'm screaming.'

"You've got to be where all the records are selling. That's what this business is all about. When I started, the record business was so small you had to try to appeal to as many people as you could. I accept that, even if all the different directions I took weren't exactly dead ends, they did tend to peter out. But I felt I had to take all those different roads just to survive, to stay in work. And if you look back upon my work schedule, I succeeded. I've been working flat out for the past five years, but not in the direction I really wanted to follow. Now I feel I can specialise."

That's why John Farnham, one-time idol, is back on the road for the first time in the bulk of the record-buying public's memory. Every night for three months a different town or suburb, a different hall, a different beer-sodden carpet and a different kind of audience. Some he wins, some he doesn't. But all the while he is picking up converts where it counts and the word is spreading.

The tours prime the market and then it is time to get back into the recording studio to produce another album and a spinoff single before taking to the road again. Work your butt off on the circuit, cash in with an album and then get back in there pitching. It's a formula followed by the groups now commanding $8000 a gig and selling records as fast as they can be pressed. A name and talent do not mean much at all. As Farnham is discovering, no one buys a product on trust. You've got to be seen and heard to deliver the goods.

And for a person like Farnham who admits that the money he has made by spreading himself on a wide entertainment front has carved a solid bank of security for him and his wife, Jillian, specialisation can be expensive.

"I have dropped money," he says. "I could make 10 times what I'm getting now by going back to the clubs. The members of my band are underpaid. But we all want to be in it because we believe in what we are doing. And I'm really grateful to the band because, in the circumstances, I'm an untried commodity. I'd rather do 10 good shows for nothing than one show I don't really want to do for $50,000, and that is the God's honest truth. But it is also true that everyone gets hungry. I am reasonably secure, but no one can carry a loss for too long."

Yet, if the Wheatley organisation can shape destiny for Farnham just as it did for the Little River Band, then he might finally make it overseas.

"People have been sending me off overseas for years. Even as far back as Sadie, some were trying to pack me off to the US. Christ, I was still a bloody plumber! Now I know a bit about what I do. I know a bit about my craft. We are aiming at the big shot, but our first concern is to get this band working. We could go tomorrow on a $1 million, five-year contract. But that means nothing. The contract would call for maybe six albums. Each album costs something like $150,000 to produce. There goes my million dollars."

And so we have the 1981 version of John Farnham. His eyes are still clear blue and pouchless, his skin is toned and his hair still blond. Neither the non-stop work nor age have wearied him for the assault on the big bickies in a world which has burnt out many in their early 20s.

"Too old? I'm a mere child. Look at Kenny Rogers and at Willie Nelson. Where was Willie five years ago? The oldest hippie in the world. Now he's a multi-bloody-millionaire."

John Farnham, the multi-bloody-millionaire? That is one of the few labels he hasn't been tagged with. But he is busy working and sweating and singing on it.

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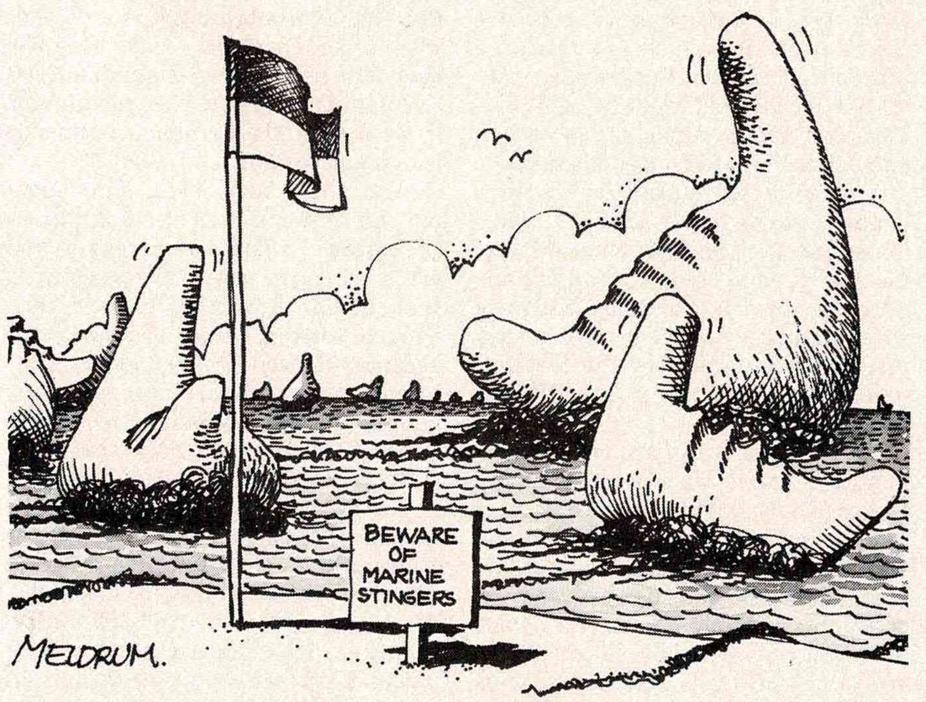
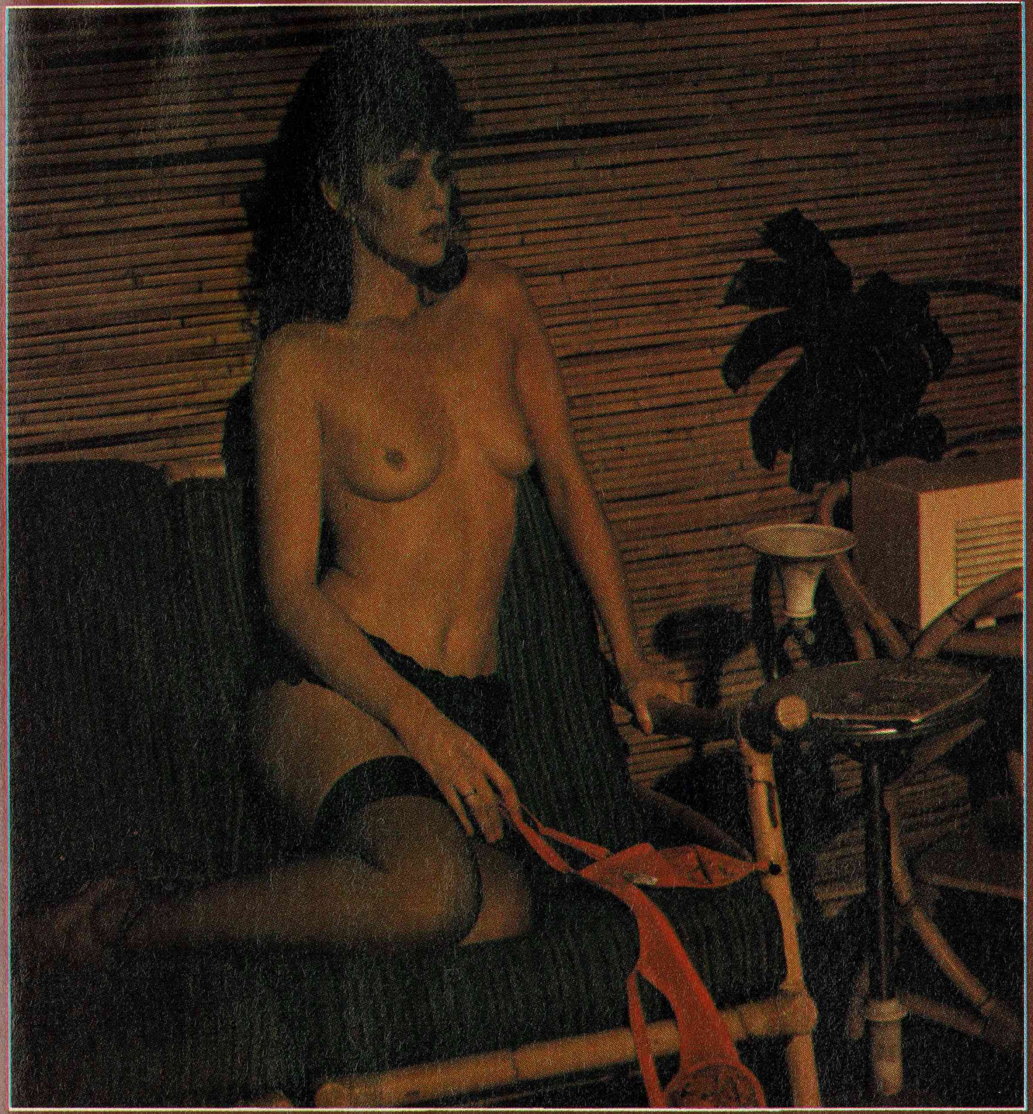


"What could I do? He had me over a barrel."

A CALL TO ARMS

sometimes a song on the radio, or a yellowing photograph, or a letter written years ago found tucked away in the pages of an old war novel, is enough to turn on a torrent of evocative and erotic memories in a woman

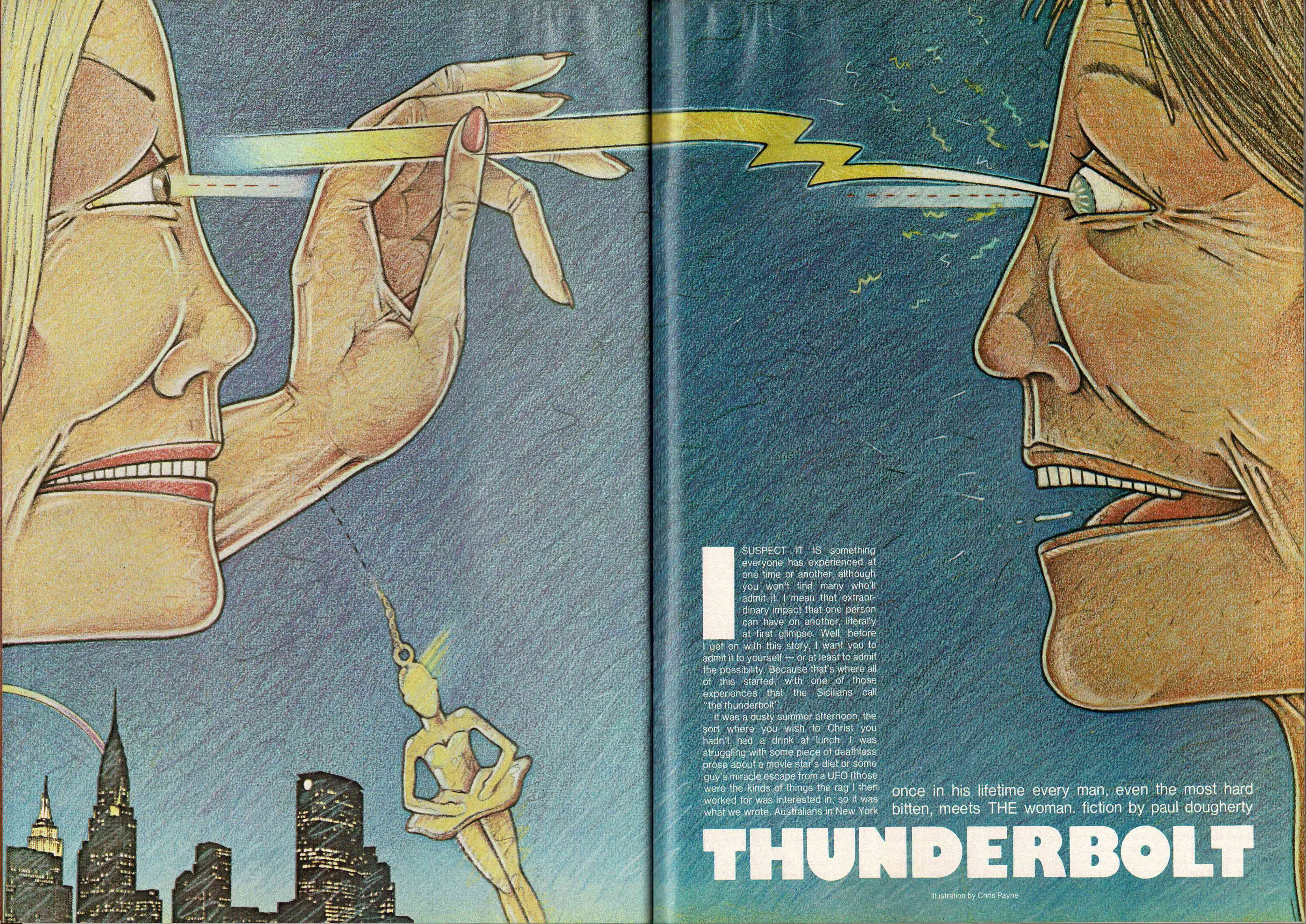
Photography by Brett Hilder



i wonder what she did on those long, empty nights with her man so far away . . .

these were her finest hours, spent alone, keeping the home fires burning . .

a game of fancy undress made her miss him more. kiss me good night, sergeant-major



THUNDERBOLT

once in his lifetime every man, even the most hard bitten, meets THE woman. fiction by paul dougherty

I SUSPECT IT IS something everyone has experienced at one time or another, although you won't find many who'll admit it. I mean that extraordinary impact that one person can have on another, literally at first glimpse. Well, before I get on with this story, I want you to admit it to yourself — or at least to admit the possibility. Because that's where all of this started: with one of those experiences that the Sicilians call "the thunderbolt".

It was a dusty summer afternoon, the sort where you wish to Christ you hadn't had a drink at lunch. I was struggling with some piece of deathless prose about a movie star's diet or some guy's miracle escape from a UFO (those were the kinds of things the rag I then worked for was interested in, so it was what we wrote. Australians in New York

Illustration by Chris Payne

could only get work on the rags. It's what they expected of us, and we *were* good at it.) Then this girl walked in.

I happened to be staring into space at the time, when this kind of golden shimmer started happening before me. She was slim, about 1.8 metres tall in high golden sandals, and was wearing a swirly yellow dress. Around her neck were layers of golden chains; she had long, streaky golden hair and a gold-toned suntan.

It happened. My heart beat faster. How banal! But that is just what did happen. I thought of that silly Elizabethan poet whose name I forget ("I did but see her passing by, and yet I'll love her till I die") and then felt even sillier.

It's always chastening to have to admit you're just like everybody else — one of those people they write pop songs about — so, of course, I didn't admit it. I went on thinking I was someone special, as I watched her disappear into some editor's office, and started thinking how I might meet her. I waited a while, hoping she would re-appear, but she didn't. So, I went across to Eddie's, our office pub. Oddly enough I saw her again there, from a distance.

But I had no desire to leap into the shark's pool she had swirling around her, so I didn't meet her then either.

That happened later in the evening, as I was on my way to Flanagan's, up on old First Avenue, to drown my sensibilities, such as they are, in beer and Irish music.

It must have been about midnight when the taxi I was in drew up at the corner of 65th and First. A man and a girl were halfway across the rain-wet street in front of us. I recognised her immediately. She was striding out, looking very tall and striking. I knew the fellow with her too, a hulking general assignment reporter from the *Times* named Pat Foley.

With me in the taxi was Steve Friendly, everybody's best buddy and right-wing columnist scabrissimus of our noble rag. Friendly recognised her too. He had been the one she had called on that afternoon. He leaned out the window and called loudly: "Hey, Vanessa."

They were in the middle of the road by then. She turned, stared briefly, and then she swept away from the startled Foley toward us. She strode up to the cab as we were getting out and, in a breathy, little-girl voice with a strange ring to it, called: "Steve Friendly! Hi."

There was the slightest mist of rain in the air, and the filtered light threw a sort of halo around her carelessly tossed, but expensively cut, golden hair. How entirely inappropriate this accident of meteorology was, I was very soon to discover. But then I was simply dazzled.

Friendly took her by the elbow and cuddled up to her. He was a touch-touch sort of person. The previous night in the pub, for instance, in an excess of enthusiasm for the old days when we worked in Tokyo together, he had actually kissed me — reached up and planted a big smouch right on my weather-beaten features.

"Hey, not leaving are you?" said Friendly, giving her a little extra cuddle. "I'd like you to meet an old friend of mine." He turned to me. "This shambling hulk is one Peter Hansen. He used to work with Terry and me back in Sydney."

She smiled, spreading a lower lip like a scimitar over gleaming white teeth. Her dark eyes glinted. I had a quite fleeting impression of a one-girl commando force expertly eyeballing a piece of new terrain. But I suppose we're all like that one way or another, and I didn't make too much of it. Besides, the first impression quickly dissolved in a wave of admiration for her clean lines and generous-mouthed beauty. Close up, I discovered, there was room for very little other than attraction. It was like being in the close neighborhood of a very powerful transmitter. All the other signals were drowned out.

> *"It was like being in the neighborhood of a powerful transmitter. All the other signals were drowned out . . . my head was awhirl . . ."*

"Hello," she said warmly, and held out her hand at an angle where it could just as soon be kissed as shaken. I shook it. She and Friendly walked toward the bar, talking animatedly. I followed. My head was awhirl with speculation and bedazzlement.

Foley had continued across the street and was now standing on the opposite corner with his hands in his pockets, watching. He looked annoyed and I remember feeling glad I wasn't in his shoes.

Inside the Irish bar, I drank on silently until Friendly's great fountain of gush temporarily abated and the press of bodies around us brought me face to face with her. She looked quizzically at me over her wine glass and said, "Hi!" using a well-what's-interesting-about-you voice. "I saw you in our office this afternoon," I said, uneasily conscious that people round us were nudging each other and whispering — such was her impact. I asked her how she had come to know Steve and the man he had mentioned in introducing us — Terry, a wire service reporter, whom I had always thought to be far more interested in booze than women. "He's my fiance," she replied quickly in that utterly inappropriate little-girl voice. "That's how I got to meet Friendly. I didn't know anyone in publishing here and I wanted to sell some stuff. Then I remembered that Terry had told me the one man I was not to look up in New York was Steven Friendly. So of course I did."

As I stood drinking in this golden vision and trying to listen, I became aware of Foley heaving into view on the port quarter, parting the sea of drinkers like a runaway river barge.

Friendly, with his usual nose for the scent of approaching mayhem, threw a verbal line aboard as Foley hove within range.

"Hello old fellow," he said brightly. "Glad you could come back. What are you drinking?"

"I'll have a Scotch thanks," said Pat Foley, smiling rather crookedly. Friendly turned and swiftly trapped a passing bartender. "Well, how goes it?" he threw at the basilisk Foley.

"Going fine until you came along," said Foley, belting back almost the whole of the Scotch and then moving in to push Friendly hard in the chest. Friendly stumbled over a couple of people and spilled most of his drink. His face clouded and he tensed into an attacking posture.

I was starting to feel that it was time that I did something. But I like tranquillity when I'm out drinking. I stepped between them and pinned Friendly's arms to his sides. "Come on you two," I said. "I'm not going to stand around while my friends hit each other." I signalled Chris, the bartender, who was watching with interest, for another round.

Pat Foley, somewhat mollified, I suspect, at having made Friendly lose his cool, muttered something about how Friendly would only have taken it out on the blacks and the poor in his next column anyway, and slid toward the bar. Almost immediately the two were talking again quite animatedly, Friendly obviously turning on the old charm: the pair were radiating the comfortable machismo of hunters with a supreme prize to resolve the ownership of — between them.

My attention, as it happened, was on the prize.

Just before they moved on each other, I turned back to glance at the

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cause of it all. She was standing very straight against the bar, wine-flushed, dark eyes shining. There was what I could only describe as a very avid expression upon her face. She looked elated. I was genuinely shocked for a moment as the realisation swept over me that she had been quietly getting off on the whole scene.

"My God, you're enjoying all this, aren't you?" I muttered in her ear quite foolishly.

"Yes I am," she answered swiftly. "Why not?"

I laughed. I couldn't help it. "So beautiful and so wicked." The cliche sprang out of my soul. I winced when I heard myself say it.

She just smiled again, with that same glint, and turned to Friendly and said loudly: "Steve, I have the piece here that I said I would bring you tomorrow. Do you want it now?"

Friendly flashed a one-hustler-to-another grin at her, and wordlessly reached out for the packet she thrust toward him.

I was starting to get a very heady sensation from all these successive revelations of her character. It was like sitting in a front row seat at a psychic striptease.

"Would you like my telephone number?" she asked me suddenly. And when I muttered yes, she grinned wide again and told me it, leaning ostentatiously over my notebook so that everyone would be sure to notice.

"Would you like to get me a taxi home?" she asked, staring sweetly into my eyes.

Stunned with admiration at this *tour de force* in mass disembowelment, I grabbed her wordlessly by the arm and we walked out, leaving the foes gaping.

We made a fine looking couple, I thought to myself.

I didn't, as a matter of fact, take her home. "Come down to Hobeaux," I said as soon as we got out on the pavement, "and we'll sit in the dark while you fire some more lightning bolts at me." Once more the grin. "Okay," she said. The rain had now stopped and we strolled through the warm dark of First Avenue. I couldn't stop looking at her. I had the feeling this couldn't really be happening to me. Then I started to feel how right it was that I should be holding the hand of this magnificent creature. And then I just stopped thinking and walked in something like ecstasy among the splendid towers, and felt the great heart of the city beating in every cell.

I was one with the night, and the city. I felt as never before, or since, the psychic fabric of the world's greatest metropolis; the presence of all those fine minds and striving souls who had gathered there simply to show their best to the best. I knew I was experiencing what voyagers must have felt in Alexandria when they were building the great library, or in 17th century London when it was reaching out to encompass the world.

We stopped in a pizzeria to buy a slice, and stood waiting as the fat little Italian kid behind the counter served the old man in front of us. He was wearing a shabby coat, his heels were worn right to the uppers and he had cut his own yellow-white hair. But he was clean. You could tell he was a poor old man and not a bum.

The Italian kid was preparing the slice as though he was up for a prize at the chefs' convention. On to the basic cheese and tomato, he carefully placed as many pepperoni slices as the surface would allow, then he sprinkled on the mushroom slices and chopped green pepper. Then, long after the surface had disappeared completely, he quite carefully dropped chopped meatball wherever it could find a hold on the mixture.

As we walked into the crowded bar two seats emptied before us . . . The silky glissandos of Annie's Song flowed from the juke box."

He put this creation in the oven to warm while he took our order, and then handed it to the old man. No words passed, and the old man didn't look into the boy's face. He took this Taj Mahal of pizza slices and passed over 60 cents — the price of a basic, cheese and tomato slice! And in my heightened state, I suddenly knew that this slice was that man's only meal for the day, and that the boy knew it too, without either one ever having said a word about it.

I knew then that I was in love, and that it had tapped me into all the joy in the world. Just to know that such joy still existed would have been blessing enough, but I was *living* it. Oh God, I remember thinking, now why can't it always be like this?

We ventured out again into that lambent night and threaded our way through the questing First Avenue singles crowd, chewing our pizza and laughing at nothing.

And then, across our path loomed a small apparition: a tiny girl in blue farmer's overalls. Her big eyes were downcast, and her long brown hair hung down around both sides of her face, hiding almost everything except for a quivering bottom lip. Vanessa stopped and crouched down beside this tiny bud adrift on the grown-up river. The little girl looked up, and I could see she was crying.

"Hey, what's the matter, honey?" Vanessa asked, and as she did her features seemed to sort of drift, and I could see little-girl curves and planes I hadn't seen before.

"Nobody loves me," said the little girl, looking up.

"Oh yes they do," said Vanessa. "If I didn't love you, why did I stop?"

The little girl then looked out questioningly from behind her wet brown lashes, and I could see her interest had been caught.

"Everybody thinks sometimes that nobody loves them, but if you look, you'll always find it isn't true. When I used to feel like that my daddy would give me a dolly to love me."

Vanessa carefully detached a tiny gold ballerina from the charm bracelet on her left wrist, and pressed it into the little girl's hand. The girl opened her fingers and looked at the golden figure, and then back into Vanessa's watching face.

"Is it you?" she asked shyly.

Before Vanessa could answer, a plump 30ish version of the little girl came bustling across the pavement toward us.

"Oh, oh Lena," she wailed, "you mustn't wander off like that. Now say goodbye to the nice people."

She grabbed the little girl's hand and pulled her off toward a shadowy family group waiting on the corner.

"Say goodbye to the nice people," she said again in that distracted voice that mothers get in the big city.

The little girl looked back and waved the tiny figurine and smiled.

When I looked at Vanessa she had her grown-up face on again and was looking at me roguishly out of the corners of her eyes, as if to say the whole thing had been done for effect. But I knew it hadn't and I took her hand and we walked on, laughing.

As we walked into the crowded bar, two seats emptied before us like the Red Sea parting for Moses. The bartender bustled up as though I was not an obscure hack on a bad magazine, but one of life's movers and shakers. A tall glass of yellow wine and a frosted goblet of cold Heineken beer appeared in front of us as though Doug Henning was tending bar. The soft, silky glissandos of Annie's Song flowed from the juke box, and pale yellow light bathed the rich wooden bar and the noble array of bottles behind it. The heavy, flawless mirror threw back the darkened velvet tones of the room, framing the golden flow of her hair, the flawless clarity of her face, and the loch-deep eyes.

Ah, you must bear with me. My heart is in that bar-room still. We spoke softly, our two faces almost touching. She was by turns witty and generous-hearted; I had never been so dashing. She spoke with deep compassion of death in a peasant family on Sardinia, whose eldest son had died while she was staying with them (the pictures made *Life* and formed the core of Vanessa's first one-woman exhibition). I told her how the dawn comes to the South China Sea, how the vast towers of cloud pulse with yellow, pink and blue, and the waters mirror them and mirror the green islands too, until you are hard put to know which way is up — and don't care anyway.

And after a while the conversation came back to the bar in which we sat — in which we had met such a short time before.

"I can't believe," I said, "that I should meet someone as beautiful as you in a singles' bar on First Avenue."

She smiled. "That's easy. I came deliberately because I was told that Friendly customarily finishes every night there. And I really did have to sell him that piece."

Never one to let well enough alone, I went on to observe how rare it was to see a really fine looking girl around the bars.

She gave a secret sort of glance and silently drew on her cigarette.

"Don't you know why?" she said finally through smoke.

"No, I don't."

"It's quite simple. Ask a few of them what they do for a living. Mostly nurses, shop assistants, secretaries — and then only the plainer ones, right? You don't see the models or actresses. The really pretty girls aren't in the singles' bars are they? And yet they all live around here. Why do you think you don't see them?

"I don't know," I said, "Why?"

She looked at me intently and then shrugged. "They need money. This is an expensive town to live in; and they know how to get it. This town is just crawling with men who will happily pay hundreds of dollars a night to go out with a beautiful girl. A pretty girl would have to be crazy to hang around the bars just giving it away."

"You mean all those pretty girls I don't see are out hooking?"

"If you want to call it that," she shrugged. "I could tell you names that would make your hair stand up, of actresses and models who make all their day-by-day money like that. Almost all of them do. If you're lucky enough to have the looks, you have a nice pleasant meal ticket to keep you going until you make it. And what's wrong with that?"

Her glorious dark eyes held me, and a small smile curved her mouth. She surveyed me for a brief instant and then leaned back, caressing her wine glass. "What do you think of hookers anyway?" she said.

"I have nothing against them," I said honestly. "I've known several, and I think if a girl is strong enough to be able to do it without hurting herself, and she thinks the bargain's a fair one, then fine. It's up to her."

I weighed for a second just how far honesty should extend and then I added: "But I must say most of those I have known have suffered from it. It seems to wall in a part of them. To make it hard for them to know what their real feelings are, or to trust them . . ." I was prepared to go on in this vein but she calmly cut across me.

"I have done it," she said quietly, gesturing nonchalantly with her cigarette. "Not regularly, but little bits now and then." She sat back and watched me keenly.

The question was what to do about it right now. Did I mind sleeping with a girl who was a hooker? And what about loving a hooker?

I made some kind of small talk, but I have no idea what I might have said. My mind was bouncing around like Univac trying to factor a prime. I was not exactly shocked. What shocked me, if anything, was the fact that I was not shocked. I also had to weigh whether or not I believed her. But, although she was obviously capable of literally anything, not excluding put-ons, somehow I felt I was listening to truth in that bar.

The question was what to do about it right now. Did I mind sleeping with a girl who was a hooker? (I'd have slept with her if she were a leper.) Would I sleep with her as a customer, and was this what was being oh so subtly put to me? (God no I couldn't stand it.) And what about loving a hooker? (Too late, don't ask.)

As this was all going through my mind, I was keeping up some kind of verbal smokescreen between her and my shorting brain. I don't know what I was saying — something painstakingly liberal — but what I was really doing was thinking back to that glorious moment on the avenue such a short time before. I could almost laugh at the cosmic elegance of it. I mean, if I'd thought for even a second I would have realised that such things just didn't happen to me. I would have known it just had to be something like this. But then, I was forced to ask myself, what was so wrong with this? I'd often enough heard myself proclaiming, when the subject arose, that hooking, within certain limits, was an honest and even a relatively honorable trade, when compared with my own or, say, banking.

I said something like this, and then she seemed to relax, becoming maybe even a little self-satisfied. I'd passed the test, it seemed, but now what?

To my relief, she took me off the hook for the moment by launching into a sort of *apologia pro vita sua* (with no hint of an apology in it). She had, she told me, come to New York City several years before, an 18-year-old, fresh from Florida to study art. Previous to that, she had attended no less than seven boarding schools — six of which she had been expelled from, although she wouldn't say why. She did reveal that her father was an airline pilot, divorced when she was very young from her mother, with whom she did not get on. He was, I gathered, a dashing fellow who didn't see as much of her as she would have liked. Which perhaps explained the expulsions, and perhaps not.

Quite soon after making her debut in the free and exciting milieu of Greenwich Village, she had somehow made the acquaintance of a distinguished older man, who was swept off his feet by her. He moved her into an attractive apartment of her own, just by the corner of Christopher Street and Sixth Avenue.

I asked her what she had to do in return. She shrugged. "He just used to come by about once a week to visit. He'd talk to me mostly. Sometimes he'd sit me on his knee, and while he was talking he'd run his fingers up my leg. I'd pretend not to notice what he was doing, and we'd keep talking as though his fingers weren't anywhere near where they were. And after a while he would get up and go." She chuckled, a surprisingly rich laugh.

"And that was it. Ah, except, of course, that I'd be so horny by then that I'd run down to one of the places where the kids from the art school hung out and get myself laid.

"And after each of his visits, he'd generally bring an expensive present along next time he came by. I guess he felt guilty," she concluded. "He had a daughter the same age as me."

Her formal introduction to whoring did not, however, come until some months later. Tiring of the attentions of her first benefactor, and perhaps driven by a perception of something ridiculous in the image of her leggy sophistication perched upon that old man's knee, she moved in with a newly acquired girl friend.

"This girl was doing tricks, I soon discovered. She had a friend who was a successful call girl on the Upper East Side; she used to pass on some of the dates that she couldn't handle herself. It seemed like a fine idea to me. Screwing people is no big deal. I've been doing it whenever I felt like it since I saw the first boy I really liked — I was 14 and gawky and had braces — and he was 16 and just the biggest thing in school. But I got him. I always do something when I set my mind to it." She gave that sidelong, triumphant smile again. It was both little-girlish and vulpine. Therefore irresistibly exciting.

It was apparent as we talked that I was, for the moment, absolutely the only other person in her life — if indeed there was anyone at all in it but herself.

She was animated; her eyes shone, and her laugh was full and frequent as she recalled one scandalous incident after another. I couldn't help noticing that most of her amusement was derived from the helpless antics of bemused men. I was bemused myself. I couldn't imagine why she was telling me all this, but I was enormously flattered to hear it. In justice to her, I must say that it was apparent that it was not a lack of conventional morals that had led her into outlawry. I was becoming aware, as she spoke, of a degree of unfocused avidity about her talk. It was not exactly, or primarily, for sex that she did it; but more for the pursuit involved beforehand.

And one of the things about it she obviously relished was to play the part of the innocent prey — and then turn and savage the hunter.

It was easy to see that the role of high class call girl, with its implicit potential for putting down men, must have been right up her alley.

The climaxes of her stories, which she recounted with innocent glee, invariably involved some poor old millionaire sitting impatiently on his yacht in Ibiza while she flew off to London with an Arab she met on a shopping trip ashore; or else some lovesick photographer in Pnom Penh dashing his only camera into the swimming pool in awful frustration over her infidelities.

We never really do believe in the inevitability of our coming doom, although some of us sometimes kid ourselves we do. Similarly, we never quite rid ourselves of the innocent delusion that whatever might have happened to the other fellow, it's not going to happen to us. Logically, I should have walked away. But of course I did not.

Not even when she told me the one about our mutual friend — and her fiance — Terry. It was in Singapore, he was on R and R from the Vietnam war, and they were staying with a buddy of his, a gay guy, who had a little house there. After a week of happily shared outings with the pair of them, she was overcome one night with curiosity (she said) and slipped out of Terry's bed and tiptoed over to his friend's bedroom. Driven by her own particular complex of devils, she then managed to make such an unholy racket in the process of successfully seducing the poor guy that it woke Terry. Finding her gone, he ambled down the hall to his friend's bedroom and walked in on his Vanessa, lustily naked, grinding away on top of his scarlet-faced friend.

She recounted — with perhaps a small trace of shame, and perhaps not — how he had silently withdrawn. When she got back to their bedroom in the morning, there was a note by the bed saying simply: "I love you very much, goodbye." Beside it he had left all the money he had, about $500, with instructions that she use it for an air ticket home. It took her, she said, a week to track him down and a couple of days to soothe his ruffled feelings. But they were still engaged, she was just having a little trouble persuading him to move to New York.

And throughout all of this, perhaps when stranded in a strange town, or in a fit of boredom when her more conventional freelance activities in journalism weren't going too well — or simply when she felt she hadn't been bad enough for a while — she continued to indulge in the occasional bouts of whoring.

She told me of one well-known figure around the town (although she wouldn't mention his name) whom she was currently stringing along. This man had apparently decided, for reasons of machismo, to pretend the relationship was not the commercial transaction which in fact it was. Vanessa coped with this guy quite elegantly by turning the payments into kind. She would, for instance, create some nonsense about being temporarily out of funds, and present him with a $400 telephone bill, or a story about a plumbing emergency that had to be paid on the spot. He would pay up like a gentleman, proud to help out, and she would put him down in her mental ledger for four screws, or whatever the case might be. (She explained that professional pride would not let her take less than $100 per bedding.)

The affair of the $1200 lynx coat, she confided however, was starting to wear her down. Being a strictly moral person, within her limits, she had started dutifully counting off all the couplings after he bestowed it on her. But he had unexpectedly then upped the ante on her (although he probably thought that he was being generous, it seemed to me).

"It's not really the screwing, you understand," she confided earnestly — now truly in her cups but holding on well. "That's literally nothing, and as a matter of fact he's quite good at the screwing.

"No," she continued, "it is all the socialising as well.

"I would try and try to coax him into bed when he came to call for me, but he'd always insist on going out to some expensive restaurant or bar. And I would have to sit through these interminably boring dinner parties and drinking sessions with all his awful friends.

"I tried to give him the hint by ordering more and more expensive things, demanding that he buy me the wine glasses we were drinking from, even flirting with his friends. But nothing stopped him."

She remained silent for just a few seconds, gazing into the high mirror through her cigarette smoke.

"Well, what happened?" I asked.

She looked at me with a slightly veiled expression. "Nothing," she said. "It just goes on getting more and more boring. I make him pay for something or other every time that he comes around now. But he won't take the hint."

I noticed her glance at her watch during this latter speech, so I took the hint and called for the bill. Outside, the New York air felt clean and fresh after the rain. I walked her slowly along 52nd. After strolling for a while in silence with her elegant golden head leaning on my shoulder, she stopped and looked toward a handsome old building's lobby.

"This is where I live," she said. "Please don't come up. It's terribly late and I have an appointment with an editor in the morning." She smiled sweetly: "But please call me."

"Count on it," I said. She tilted her mouth up and I leaned over and kissed her softly. Her lips were dry and warm and she kept them chastely closed.

"You won't say anything of this to anyone, will you?" she pleaded, breaking the silent spell of her lips and gazing overwhelmingly into my eyes. "I can't think why I told you all that — I usually take such care to keep my two lives apart."

"Now don't worry," I said to her. "Anything you do, or want done, is holy writ by me."

She peered at me keenly for a moment, her hair almost obscuring her eyes, her long body bathed in the yellow street lighting. She looked simply more beautiful than anything I had ever seen. Then she silently took my hand and led me past the simpering doorman, who was fawning as though Vanessa was Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

The next hour or so were a magic golden blur, embracing in the slow elevator, laughing at her doorway, tumbling out of our clothes, and then the satin flash of endless golden limbs, the bursts of throaty animal laughter, the quite unforgettable images of a complaisant lioness, as she arched on all fours on her living room carpet, blonde hair flung forward like a mane, and growled as I entered her.

A man struck by the thunderbolt is a ludicrous figure. We are all aware of how absurd our friends become, but somehow we never see it in ourselves until a long time after. I was so dazed with delight I didn't think it in any way odd when she woke me from an unconscious sprawl sometime just before 3 am and asked would I mind awfully going home. To be honest, I do remember being charmed at her delicacy about having a man in her apartment overnight.

I stopped on my way out to twist my rumpled clothes into some sort of semblance of respectability for the journey home.

And there behind me, framed in the big lobby mirror like a true Victorian villain on a gaslit stage, was Friendly getting out of a taxi. He stopped on the pavement to make some minor adjustment to his overnight jacket, and then took out his wallet and started checking through it. He was humming, of all things, The Wild Colonial Boy, and his face wore a self-satisfied smirk, which then collapsed comically as he glanced up and saw my face.

I don't know whether I would have hit him or not, but I must have looked as though I would, because Friendly took one quick look and then grabbed the taxi, which was still standing there, and jumped right back in and drove off.

Even so, I reflected, her ploy had probably worked — that was one big annoyance who would now cease coming around.

His reputation among his friends couldn't stand the humiliation.

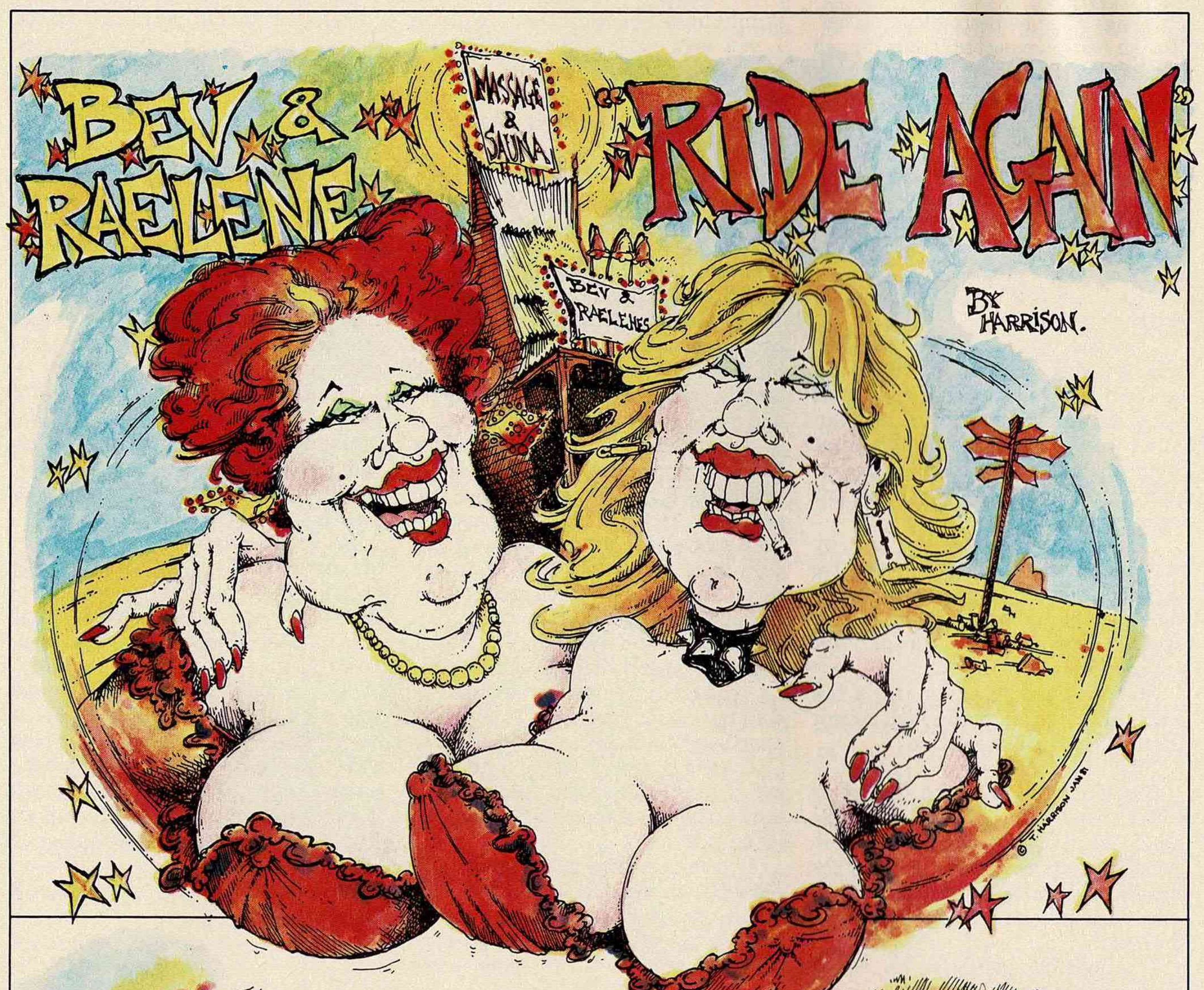
What an operator! She had brought off the triple play — Foley, Friendly and me (and probably the distant fiance, if you wanted to count him). And all that hooker bullshit. Who knew if it was true or not?

As I walked on home through the rain-slick streets, I had to smile in admiration at the whole performance, although it didn't feel all that funny.

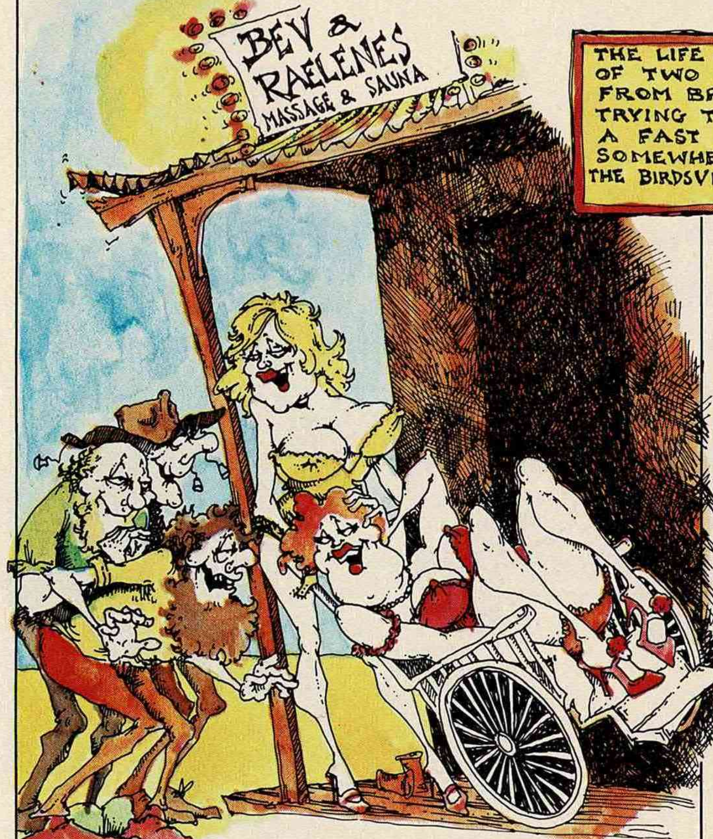
But then I thought — everyone's entitled to one night like that in his life. And nothing that is human is ever perfect.

And I walked away whistling into the rainy night.

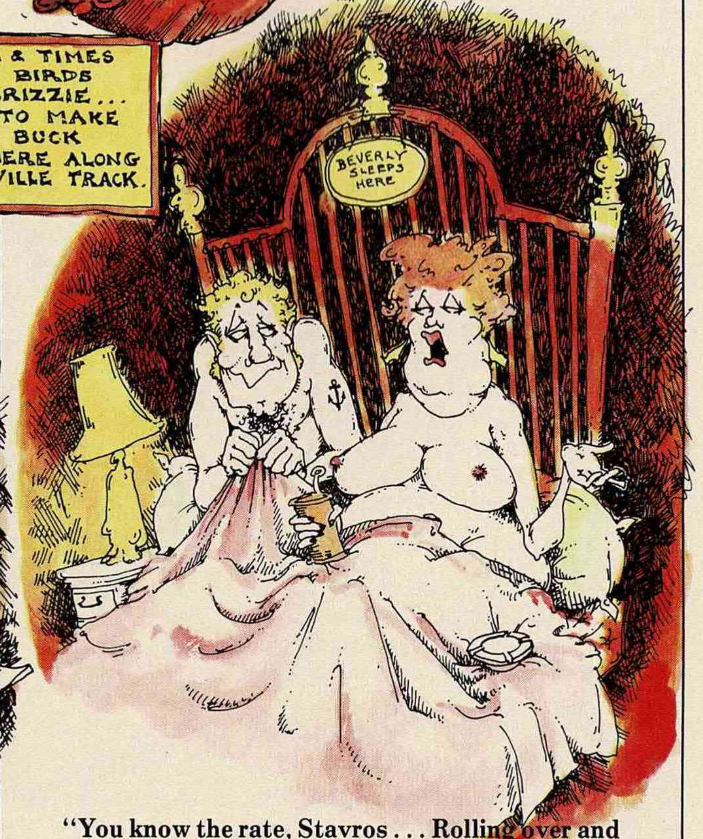
"Apart from poverty, chastity and obedience, he's a great monk."



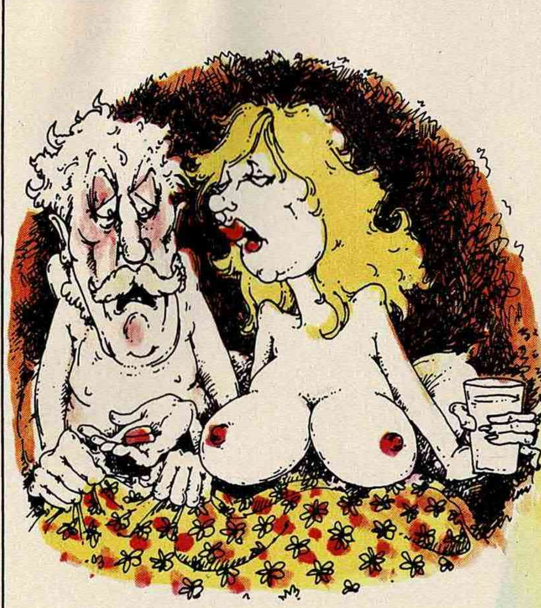
THE LIFE & TIMES OF TWO BIRDS FROM BRIZZIE... TRYING TO MAKE A FAST BUCK SOMEWHERE ALONG THE BIRDSVILLE TRACK.



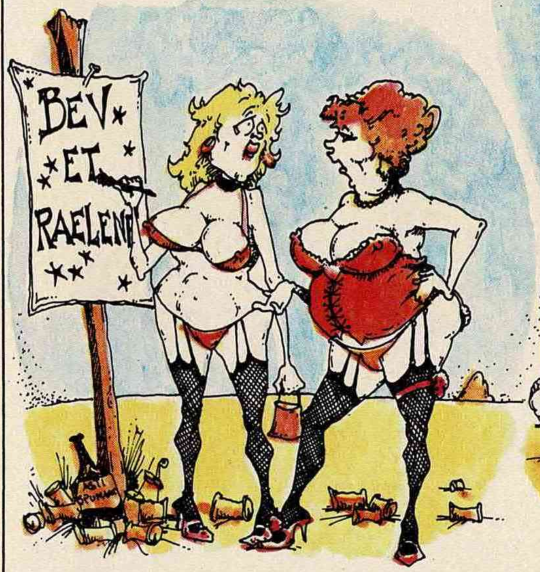
"It's our new pensioner service. We call it Screws On Wheels."



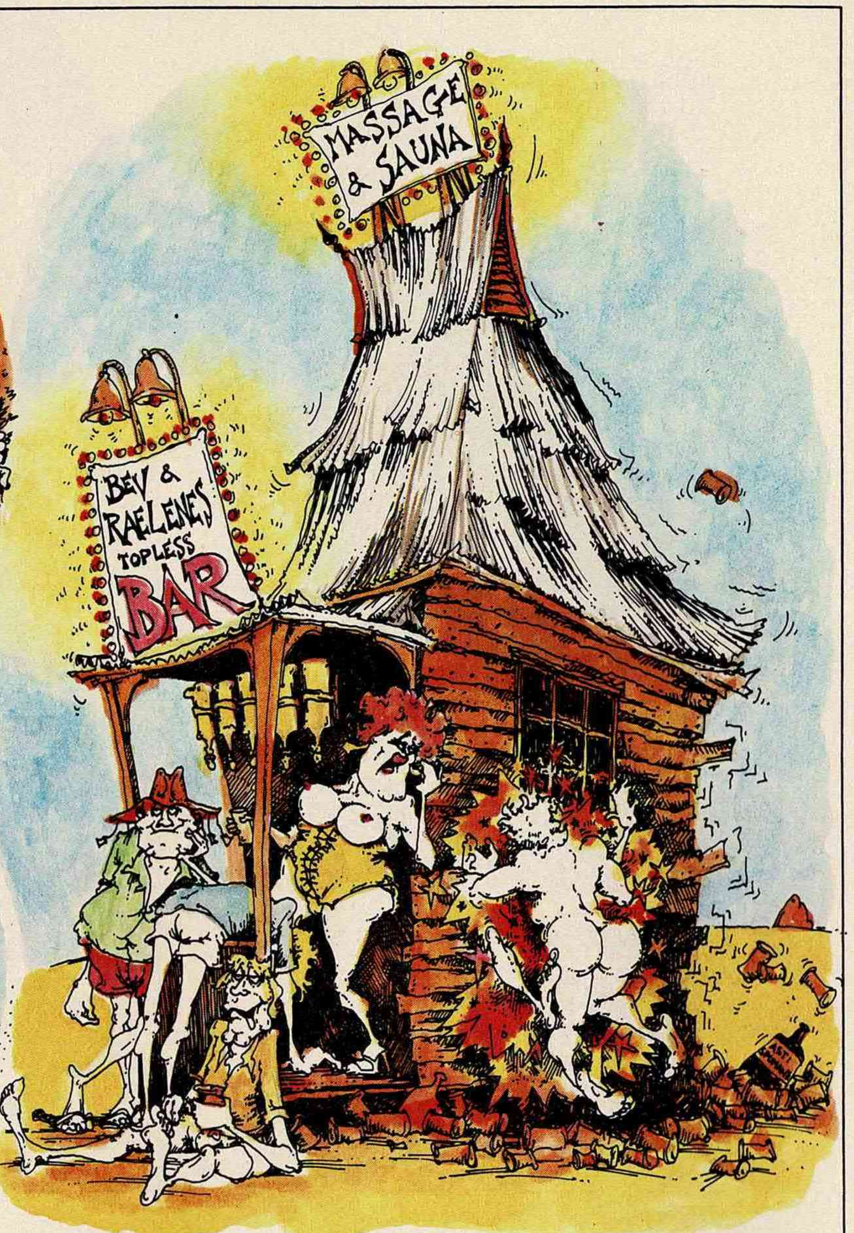
"You know the rate, Stavros . . . Rolling over and dreaming of Greece is always 10 bucks more than lying on your back and thinking of England."



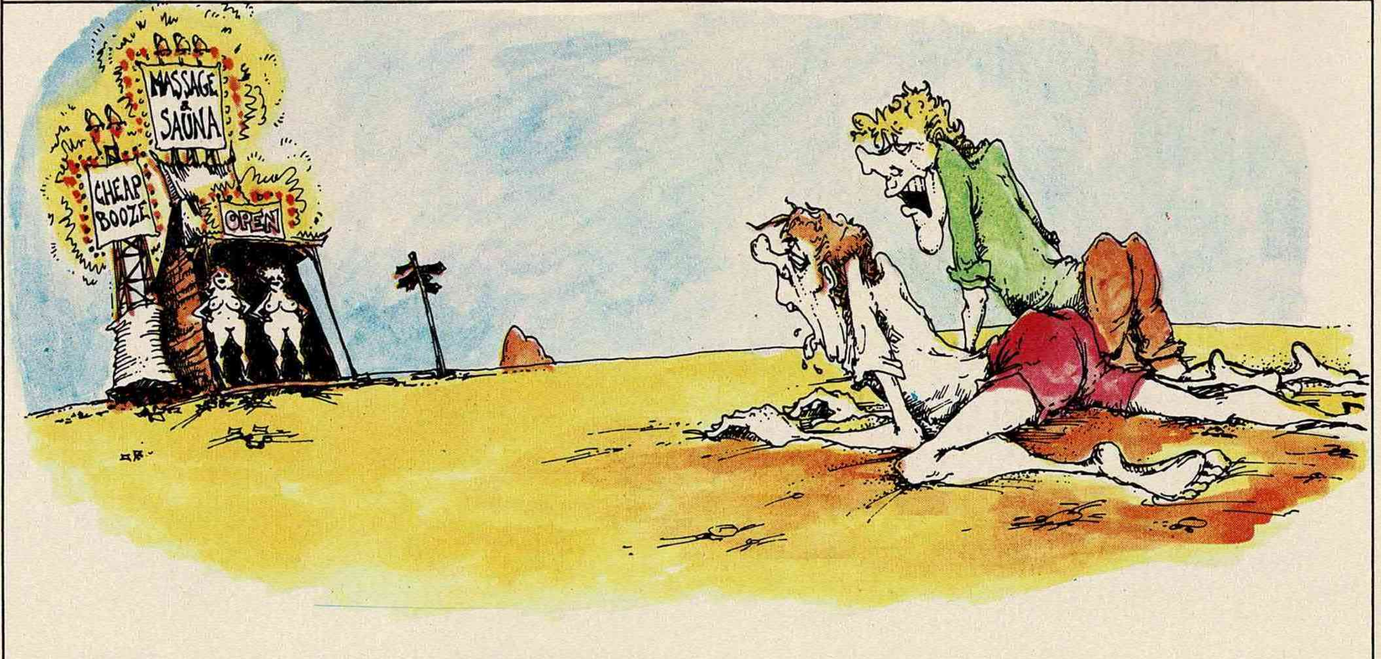
"It's a pill for older men. Swallow it quick or you'll get a stiff neck."



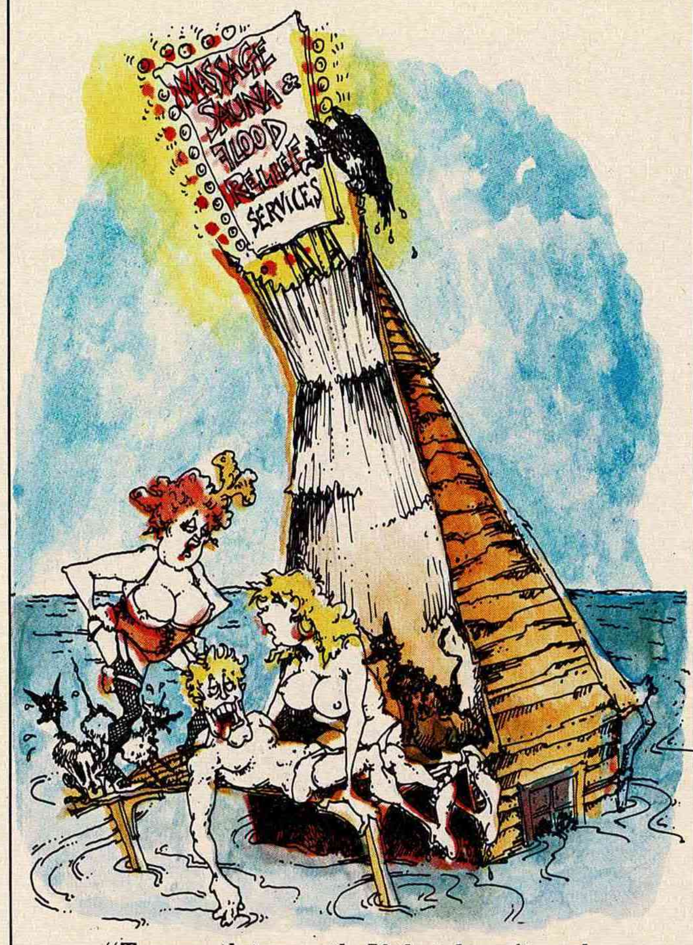
"Hey! I thought we had a French night last night."



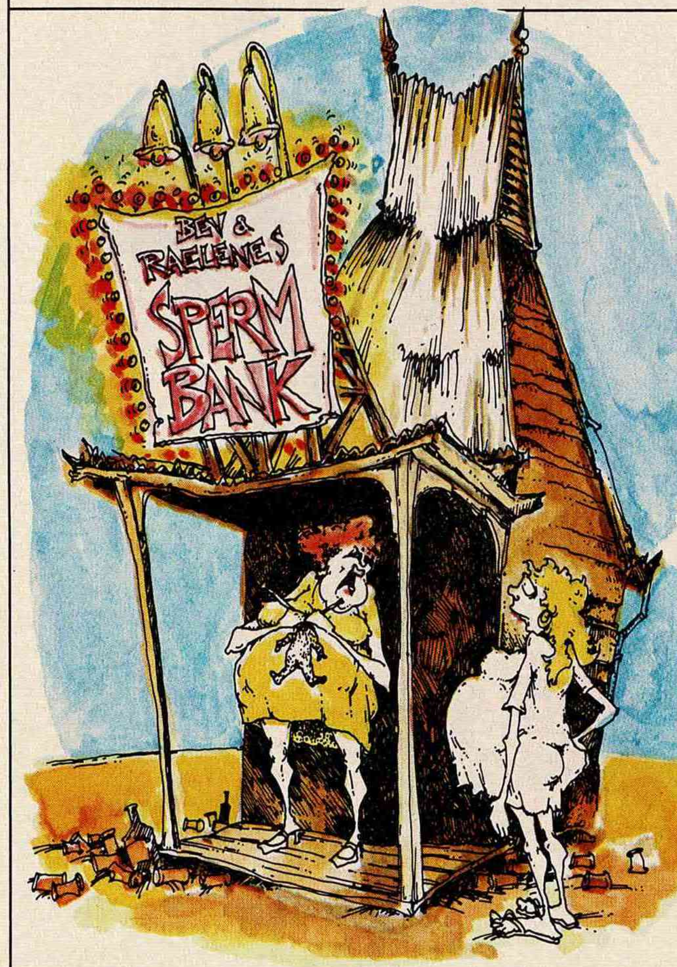
"Step on it Raelene! I've got a crowd out here and they're waiting for a Harvey Wallbanger!"



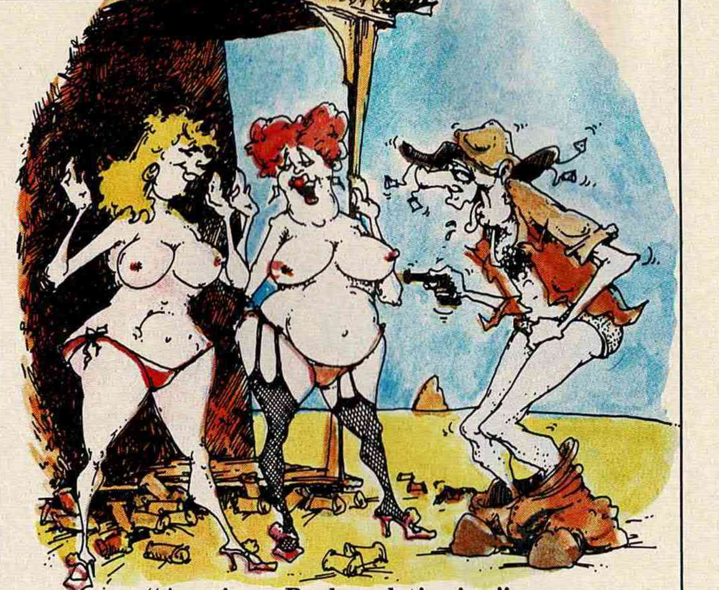
"I've often wondered why they call Australia the lucky country."



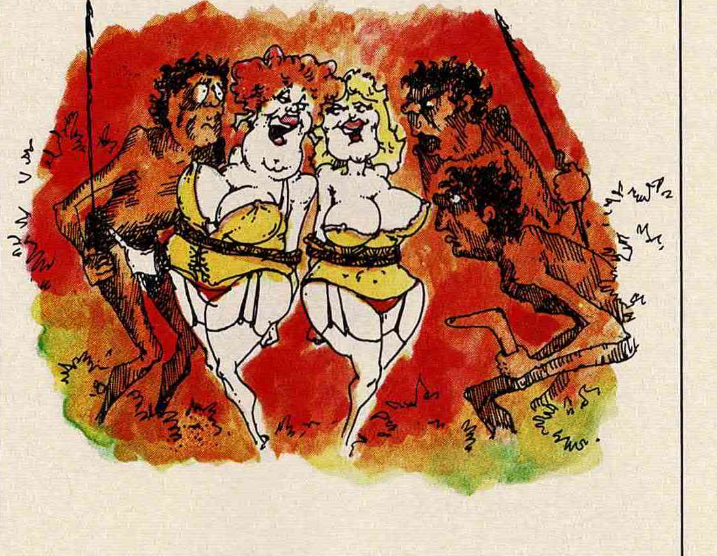
"Try mouth to mouth. If that doesn't work, I'm sure you can use your imagination!"



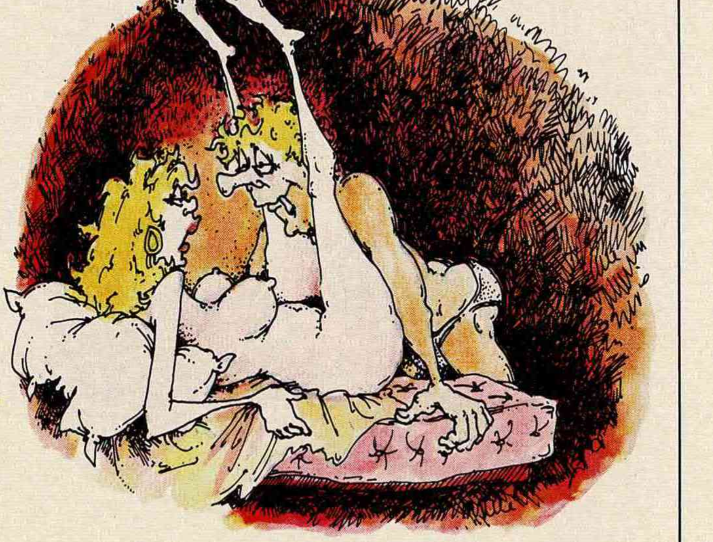
"You and your high-interest-bearing deposits!"



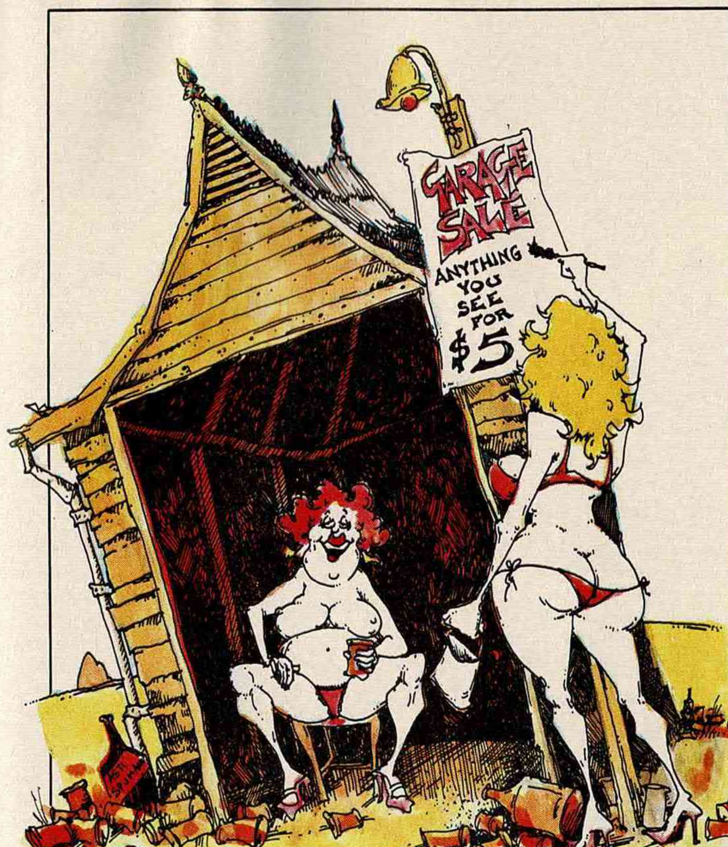
"Aw, c'mon Raelene, let's give 'im a choice . . . the money or the box!"



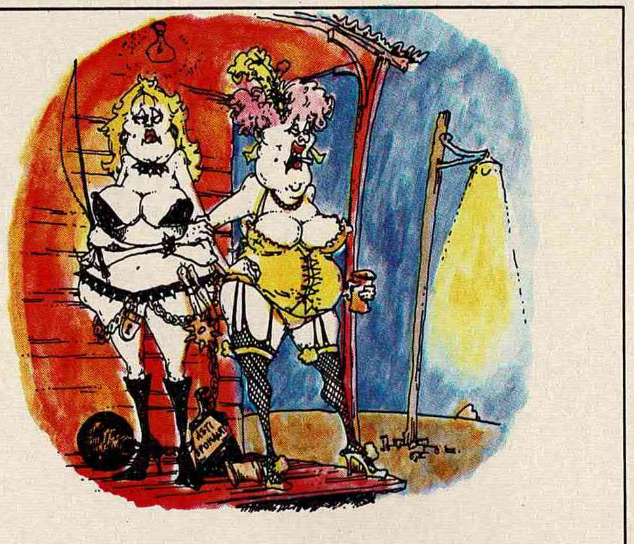
"What a coincidence. We're headhunters too."



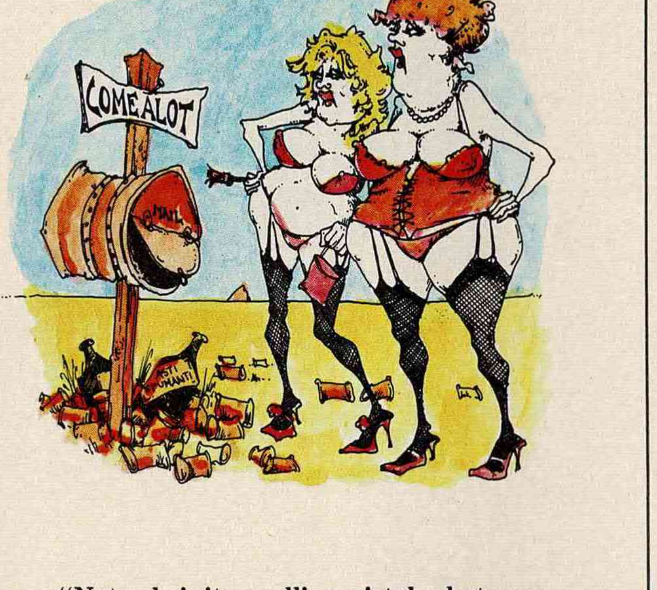
"Just watch where you ash your cigarette! I don't want a bushfire in here."



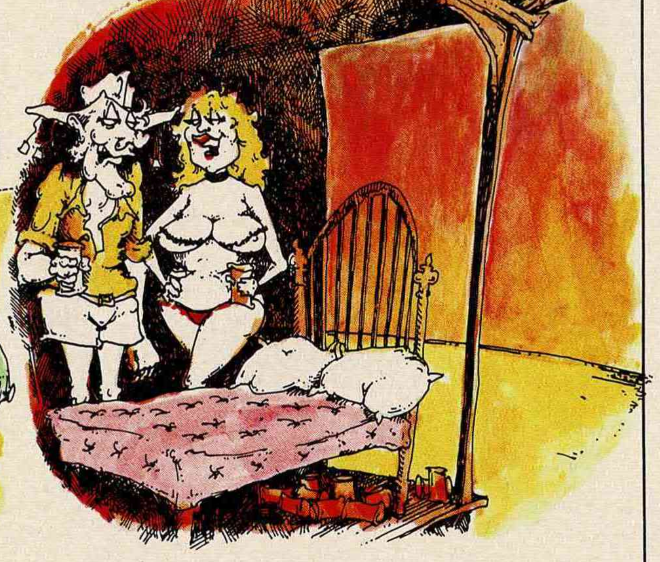
"Haberdashery? Certainly madam! Take the escalator to the fourth floor and it's on your left, just past the bridal wear and fine furnishings."



"Same old story . . . Saturday night, all dressed up and nowhere to bloody well go!"



"Not only is it a spelling mistake, but some bastard will try to get us for false advertising."



"We call it the Cowboy Bed . . . It's for guys who like riding off into a sunset."

NEW
Fresh in 25's. Fresh in Lights.
moto-ski
futura 440
Menthol Fresh
PM
Alpine
25 FILTER
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Alpine
Menthol Fresh
PM
Alpine
25 Lights
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Alpine Lights

Alpine. Now in 25s. New Alpine Lights 25s:
a lighter blend of fresh menthol and tobacco flavour.

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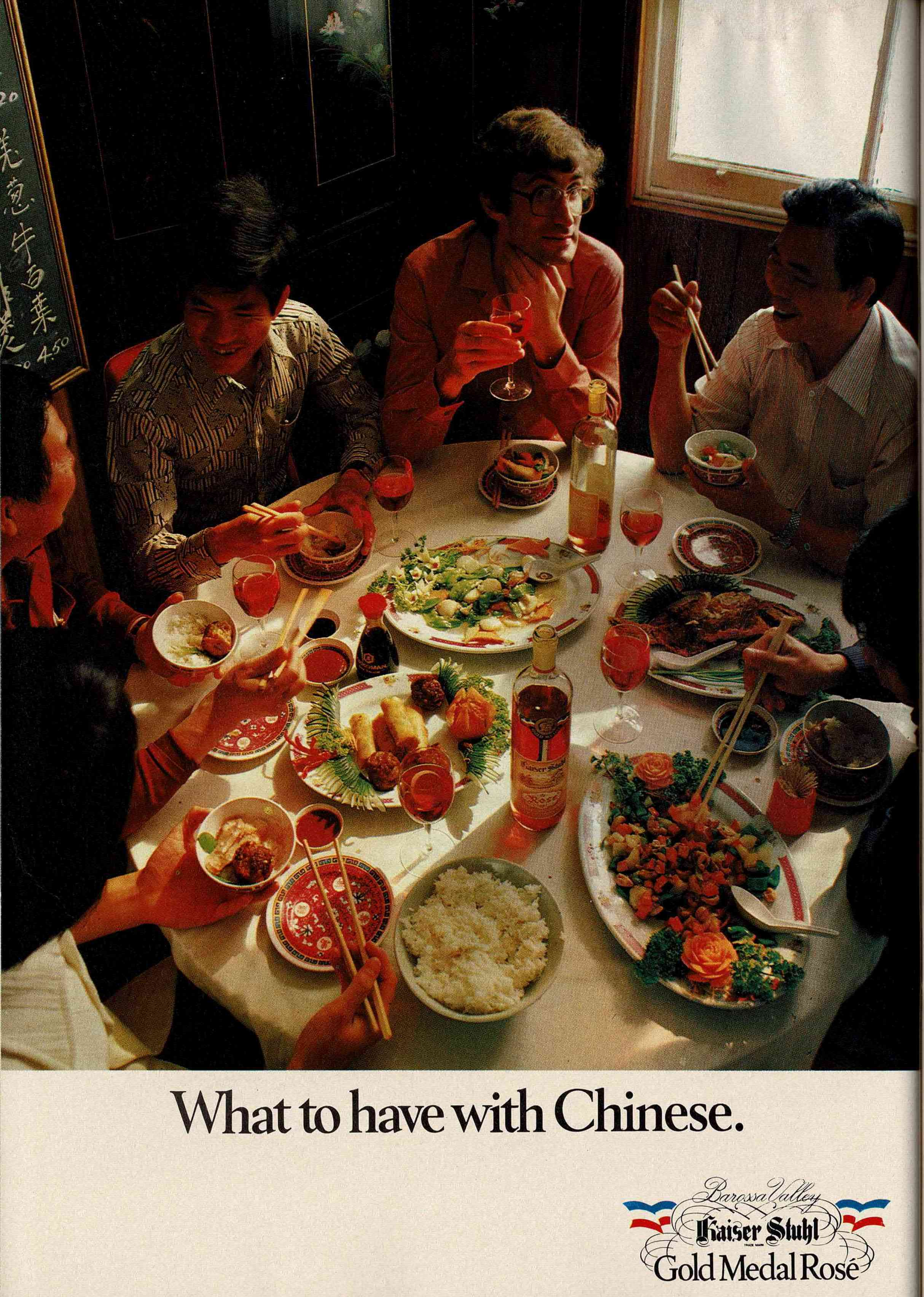


GETTING A GRIP ON THE GRAPE

sampling australian wines is one of david farmer's more pleasurable pastimes, so when playboy asked canberra's leading wine retailer to pen a detailed guide on the fruit of the vine, he gladly agreed to come to the party

THE SAMPLE bottle arrived with a lovely cover note. It was a new product, just about to be released. Perhaps the wine writer would like to sample it. Then a phone call from a charming public relations woman. Now that you are a wine writer, is there anything you would like to try? Really, don't worry about the price. Pick anything at all. More samples — word spreads fast in the industry. Wine writers are obviously people of some importance.

And free wine for journalists probably explains why verbiage about wine is, generally, so uncritical. Nearly every Australian paper has its own wine writer, and nearly all of them are devoid of original thought. Only a few ever look critically upon the local wine industry — analyse the directions it is taking and suggest new ones. Rare it is to find bad wines called just that. Often the weekly wine column is but a clumsy rewrite of an industry press release.

How nice then to be asked to review the current state of the wine industry for a magazine like PLAYBOY. How pleasant not to have to be dependent on a complementary bottle or two for inspiration on what to write about. And not a press release in sight. Which is not to say that this article has not been extensively researched. Sampling wines is one of the most pleasant aspect of life as a liquor retailer — as many as 2000 different wines during the course of a year. In addition, customers offer comments about hundreds of others.

A large part of the wine-tasting task is looking at new wines from new areas, which brings home just how young and immature is the Australian wine industry. Grapes might have been cultivated for more than a century but it was only as recently as 1963 that Max Lake re-introduced cabernet to the Hunter Valley and not until the '70s that Murray Tyrrell began making his chardonnay.

Undoubtedly, there were some remarkable table wines made in the late 1930s and 1940s. But then the emphasis of the industry was on fortified wines — cream sherry, rich ruby-red ports and other sorts of plonk. A table wine industry of any real scope is no more than 15 years old.

Many of the most exciting developments are even far younger than this: the growth of Margaret River and Frankland River in Western Australia as quality wine areas; the re-establishment of wines in southern Victoria; the introduction of grapes to northern Tasmania. All these surfaced in the 1970s, and promising they are. But it will take perhaps 10 to 15 years for winemakers to discover how best to handle the fruit from these new areas. If we are seeing good wines now, we can look forward to great ones when there has been further progression up the learning curve.

Of the four classic grapes — chardonnay, pinot noir, rhine riesling and cabernet — Australia had only rhine riesling in any quantity at the end of the 1960s. The production of cabernet was slight and the other two were non-existent.

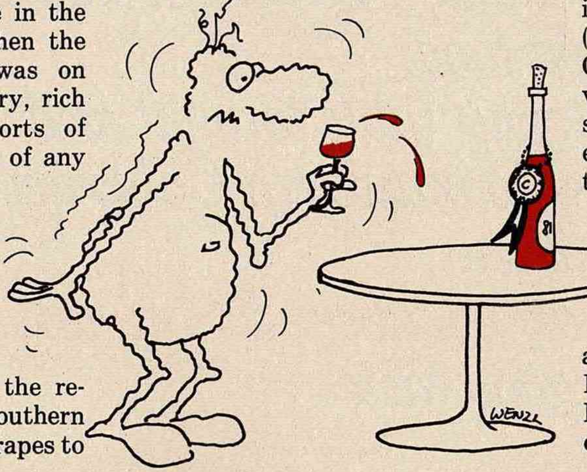
Australian winemakers are also Johnny-come-latelies when it comes to using small oak barrels for the maturation of good cabernet and chardonnay. They might have been used on Grange Hermitage from the early 1950s, but most companies have been toying with small oak for less than a decade.

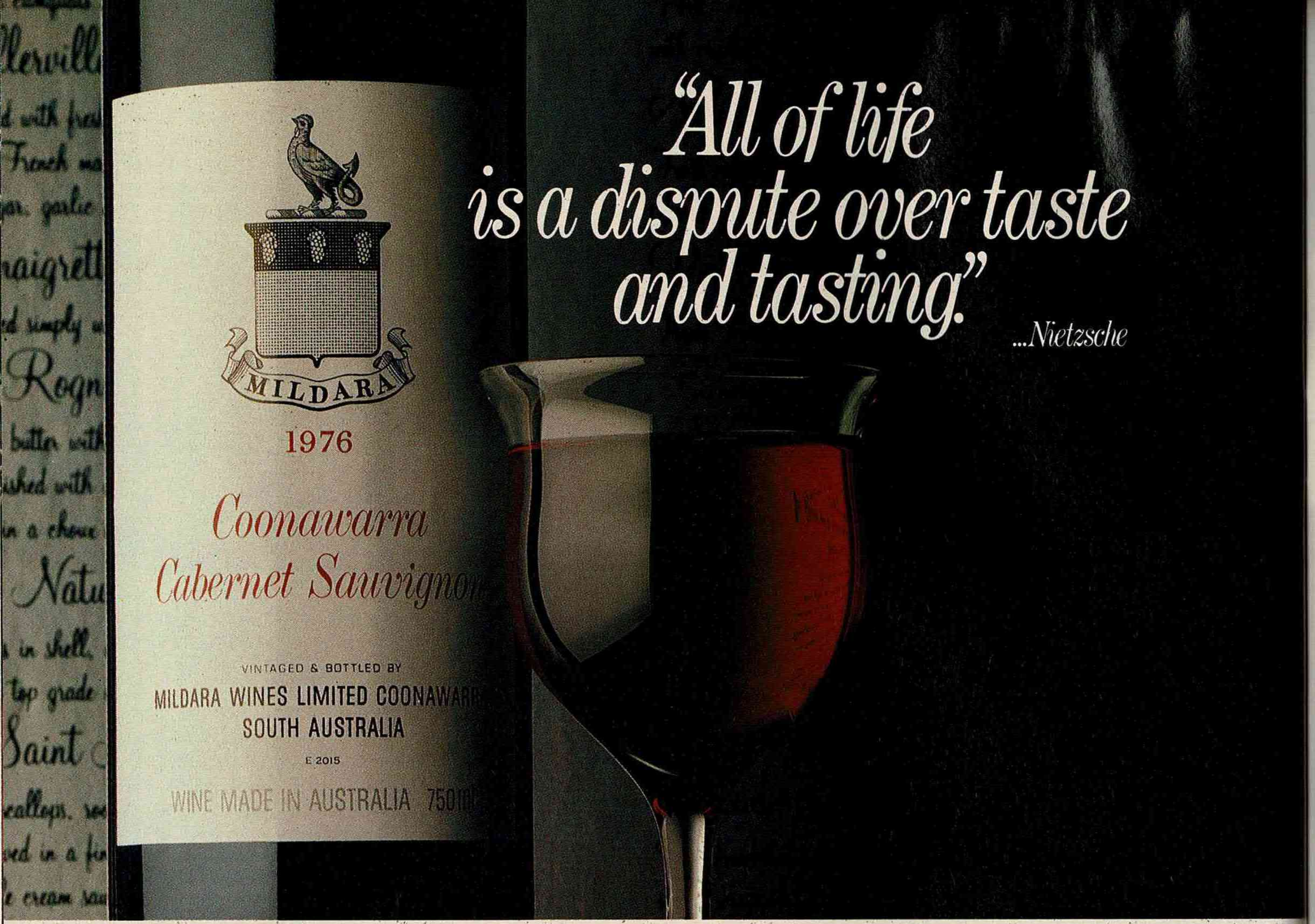
All of this is a way of saying that the Australian table wine industry is in its infancy. Enormous changes will occur very quickly as we work out what we can grow best where. It would not surprise me to find in 30 years time that our greatest wine is from an area where, today, there is barely a single vine.

What we do know for certain is that many of the places where wine is now made are quite unsuitable for quality production. It is too hot, and the fruit itself is just not good enough. The miracle is that our winemakers do as well as they do with the inferior raw materials at their disposal. As the new regions develop, some of the existing ones will no doubt contract, and there will be a greater proportion of good wine available.

It is because of the youth of our table wine industry that there is still much confusion about the keeping and ageing properties of our wines. Very few of them have been made in the same style long enough for us to work out what keeps and what doesn't. But it is possible, with judicious shopping (Camperdown Cellars in Sydney and Crittenden's in Melbourne are worth a visit), to assemble an almost complete sequence of a range of wines from the early '60s to the latest release. Such a tasting can be most instructive.

Fairly recently, we have attended tastings which have covered the range of Redman's Clarets, Brand's Shiraz, Mildara Coonawarra Cabernet, Wynn's Coonawarra Cabernet, Yalumba Signature Blends and Lindeman's Hunter River Burgundies. (These tastings, I feel obligated to add, were held on




"All of life is a dispute over taste and tasting."
...Nietzsche
MILDARA
1976
Coonawarra
Cabernet Sauvignon
VINTAGED & BOTTLED BY
MILDARA WINES LIMITED COONAWARRA
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
E 2015
WINE MADE IN AUSTRALIA 750

Next time you're tempted to drink a white wine, think again. It could be that a good dry red wine would complement the taste of what you're eating even more.

And when it comes to a very good red wine, no-one can dispute Mildara produces some of the finest gold medal winners. Take Coonawarra Cabernet Sauvignon. A classic amongst fine dry reds, with a clean acid and a firm but smooth finish. The perfect character to harmonize with good food.

Enjoy a bottle at your table tonight and taste why good food and Mildara's Coonawarra Cabernet Sauvignon are made for each other.

Mildara's Coonawarra Cabernet Sauvignon.
Simply a matter of good taste.

THE MASTER WINEMAKERS MILDARA

AB 527/80

HASL0080

different nights.) The results of these comparative tastings were rather disturbing but, with hindsight, predictable. The wines, almost without exception, had not aged well and in most cases had not improved at all.

As a general rule, the recent releases of these wines appealed far more than the ones that had been cellared. This will come as no surprise to some of our winemakers. Owen Redman has been saying for years that his clarets are at their best within about five years. Even his famed 1969 claret, an Australian classic, which on release was considered to have the potential to improve for 20 to 30 years, is now generally considered to be at its best.

The hot weather of Australia, with its short ripening periods for grapes, has resulted in wines with low acid levels. Winemakers, with no tradition to serve as a guide, have produced wines that just don't keep well.

At the recent National Wine Show in Canberra, the Chairman of Judges, Mr Brian Barry, had this to say: "It is interesting to note that the two best reds in the museum class, and consequently in the show, were the youngest that could be in the section — 1975 vintage." Mr Barry, one of the country's finest winemakers, went on to observe that many of the older wines were simply that — older but not better.

The message of all this is clear: clean out the cellar. Some of those old wines you have been treasuring are sure to be disappointments, and a few are probably off already. All I can suggest is that you send them off to auction pronto before the majority of wine drinkers wake up to the fact that old Australian wines are often bad Australian wines.

In our travels around wineries in Australia, one feature that has most disturbed us is the storage area for maturing wine. The shed that houses Grange at Magill, SA, sits out, uninsulated, in the blazing sun. Perhaps this manner of maturation adds something to its unique taste — rather like the making of madeira. It says a lot for the wine that it not only survives this treatment but can carry the Penfold banner high for 10 to 15 years after release. The storage areas at Rothbury, a host of Barossa vineyards and numerous small McLaren Vale makers are simply appalling. By contrast, a trip to Reynella to see the famous caves shows the importance that was once placed on cool temperature maturation.

Fortunately, there has been an awakening within the wine industry regarding the problem of storage in the past few years and we hope to see changes which consequently improve wine quality.

The Importance of Wine Tastings

Before beginning a discussion of individual wines, a few words about wine tasting are probably appropriate for it is important to realise that it is a very subjective test and the results are often taken as more meaningful than they deserve to be. There are several biases inherent in testings: the people involved; the range of wines; the method of presentation. Put a 1961 Chateau Lafite alongside a 1977 Seaview Cabernet and of course the Seaview will seem a very ordinary wine. Have the tasting performed by Frenchmen, and the wine will be described as more ordinary still!

In addition, the serious wine taster needs to have considerable experience. The only way to get the provincialism or parochialism out of your palate is to sample a wide range of wines. It really is hard to judge how good Australian cabernets are as a group, for instance, if a classic Bordeaux has never been drunk. We doubt whether those people who say Australian wine is as good as any in the world have actually tasted the best that the world has to offer. If they have, and still say it, then their palate is beyond redemption and xenophobia is triumphant.

Briefly, our advice to wine-tasting groups is this:

— Be sceptical of the results. Good wines are not as apparent as is often imagined. The younger the wines being examined, the greater the room for error in evaluation.

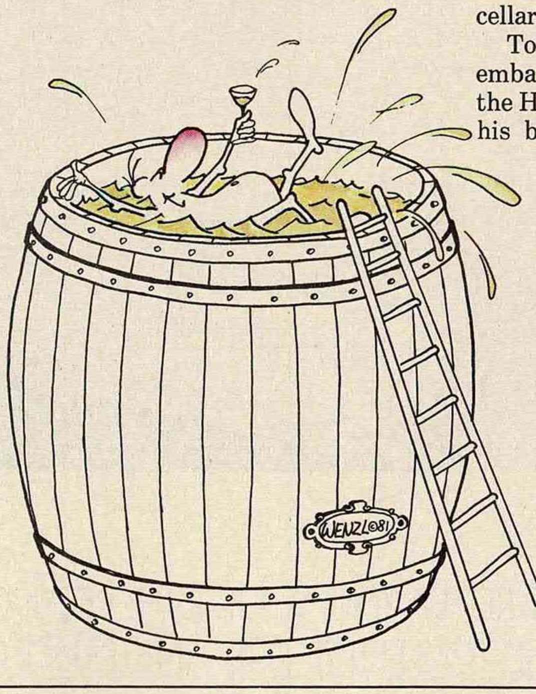
— The obvious always screams for attention and it is easy to elevate a wine to a level it does not deserve. In the past, we have been seduced by heavy oak; residual sugar; strong scent; deep, rich, impressive colors; a preference for soft, voluminous fruit. And we have erred by being too hard on wines that show high acid and a long tannic finish that plucks at the back of the palate. We have jumped on too many good wines for such minor faults as a touch of sulphur.

— There is a great tendency in wine tasting to be shy of taste and flavor. If you doubt that, reflect on the fact that some of the biggest selling wines are neutral in taste with no strong or distinctive features.

— There is a tendency in the search for finesse and elegance to refuse to recognise wines with a strong flavor. Believe us, it really is easy to trample on good wines and elevate poor ones. Take a few illustrations from our own various experiences —

It was on our first buying trip as wine retailers that we discovered Gehrig's 1970 Hock. It seemed a steal at $7 a case. Alan Ramsey, now Bill Hayden's press secretary, bought as heavily as we did. It really was a shocking wine — as we realised next day when we tried it again with a fresh palate. Too late. We rather shamefacedly sold ours off at 99 cents a bottle. Ramsey used his at dinner parties on people he did not like and cellared the rest in the vain hope that it might improve. (A common reason for cellaring, we have noticed.)

In 1980, one of our staff searching for some examples of chardonnay, the new boom grape, discovered Gehrig's Chardonnay. Once again he, too, was seduced by the price of $18 a case. As a reward for his stupidity, he was awarded one of Ramsey's preciously cellared bottles of the 1970 Hock.



To extract full measure from his embarrassment, it was decided that the Hock should be tried over lunch on his birthday. The glasses were duly produced, the bottle poured and the wine, without any hesitation, was automatically pronounced dreadful by one and all.

Unfortunately, we were not drinking the 1970 Gehrig's Hock. In the Hock bottle had been placed a 1962 Chateau de Fonsellate, a somewhat distinguished but tiring old white from the Rhone Valley which possessed a lovely honeyed nose. We had been fooled by the Gehrig's label.

It all goes to show that we can be made to believe anything if the circumstances are right. Don't drink labels. Don't allow

INHERITANCE
1977
Blended Red
Samuel
Martha
McWILLIAM'S
This wine is a blend of Hermitage from the Pokolbin district of the Lower Hunter River Valley, and Cabernet Sauvignon from the Riverina district of New South Wales. The intense Cabernet "ripe fruit" aroma and flavour blends admirably with the more austere Hermitage character to give a soft yet stylish wine. It shows a nice complexity of fruit and oak on nose, and an elegant balanced character on the palate, with a clean firm finish.
McWILLIAM'S WINES PTY. LTD. SYDNEY AUSTRALIA
WINE OF AUSTRALIA 750ml.

AB 997-81 MC 1114

UPON RECEIVING YOUR INHERITANCE
IT'S ALWAYS WISE TO STUDY THE FINE PRINT CAREFULLY.

yourself to be influenced by anything but your own palate.

Another of our very embarrassing moments, in retrospect, occurred a few years ago when we looked at 15 Australian vintage ports. Rich, full blackberry-black currant noses with very strong, sticky fruit — all except one, so different we did not know what to make of it. You either place a wine like that at the front of the queue or the back. We placed it at the back. And with every one of the 19 gold medals which this 1975 Reynella Vintage Port has won since then we have winced slightly.

This emphasis on wine tasting is by way of preamble to our own recommendations on what to buy. We claim no god-like status and, as we have shown, we can be wrong. If your favorite wine does not make our list, it does not mean it's not up to standard. But it does mean that it might be worth the effort of comparing it with a wine we have recommended as being good in its class. Then you can be equipped to make up your own mind about how your wine rates.

THE BUYING GUIDE

Australian Champagnes and Sparkling Styles

We still smile when people come into our shops and ask us if sparkling wines are available in casks. Yet, on reflection, what we drink in casks and flagons is probably not very different from the base wine going in to what is widely called champagne. It really is pretty ordinary stuff. The bottles, corks, labels and packing probably account for more of the cost than the wine itself.

But this is not to imply that all Australian champagnes are overpriced. There is a great deal of effort in turning the base wine into a naturally sparkling one. Fermenting in bottles is both tedious and time consuming and, with labor costs what they are today, it is little wonder that 60 cents worth of wine turns into a $3.99 bottle of bubbly.

Not that the astute consumer should be paying any more than $3.99 for a standard Australian champagne. At that price, a retailer will be making 25 percent on his Minchinbury White Seal or Brut, his Great Western Imperial Reserve, or his Seaview Brut and Grand Reserve. Why, you can even pick up a Kaiser Stuhl Champagne for less than $3 a bottle if you are really lucky — and that has to be great value.

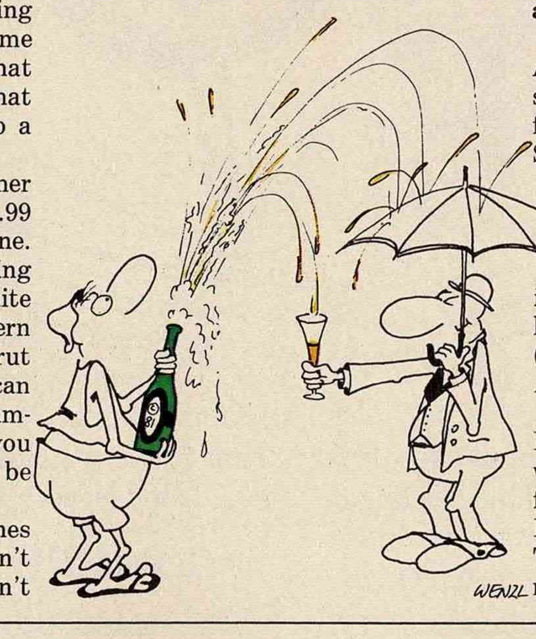
Serve any of the champagnes mentioned above very cold and don't expect overly much from them. Don't bother to sniff or swirl on the palate. Just drink them, in large quantities.

In this champagne class we award two prizes. The first is to Wolf Blass for his subtle reproduction of the famous French Bollinger label. The second is to Orlando Carrington for giving us numbered bottles and the initials RO after the number. Again, we are only able to assume that this meaningless RO is a derivative of Bollinger's RD, which means recently disgorged. Australian champagnes are being turned out so hurriedly that soon there will be no need for disgorging at all. If current trends continue, our winemakers must soon discover some way to do away with yeast altogether.

We actually wonder if the effort of fermenting with yeast in the bottle is worth it. At a recent wedding, we were served Chateau Remy Champagne and the sparkling wine, Hardy's Courier Brut, which is made in giant vats, not bottles. The Courier Brut was in fact marginally better. We recommend the Courier Brut and its companion, Courier Demi Sec, as good champagne substitutes *if* they can be bought for about $2.50 a bottle.

Some of the other sparkling styles are also quite good with, we suspect, better basic fruit than many of the champagnes. You should only ever buy specials of large, well-established companies. We have had horrendous disasters with the very cheap bubblies from the battling companies. The products of Leo Buring, such as Rhinegold and Rhinegold Spumante, both have great appeal.

Our final tip in this champagne section is this: never buy Australian champagnes that are not discounted in retail shops because they are trying to project an up-market image. They will be only marginally better than the very popular Minchinbury or Great Western — if they are better at all.



Wine Casks and Flagons

Wine casks are like eggs: you should only buy fresh ones. Definitely don't stock up just because you think they're cheap. They will probably have gone off before you get around to drinking them.

Only buy those wine casks on special as they all are of very similar quality — why pay more for basically the same product? Check, where possible, the date stamp showing when the cask was packed. If it's not on the cask itself, it is generally stamped on the carton in which the casks were packed. Buy the youngest, as the changes in quality because of oxidation can outweigh the quality differences very quickly.

The cheapest way of buying wine in a cask at the moment is in the new Renmano six-litre packs. Coles and Woolworths stock them and, at about $5, they are almost the same price as the standard four-litre casks. As the blurb on the Renmano casks says: "50 percent more for no extra cost." The quality is fine. We suspect they might well touch off a new wave of repackaging. Can the 10-litre cask be very far away?

Although we have found very little difference in quality of casks, there are some which deserve a special mention: Orlando Steinwein, a crisp sweeter white, ideal for the late afternoon; Orlando Chablis, a good, dry style that was badly needed because most of the basic riesling casks are now getting sweeter and sweeter; Stanley Beaujolais, a fair quality, light red with good fruit; Stanley Light Whites, for those who have decided they really don't like alcohol anyway.

Muscats and Ports for Drinking and Cellaring

These fortified wines are the Australian wine industry's great strength and there are dozens of them from which to choose. Wines like Seppelt's Mt Rufus and Penfold's Magill are outstanding and well-priced (about $5.50) ports — highly recommended. The muscats of Bailey and Morris, in the $5 to $6 range, are a sheer delight to drink; our current favorite (by a small margin) is the Bailey's Award Liqueur Muscat.

The vintage ports of Reynella and Hardy are two of the few Australian wines that can be happily put away for 20 years or more. Try the 1977 Reynella and the 1977 Hardy's. They're marvellous big wines with a rich, ripe taste — all the better for

It tastes the way an elegant Rhine Riesling should.
Dry, Crisp, Refreshing with an extraordinary depth of flavour.

There never was an extraordinary wine made from ordinary grapes. Or by ordinary men.

So every precious drop of Leasingham Bin 5 is gently crushed from Rhine Riesling grapes. Grown in South Australia's famous Clare Valley. Then vintaged by men blessed with tradition.

And the winemakers skill.

Or as our head wine maker, observed with some pride: "It is everything an elegant Rhine Riesling should be.

Don't let your guests drink it all."

Leasingham Bin 5.

One of the Leasingham Whites.

LEA 9143

more bottle age. The Hardy's 1954 vintage, which can still be sampled at wine shows, tastes as if it had been made yesterday. Selling for about $6 a bottle, these vintage ports are an outstanding value.

Ports for Collecting

It started about three years ago — ports with horses, cricketers and other sundry items on the labels. We took no notice of the phenomenon at the time but wish we had. A new wave of collecting madness is now sweeping the nation and these early examples command very fancy prices.

We now have the Racehorse of the Year series, the Horse Racing Cup Series, the Trotting Port series, the Greyhounds of the Year series, the Famous Australian Stamps series, the Brownlow Medal Port, a port celebrating the closure of the Ghan railway, Customs House Ports, ports celebrating the foundation of each State, yachting ports, wildlife ports, Doug Walters' Port and goodness knows how many to come. Our favorite was the Hardy's America's Cup Port — a drop which relieved the Australian port collectors of $1 million in three weeks — that's a lot of money for a wooden box and a collector's item! The same wine under a different label would have brought in just a little more than $100,000.

We thought we were being quite witty when we told a local wine company representative that we had the rare Alice Springs Camel Race Series Port from Penfolds. He instantly requested a set.

What did come out a few months ago was a very unusual bottling of port from Vincenzo Berlingieri for the Canberra Koomarri organisation which supports handicapped children. The label is appalling — a collector's item in shocking orange with simple black printing. The proceeds go to Koomarri and we still have stock at $4.99 a bottle.

We rather doubt that this port collecting madness can continue and predict a return of interest to more solid items where the port in the bottle is drinkable. The Seppelt Para Port numbered series is probably worth collecting and the older style Paras with dates on them should continue to appreciate in value. The Yalumba Horse of the Year Ports may also prove better than their imitators and be worth keeping.

We aren't banking on it ourselves. However, if you must collect these collector's ports, remember not to interfere with the labels in any way. They are more important than the wine. Disregard the normal rules for storing wine and keep the bottles upright. Laying them down means there is a risk of wine seeping around the cork and damaging the pretty picture. It will also ensure that the wine becomes undrinkable with the passing of the years. But then the other major rule for port collecting is never, ever try to drink the contents.

Bottled White Wines

The company that continues to impress us with its range and quality of white wines is Orlando. This is particularly so with the cheaper range — wines like Lyndale Riesling, Bin 343 Riesling and their new Varietal Chardonnay. They are very consistent in quality. You can regularly find them on special for about $2.50 a bottle and, at that price, they are great value — and they're not too bad at the full recommended retail price of $3 either.

Orlando also produces an excellent traminer riesling blend and a range of fine rhine rieslings from the Barossa Valley, Eden Valley and Coonawarra. Why they put such peculiar bin numbers on these wines we have never understood. The attempt to create an image of class no doubt frightens away many ordinary customers. Just ignore them — they are all very dependable drinking.

Lindemans have a consistently reliable range of Hunter semillons which they sell as Hunter River Riesling, Hunter River Chablis and Hunter River White Burgundy. They are good value at $4.50 each. The cheaper whites from Lindemans do not have the same attractiveness as those from Orlando. The Lindemans' stablemate, Leo Buring, is another one of the exponents of the confusing bin numbers. As with Orlando, these wines are good value despite the meaningless numbers. Recommended. So, too, is Buring's Bin 33 Riesling in the less-than-$3 a bottle bracket. We have rarely had a bad bottle.

Of the smaller companies, the Rothbury Estate makes some excellent dry whites. The best of them have black labels and sell for about $5 a bottle. It is worth seeking them out and, if you can't find them, write to Rothbury direct.

They have a well-developed mail-order system in operation.

For more fragrant and flowery wines, Enterprise Wines in the Clare Valley make superb rhine rieslings and gewürztraminers. Not easy to find but, again, worth the search.

Brown Bros of Milawa put out some excellent varietal wines. Their Spaetlese Lexia, their rhine riesling and their frontignac are good value.

Many of the larger companies are turning out very ordinary wines at quite inflated prices. They appear to have fallen into the trap of believing that advertising expenditure is a valid substitute for investment in good grapes. Well, maybe you *can* fool all the people all of the time.

Saxonvale from the Hunter are definitely improving the standard of their product. Their traminer riesling is great value, and their semillon and sweeter styles are far better than just simply drinkable.

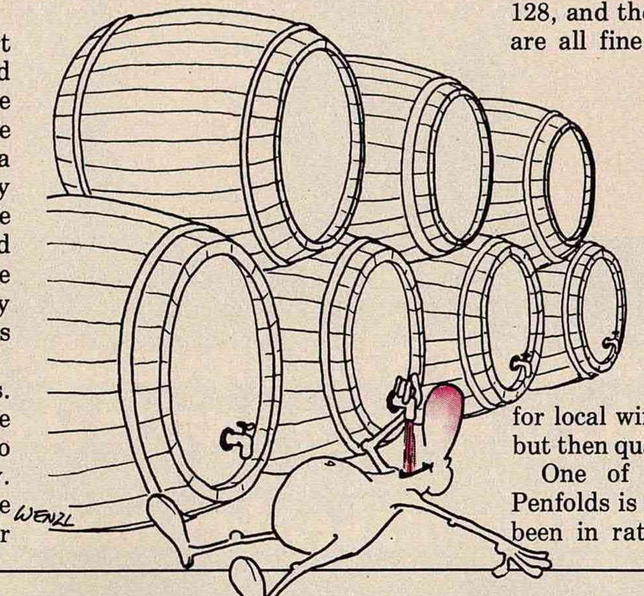
Stanley Leasingham, after a couple of indifferent vintages, seem to be back to quality with their Bin 5 and Bin 7 Rhine Rieslings. The cheaper ($3) Stanley Spring Gully Rhine Riesling is very dependable and ranks as one of the best buys.

Bottled Red Wines

The unquestioned master of the Australian red wines is Penfolds. Year in and year out, they produce quality products. Even their cheapest bottle of Dalwood Hermitage Claret is eminently quaffable. And Penfolds' Koonunga Hill Claret, Kalimna Dry Red Bin 28, Coonawarra Claret Bin 128, and the Cabernet Shiraz Bin 389 are all fine wines — and all can be obtained for slightly more than $3 a bottle.

At the top of the range, Grange Hermitage and St Henri stand well clear of most of their imitators. And they, along with the Cabernet Sauvignon Bin 707, are among the few Australian wines that repay being put away in your cellar. Admittedly, for local wines, they are expensive — but then quality always is.

One of the few problems with Penfolds is that their best wines have been in rather short supply for the



past year or two. Someone a few years ago got frightened about the red wine glut and cut back on production — an act which coincided with a growing awareness that Penfolds' reds were better than most. Hence the short supply. Yet they are still better priced than most of the products of their closest competitors.

Lindemans are deservedly known for producing a range of pleasant drinking reds of which our favorites are their Hunter River Burgundy and the Nyrang Hermitage. They are good and safe without being brilliant.

A company that's making great improvement with the quality of their red wines is Yalumba. The latest release under their signature blend label, Sid Hill Smith, was an outstanding wine. It is worth hunting around bottle shops to find if there are any left.

Watch out for the next release in this Yalumba series.

While the Seppelt's whites have left us cold in recent years, they are now certainly producing some very drinkable reds. Their Bin EC4 Claret (about $3.50 a bottle) is not given much of an advertising fanfare but is a very pleasant wine — far better than many of those available at much higher prices from other companies.

The same comment could be applied to Stanley. Their red wine quality appears to be going up rather than down. Their Stanley Bin 56 Cabernet Malbec is a big wine with good, generous fruit. The Bin 61 Shiraz also appeals to us as being better than average.

An outstanding buy for everyday drinking is the Reynella Coonawarra Cabernet. It should be available in most places for less than $3 a bottle in spite of the fact that both the 1978 and the currently available 1979 have won gold medals in recent shows. We far prefer paying this price for the Reynella than the $4 tag on the better known Redman's Claret.

Wines from Small Vineyards

It is to their great credit that the proprietors of small vineyards have led the way toward a quality base for Australian wine by seeking out cooler

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australian wine writers

MOST WINE writers seem to regard themselves as an extension of the wine producing industry rather than as representatives of the wine consuming industry. They regularly fall into the trap of repeating, without question, what the industry's spokesmen tell them. That wine prices are too cheap and must rise is a regular theme of wine writing — no comment that most Australian wines are of a somewhat indifferent quality and, but for the protection afforded by a duty of $2.34 a case and a sales tax of 15 percent, they would be swamped by better imported wines at lower prices! But because of the regular columns of space given these writers, we thought a short review of a few individuals might be helpful.

JAMES HALLIDAY
The National Times

The best by a country mile and getting better as he slowly imparts his insights to us. Beginning to show a bit of bile which is best illustrated with a quote from his new book *Wine and Wineries of New South Wales.*

Of the Lake's Folly Chardonnay, Halliday wrote: "Max Lake has put an immense amount of effort into his chardonnay. It is hard to come by and my judgement is not based on wide experience, but I cannot accept that it is the greatest wine made in Australia as some would have it." How about: "Next after Lindemans, McWilliams would have the greatest reputation in the Hunter. Regrettably, it is increasingly a question of how far that reputation is founded on past glories rather than present realities."

IAN HICKINBOTHAM,
The Age

Has a most contorted writing style which, in his free-flowing articles of a year or two ago, could cover two or three subjects in a single sentence. Worth persevering with as there are regular gems of ideas there. Good but somewhat erratic.

DAVID DUNSTAN
The Age and *Sun-Herald*

Tries hard but is uninspiring. We have yet to learn anything new from his writing.

P.P. McGUINESS
The Financial Review

A very good economics writer.

PAUL LLOYD
The Adelaide Advertiser

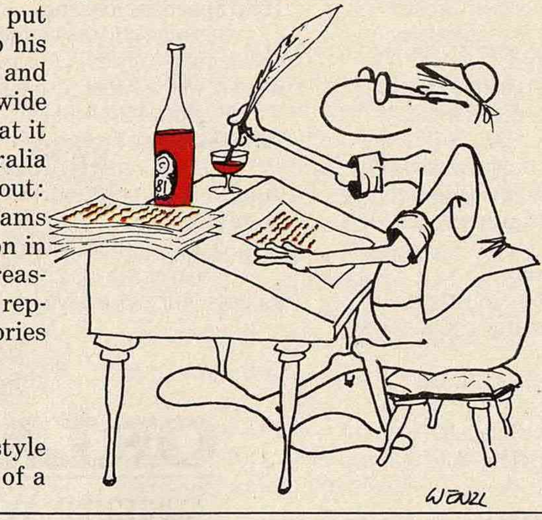
Fits well our general description of wine writers as being industry, not consumer, oriented.

JOHN LEWIS
The Newcastle Morning Herald

Yes, they do have a wine writer. We can't imagine why.

JOHNNY WALKER
The Sunday Telegraph

We thought this grand old man had finished his journalistic career and gone back to the kitchen when he finished up with the *Sun-Herald.* But just on the off chance that Walker still had a loyal following, *The Sunday Telegraph* resurrected him. We don't think it was worth the effort, for numerous reasons, and that is a great pity, because he probably could have a great deal to say about Australian wines and their makers.



DOUGLAS LAMB
The Sydney Morning Herald

One of the best palates in Australia but his days of rage are over and he no longer offends people. We believe his recommendations to be worthwhile and you can too.

ERIC PAGE
The Melbourne Herald

Surprisingly good. Never wastes words but his wine recommendations are orignal and, at times, exciting.

JOHN STANFORD
The Australian

Virulently anti-consumer. Believes the consumer should pay while the wine industry searches for new directions and corrects its past mistakes. Has a fondness for quotations, generally classical, which have no relevance whatsoever to his article. His writing has a heaviness about it which makes you reach for a wine bottle for relief, not pleasure.

LEN EVANS
The Australian

Not much wine writing from Len these days. More interested in jokes. But he would still be the best of the bunch if he bothered to try.

WINE & SPIRIT BUYERS GUIDE

Good honest reviews of wines which their tasting panel like. A pity, though, that they are so sensitive to industry pressures that they don't review famous wines they do not like.

WINESTATE

Ditto our comments about *Wine & Spirit Buyers Guide.*

ESTABLISHED 1847
BAROSSA VALLEY
ORLANDO
SELECTED AUSTRALIAN WINE
1980 EDEN VALLEY TRAMINER/RIESLING
8001V102
GRAPE VARIETY Gewuerztraminer/Rhine Riesling
LOCATION Company's Eden Valley Estate
GOLD MEDAL—MELBOURNE SHOW—1980,
GOLD MEDAL—PERTH SHOW—1980,
WINEMAKERS COMMENTS A blend of Gewuerztraminer
G. GRAMP & SONS PTY. LTD. BAROSSA VALLEY
PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIA 750 ml
LATE PICKING
LATE PICKING
LATE PICKING

WE JUST GO ON WINNING.

In 1980, Orlando were the overall winners of every major Australian Wine Show: Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, Perth and Adelaide.

With four wins in 1979 and one in 1978, that's ten major show wins in succession. And that was in competition against over 12,000 entries from 186 respected Australian wine companies including Lindemans, Leo Buring, Stanley, Wynns, Rosemount, Seppelts, Wolf Blass, Penfolds, Kaiser Stuhl, McWilliams, Hardy's, Yalumba, Tyrrell's and Wyndham Estate. Fairly stiff opposition, you'll agree.

In the past two years alone, our wines have won 69 Trophies, 218 Gold Medals, 237 Silver Medals, 222 Bronze Medals and 100 Diplomas.

All of which makes Orlando the most successful wine producer in Australia. And, like a good wine, we're getting better by the year.

Right now, a great many of our medal-winning wines are readily available and suitable for immediate sampling. Here are our six latest award-winners to tempt your palate:

1980 Eden Valley Traminer Riesling.
The best 1980 Vintage dry white in Australia. An aromatic bouquet with great depth of fruit character on the palate.
Awards: 2 Trophies, 7 Gold Medals, 1 Diploma.

1979 Spaetlese Semillon.
Reminiscent of the great sweet white table wines of France. A complex, full flavoured, luscious wine that will improve further with bottle ageing.
Awards: 5 Gold Medals, 1 Diploma.

1978 Cabernet Sauvignon.
A blend from various areas comprising over 50% of two trophy winning reds. A balanced youthful Cabernet with a great future.
Awards: 3 Bronze Medals, 2 Diplomas.

1980 Chardonnay.
A nicely rounded wine which displays elegant flowery Chardonnay character on the nose, with pleasant oak integration and a fresh flavoursome palate with a clean acid finish. Good cellaring proposition.
Awards: 2 Silver Medals.

1980 Spaetlese Riesling.
This wine is following the standards set by Orlando for late picked styles in Australia. A fruity, delicate Riesling with a sweet crisp palate.
Awards: 4 Silver Medals, 1 Bronze Medal.

1980 Spaetlese Frontignan.
One of our most popular late picked styles. Volumes of fruit on both nose and palate finishing refreshingly sweet and crisp.
Awards: 1 Bronze Medal.

So join us in a toast, and taste the fruits of our success. After all, everybody loves a winner.

ORLANDO
Australia's Winning Wine

AB936/80 ORL0719

areas to grow grapes. However, since most of them have been in production for less than 10 years, it is very difficult to assess the wines until we can see them with some bottle age. Our advice would be to go very quietly into the cellaring of these wines. Let someone else take the gamble.

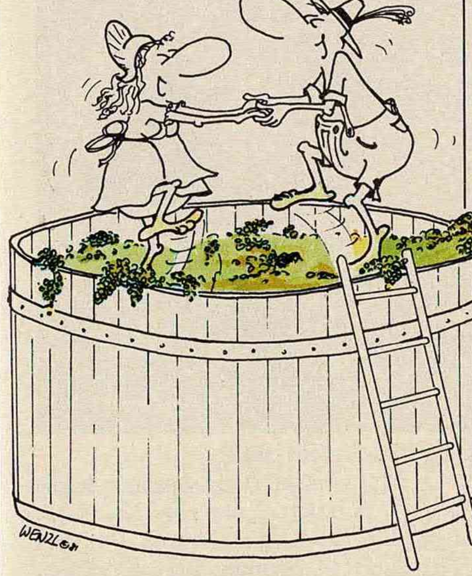
Even so, there are some new vineyards which impress us. From Western Australia, the cabernet from Vasse Felix shows great promise. Cape Mentelle is experimenting with zinfandel, a grape type widely used in California. It seems to suit local conditions very well and the product is firm and fruity.

Moss Wood and Mt Barker, also from Western Australia, are producing wines of great promise which we are sure you will be hearing more of in the years to come. From Victoria, Balgownie, Virgin Hills, Mount Mary and Yeringberg are definitely in the very-promising class. Be adventurous and try to find them.

In New South Wales, Brokenwood in the Hunter and Huntington Estate at Mudgee are making some outstanding red wines, but quantities in both cases are rather limited.

One general point about many of the smaller winemakers: they have learned how to charge quicker than they have learned how to make wine.

There are few small makers other than those mentioned who can justify their prices. Beware. High prices do not necessarily mean high quality. Try these small vineyard products, by all means, but if it is value for money you're after, it really is hard to go past the Penfolds, the Orlandos, the Lindemans and the Burings.



the meaning of medals

MUCH CONFUSION — indeed, scepticism — exists in the public eye about the importance of wine show medals. We feel they are of immense value as a buying guide. We have noted that during the past few years the number of gold medals awarded has declined, which suggests tougher standards, although it occasionally happens that ordinary wines may win a gold medal — and often a bronze or silver. A few clues may help straighten out the matter.

— Look for a wine which has won several medals: a gold, silver and two bronzes is a good record and has been earned on quality, not fluked. And select medals won at the key shows of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth and Canberra.

— There are basically two types of classes under which wines are judged: open classes are simply where the best wines are considered; and commercial classes, which require a company to have released thousands of cases even to enter. Wines which have won medals in commercial classes are, of course, extremely good but many of our best wines are made in quantities smaller than the entry requirements.

— The one difficulty that occasionally emerges is that the wine awarded a medal may have received an extra polish that a commercially-released wine does not have. The industry has been muttering darkly about two recent examples but, unfortunately, we cannot say which companies. Normally the difference involves the use of new small oak for the wines exhibited at shows — a treatment commercially released versions do not get.

winespeak made easy

DOUBLE PRUNING: The latest attempt to handle our hot ripening conditions. The first spring growth is pruned, forcing new growth. This effectively delays the onset of the flowering, and the ripening of fruit until the autumn. Cooler ripening conditions lead to better wine. Wines are now being marketed as "double-pruned cabernets" and an amazing example (from Brown Bros of Milawa, who suffer from varietal madness) is a double-pruned wine that is called a Frost Cabernet.

VOLATILITY: A term that is cropping up everywhere — because it *is* everywhere. If you have an old red that dances around on the palate like the spritz of a young white, you're experiencing volatility. The term refers to abnormally high levels of acetic acid. One very famous example was the 1971 Grange — many saw excessive volatility in the wine.

BUNCH THINNING: The best wines are made from small crops — as little as one tonne per hectacre. Bunch thinning involves reducing the yield by pruning off some of the grape bunches. Simplistically, it can be seen as the flavor from two bunches being concentrated into one. Bunch thinning is generally not necessary in the classic vineyards of Europe where yields are naturally low.

NEW GRAPE VARIETIES: These are, in fact, really old varieties which should have been here years ago. Chardonnay and pinot noir are popping up; merlot and gamay we will see more of in the future; there is room for nebbiolo and sangiovese to make some distinctive Italian wines.

OLD GRAPE VARIETIES: That old workhorse of the Australian industry, shiraz, needs to be looked at. The grand old man of wine, Sydney Hamilton, who has eight hectares of cabernet at Coonawarra, sums it up best. Sydney has one vine of shiraz mixed in with his cabernet and when he finds it — "the bugger comes out!" Verdelho may be worth looking at again. Some old wines show it to be full of tough hard acid. Just the thing to lift a full-flavored semillon.

FRUIT: Ah! That elusive quality which explains why some bottles get drunk a lot quicker than others! Imagine yourself in a vineyard with a bunch of ripe grapes in your hand. Crush them and lick your hands: the trick is to get the same sensation into a bottle. Easy to say, hard to do. Still, more is required for a good wine because a tinny, whole fruit character gets monotonous.

NON-ALCOHOLIC WINE: The product requires the removal of alcohol after the wine has been made. This requires an application of heat — about the worst treatment that can be given to a wine. The final product is barely drinkable, and we cannot understand why anyone feels a need for it in the first place. Surely they have heard of Coca-Cola.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

THE TABLE THAT GROWS

Two-in-one: this custom-made glass coffee table is also a giant terrarium. It's unique! Try Placo Trading, PO Box 44, Edgecliff, 2027.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

The Biofeedback Monitor can tell you whether the women in your life are in the mood for love — if they're prepared to be hooked up to it. From Tandy Electronics at a sense-sational $18.95.

CINCINNATI COMPUTER

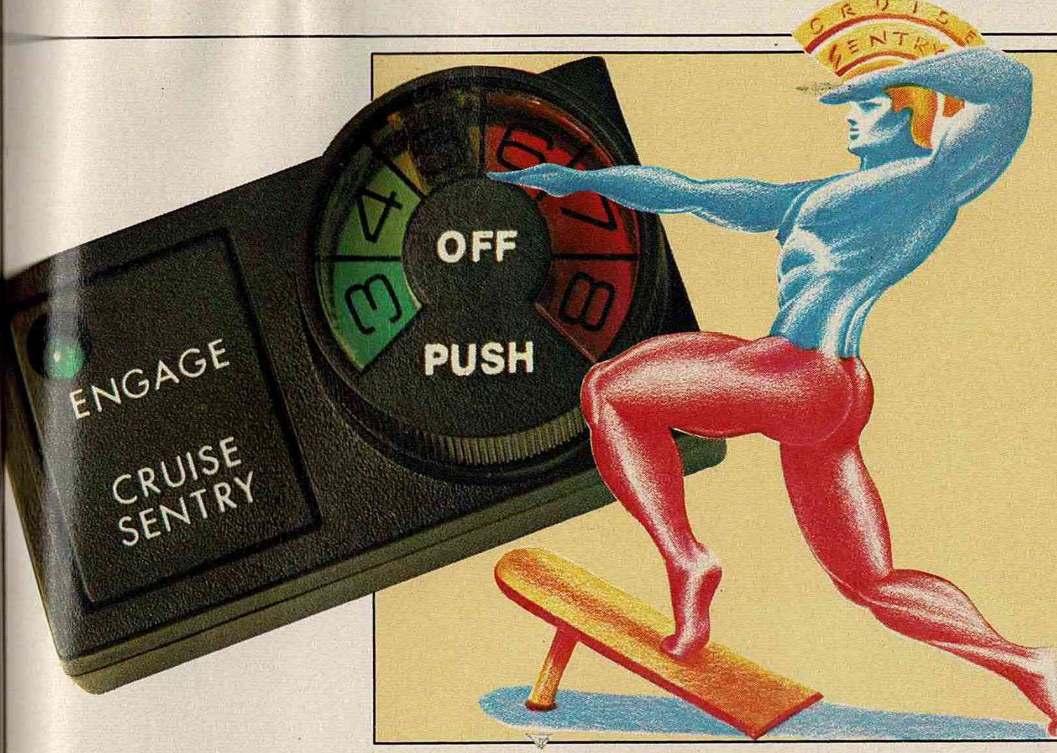
You can't get much more poker-faced than a computer, And the Fidelity Card Challenger is a formidable opponent in a wide variety of card games. It's said to react just like the human player does, except that it doesn't cheat. It uses an optical scanner to read off the cards and a 16-character display to "talk". It's $250 from Myer and Woolworths stores in all States.

BOOBY PRIZE

Make that special event a mammarable occasion with a delivery of a bottle of champers and two glasses by a topless girl. Called Boobs & Bubbly, Sydney 344-8920. And it costs $150.

PORSCHE'S HIGH-FLYER HERE

Porsche's 924 Carrera GT, Le Mans-based Turbo-eating high-flyer has just landed. 240km/h, $56,000. Like the 924 Alan Jones tested last month, available from John Newell Porsche Centre, 83 Flinders Street, Darlinghurst, Sydney. Phone 33 5361.

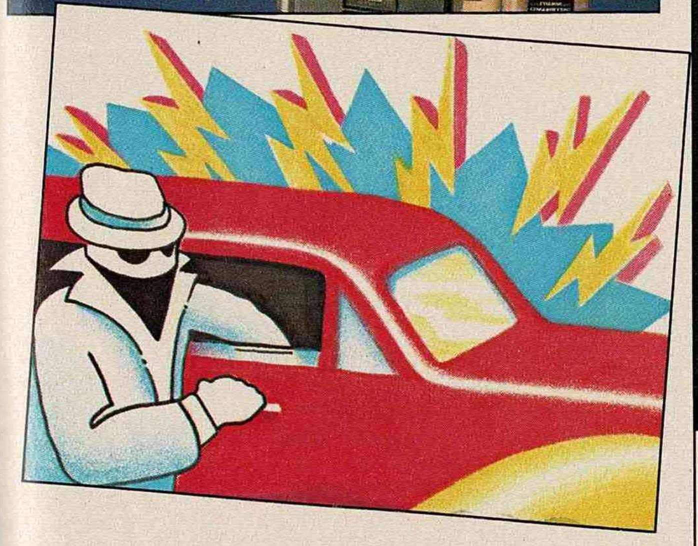


LOOK MA, NO FEET!

Save gas and enjoy the novelty of driving without your feet on the accelerator pedal with the Cruise Sentry. It can be installed in a couple of hours with standard tools and modest mechanical skill. The unit has a reversible motor-driven cable which pulls and releases the throttle arm and an electronics package which includes a dashboard control to set your vehicle at a constant speed. Sole Australian agents Creators (A'asia) say added advantages are less likelihood of speeding fines and more relaxed motoring. The agents also say it increases vehicle value and is virtually maintenance free. Has a one-year warranty. Cost: $198. Phone Sydney 337-6737.

SAVING YOUR SKIN

You're wrapped in your skin, so why shouldn't others be rapt in it? The Erno Laszlo skin ritual for men banishes razor rash and other shaving irritations and rejuvenates leathery old skin. There are kits from $70-$199, at David Jones, Elizabeth Street, Sydney.



KILL-JOY FOR JOY-RIDERS

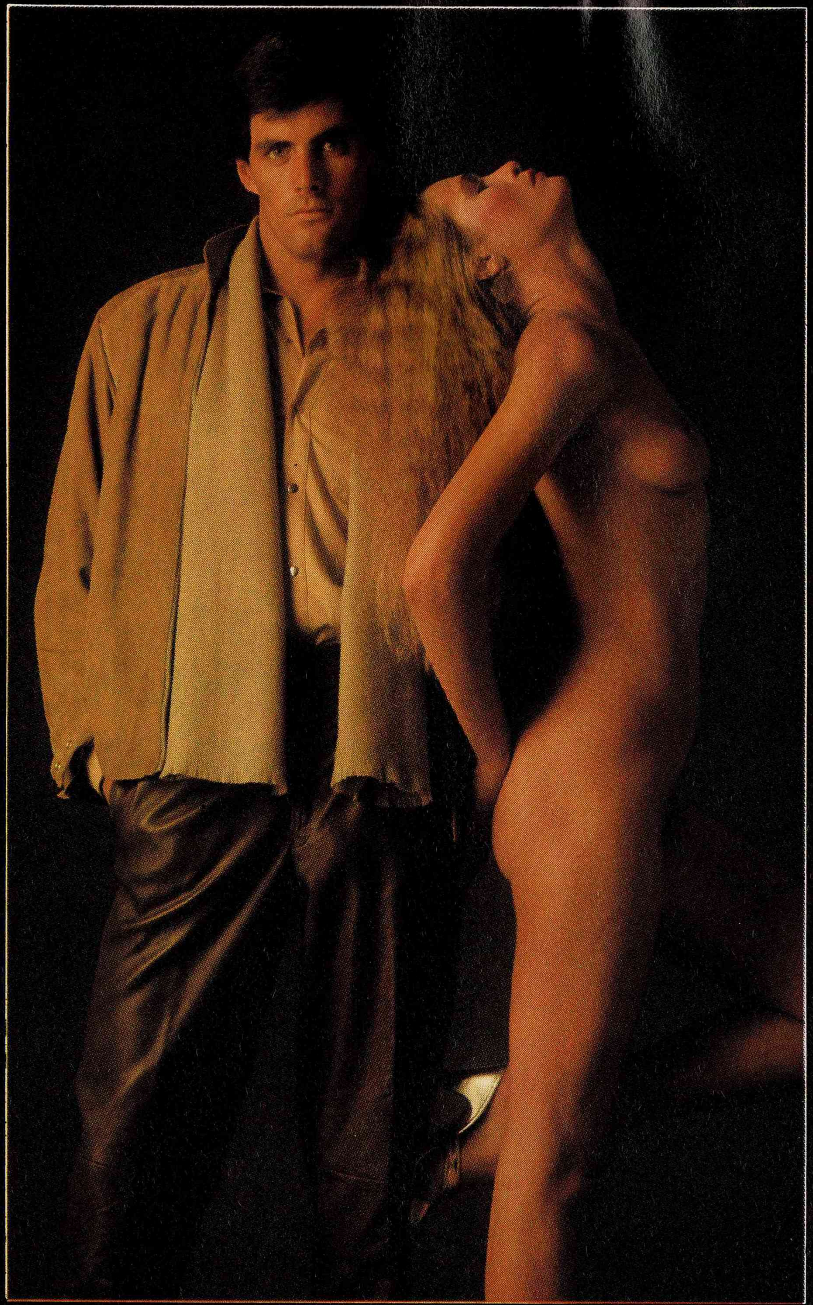
At $265, it's no steal, but you'll keep your car with it. The alarm, the RL10, is triggered if doors, bonnet or ignition are touched. The ignition cuts off after seven seconds. Red Light Industries at Sydney 666-5252.

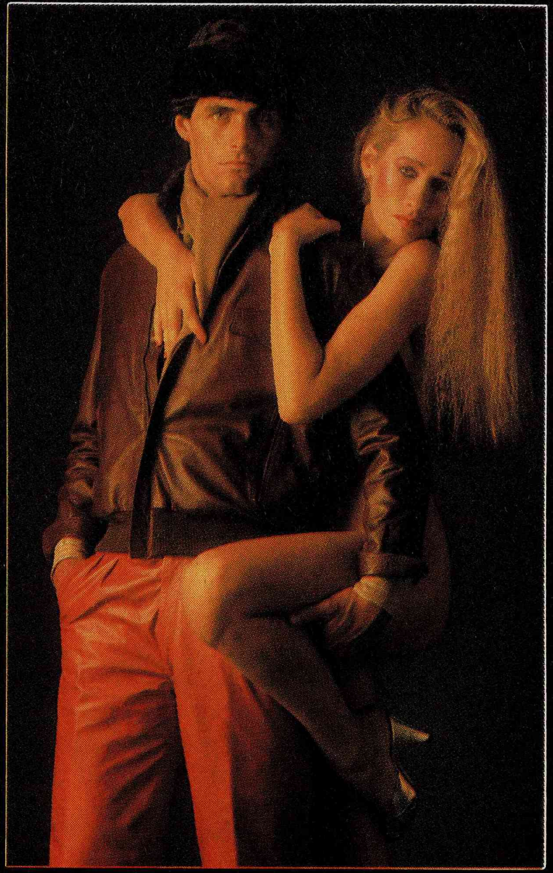
WELL I'LL BE BLOWED . . .

Exhale into the Breath-analyser when in your cups and it'll give you a rough indication if you're over the legal driving limit of .05. The color coding works just like traffic lights: go on green but not on red, take a calculated risk on yellow. The mouth should be rinsed with water before blowing into the hole in the front. Practical uses aside, the instrument is fun at parties. Also suitable for suspicious wives and bosses. It's $19.95 from Roach Investments, Melbourne 329-8409.

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE

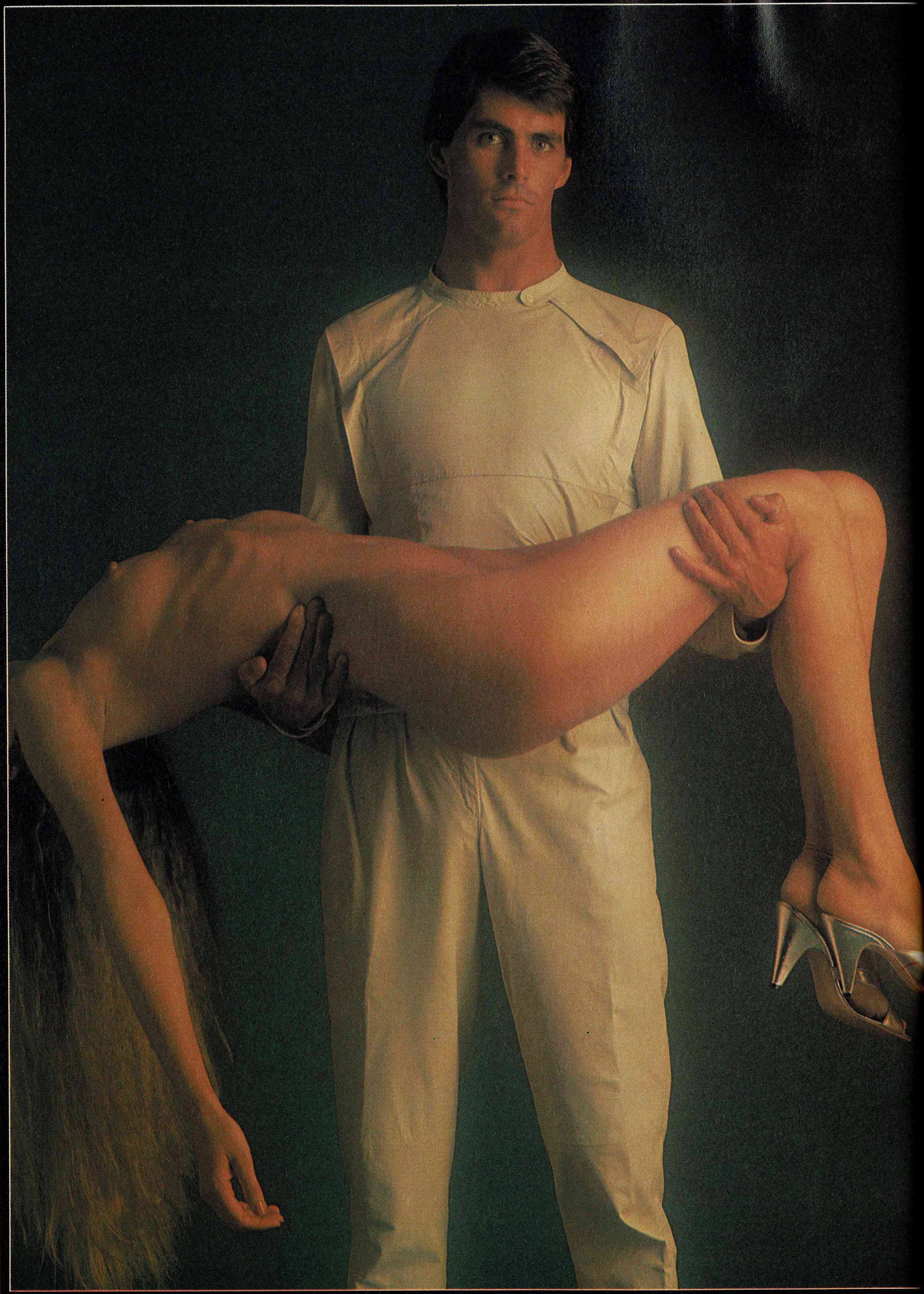
leather, both smooth and sueded, is breaking out of its traditional mould into roles it's never played before. baseball jackets in suede? leather jeans? more color? do it!

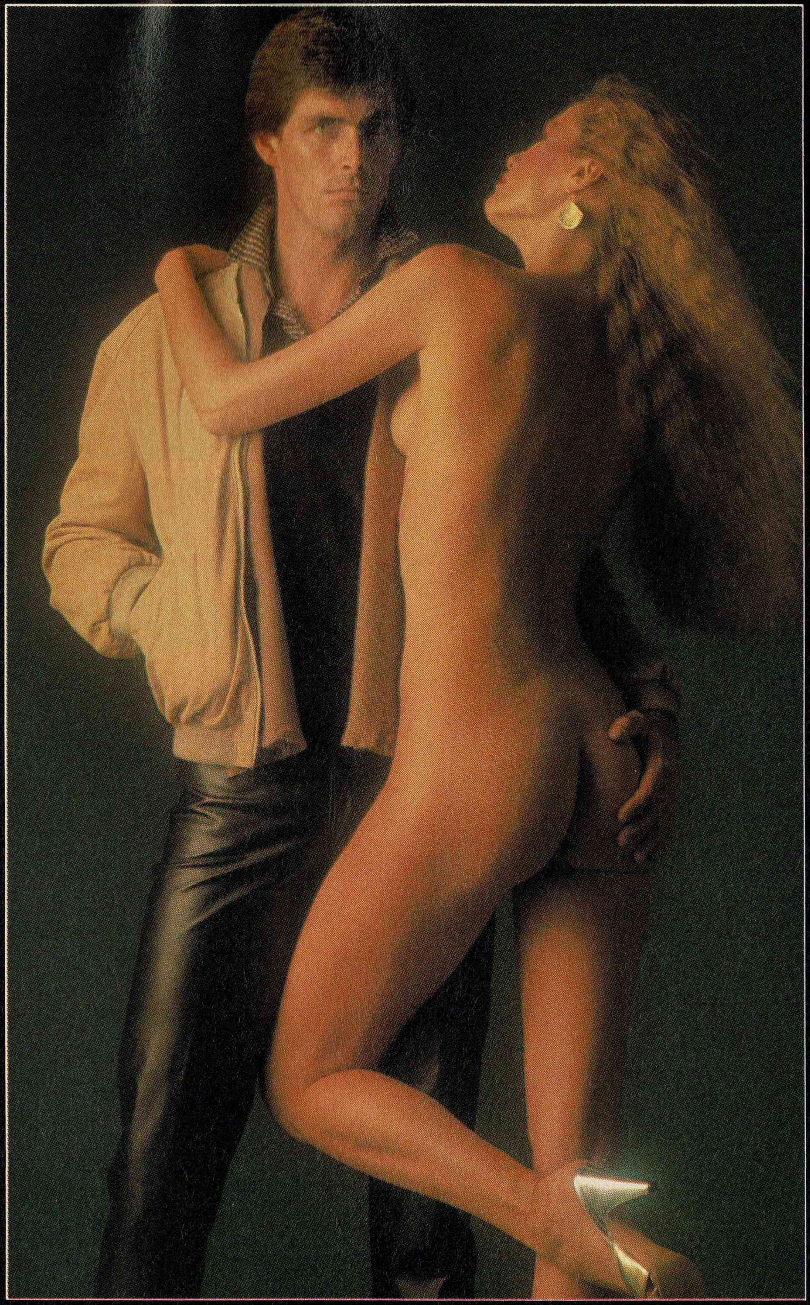




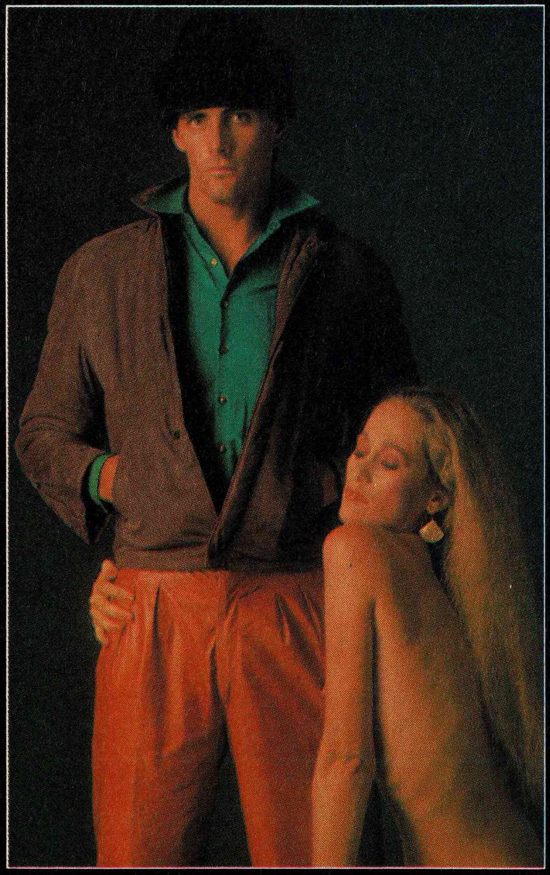
All of the skin on these pages is something else! At left, he's wearing an ox-blood colored jacket and pumpkin-hued pleated pants, both by Parrell, $300 and $280 respectively. Cossack hat from Vic Cooper, $25. Above, khaki suede jacket, $350, and leather pleated pants, $250, both by Parrell. Right, tan jacket, $525, black leather pants, $295, leather tie, $29, and shirt, $69, all from Five Way Fusion.

Fashion by Kate Stead.
Photography by Colin Stead. Make-up by David Haddon.





Entering the 21st century, at left, he has on a two-piece bright white leather suit by Parrell, $500. Above, from Five Way Fusion, black leather pants, $295, shirt, $69. Sand-colored suede baseball jacket by Palazzi, $260. On the right, he has on a wine-colored suede jacket with padded shoulders, $350, and leather pants, $280, by Parrell. Accessories courtesy of Richards, girl's shoes from Raymond Castles.



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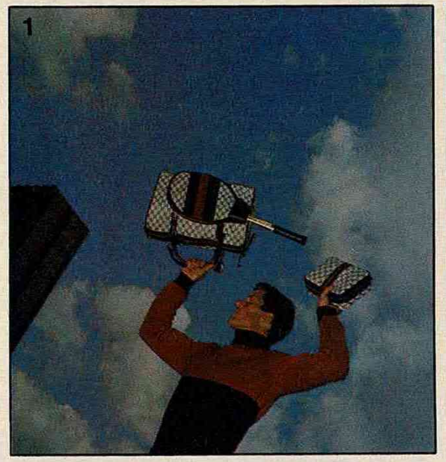

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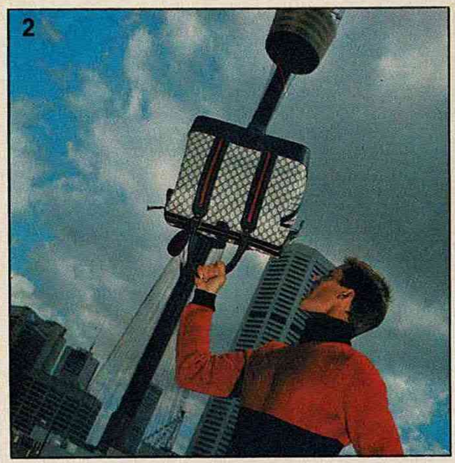

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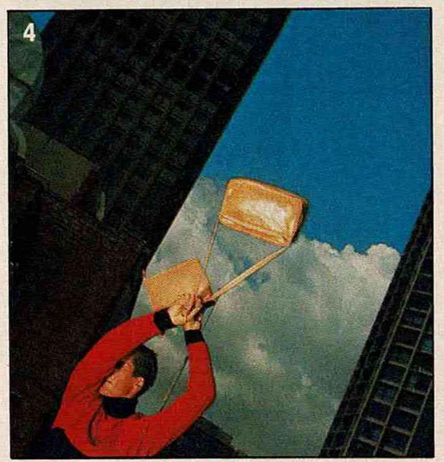

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6

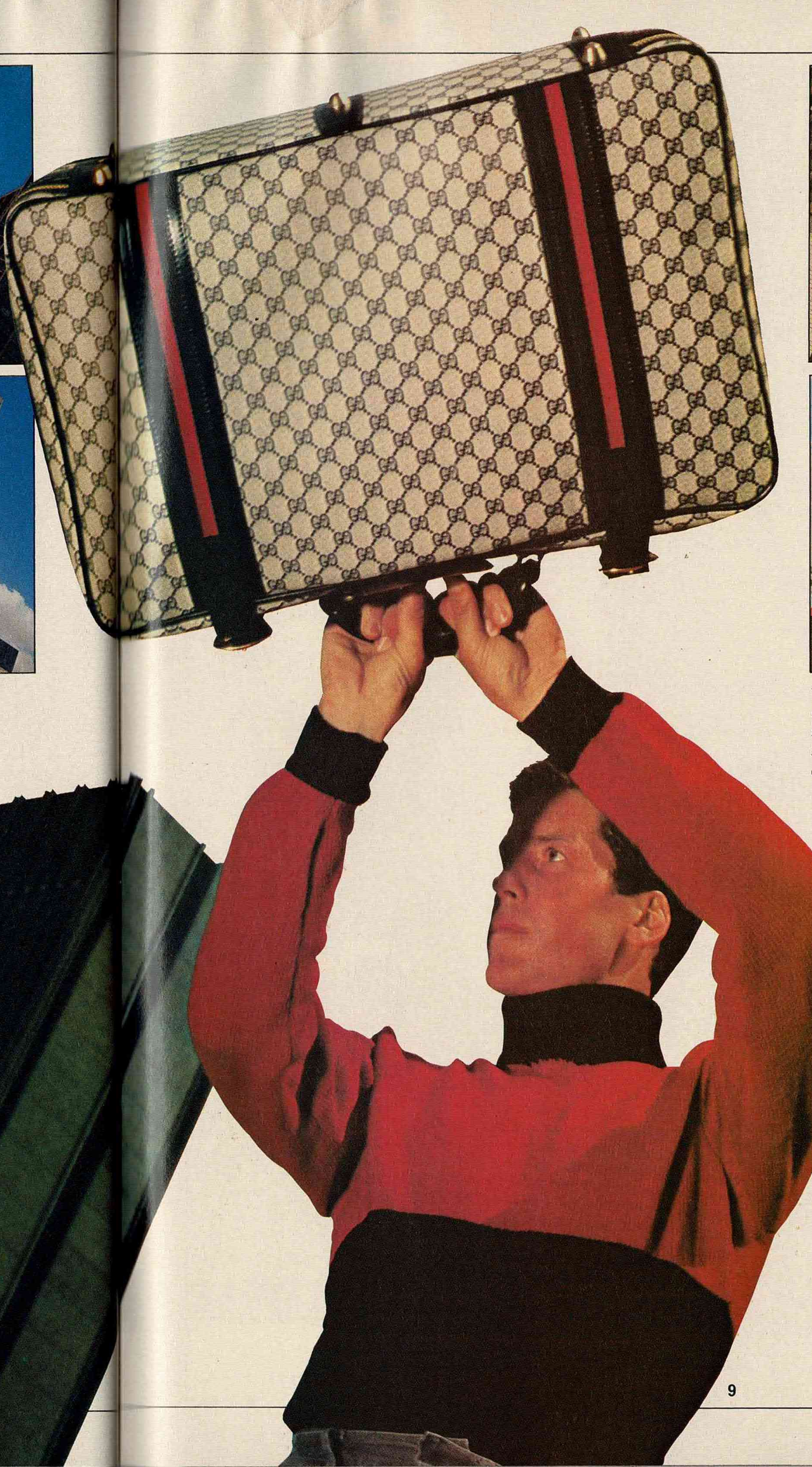
ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

THIRTEEN EASY PIECES

YOU CAN take it with you after all! These lightweight contenders in the carry-on jet stakes are ideal for weekend getaways and overnight business trips. Luggage like this is the only way to fly: your gear won't end up in Surfers when you're going to Sydney, and you can kiss the queue at the luggage ramp goodbye as you breeze past. Plus, it all fits very nicely in the boot of your Alfa!

That international status symbol, Gucci, produces this stunning leather and canvas signature range. Toilet bag, $134 and overnighter-cum-tennis bag, $318 (1); overnight valise, $390 (2); suitcase, $470 (9). Florence has long been famed for its leather, and the Il Bisonte natural cowhide range lives up to this reputation. Weekender, $775 (3); shoulder bag, $189, and portfolio, $149 (4); shoulder satchel $389 (5); carry-all $389 (6).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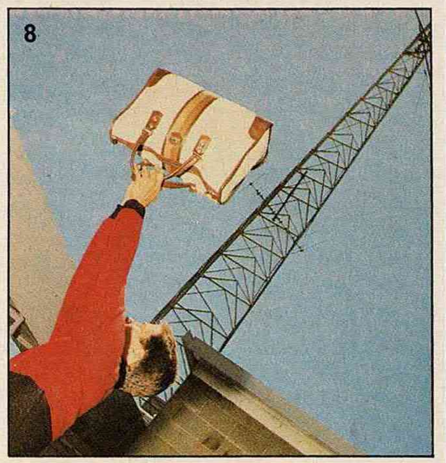
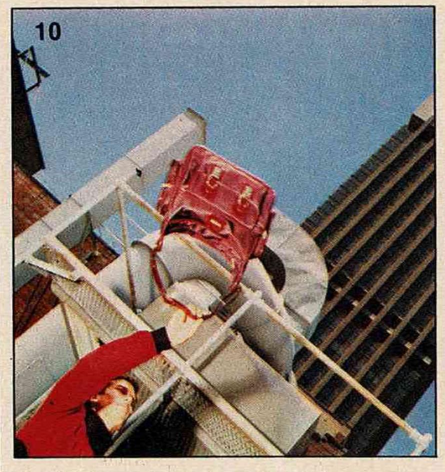


The Falcon canvas luggage range comes in biege with an easy-to-identify, smart-looking gold and brown stripe. Suitcase, $50 (7); overnighter, $19 (8); durable haversack, $27 (13, over page).



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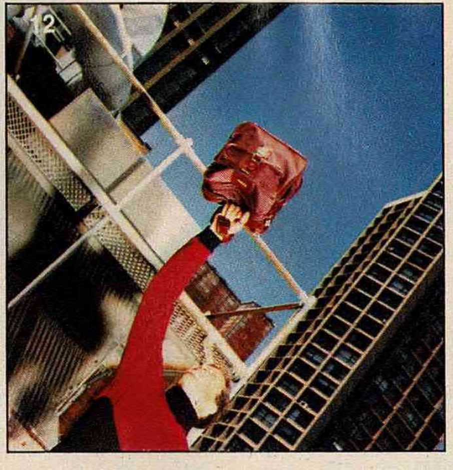


12

The Caropa Trading Co presents an ultra-light, super-durable burgundy nylon collection. Overnighter, $28 (10); suit-case, $68 (11); shoulder bag, $20 (12).

13

Revelation!

Discover hi-fi with an impeccable pedigree.

Once you hear a Sansui SUPER COMPO system, you will be amazed. You will not believe that such extraordinary sound could come from such an easy-to-use complete system. It will be a revelation of how clean and pure music can sound in your home.

Such an achievement isn't born overnight. All of Sansui's decades of experience and finely honed engineering skills were drawn upon to create today's SUPER COMPO systems. Specifics include DC-servo amp, quartz-PLL synthesizer tuner, and computerized random music selection with unique D-O-B arm. But let's forget about the technical side for a moment.

Let's just say that only SUPER COMPO systems feature "in-depth" matching for matchless performance and new levels in musical enjoyment. The revelation of SUPER COMPO is the music itself.

Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD. 14-1 Izumi 2-chome, Suginami-ku, Tokyo 168 Japan
VANFI (AUST.) PTY. LTD. 297 City Road, South Melbourne, Victoria 3205, Australia Tel: 690-6200
283 Alfred Street, North Sydney, N.S.W. 2060, Australia Tel: 929-0293

TURNTABLES join the space age

hi-fi components are getting smaller all the time and, at last, the turntable is tamed

feature by Dennis Lingane

THREE YEARS ago, a reputable American electronics magazine ran a review of a revolutionary tone-arm for turntables. Called the Lirpa 1, this revolutionary new tone-arm looked remarkably like a toy tractor with a stylus and cartridge mounted on the front. You simply placed the record on any flat surface, set the tractor on to the lead-in groove of the record, and switched on the motor. Like a plough, the mini-tractor tone-arm dropped the stylus in the groove and then ran around the record, dragging the stylus after it. The information taken from the groove by the stylus was transmitted to an FM receiver in your hi-fi system by a miniature radio also built into the tractor tone-arm.

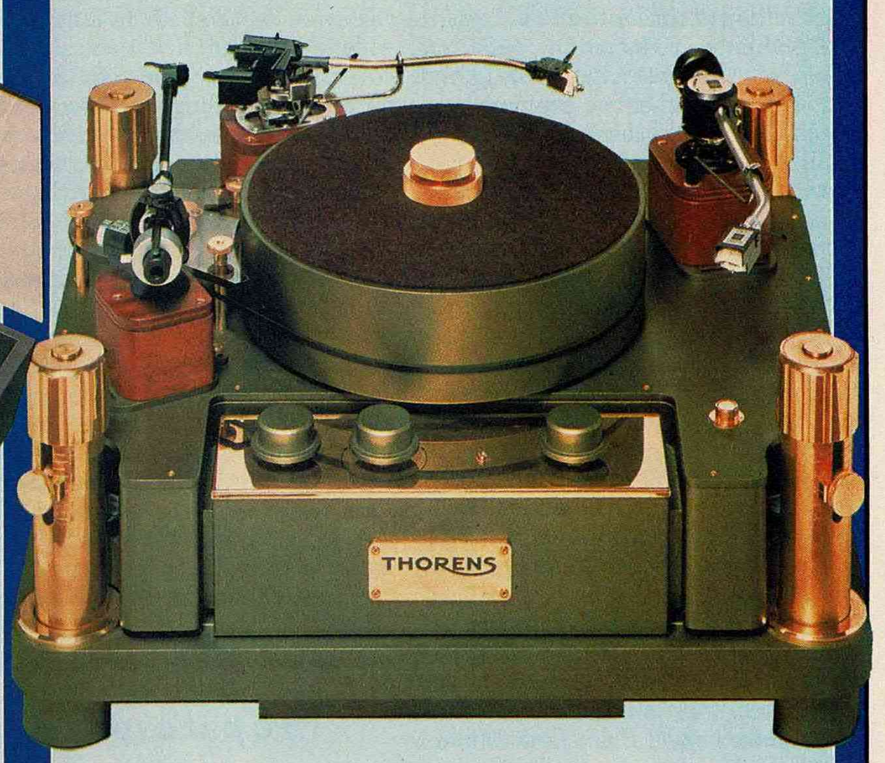
The review caused quite a stir. Hundreds of enthusiastic hi-fi buffs throughout the US, and even in Australia, began chasing these new tone-arms — which appeared to be the answer to everyone's prayer.

No more would wow and flutter, hiss and rumble, plague our listening hours. No belts, no bearings to worry about. In fact, it appeared to be the perfect solution to all the inherent problems in the 100-year-old turntable that have been with us from the early mechanical age through the electrical to the new age of microprocessors.

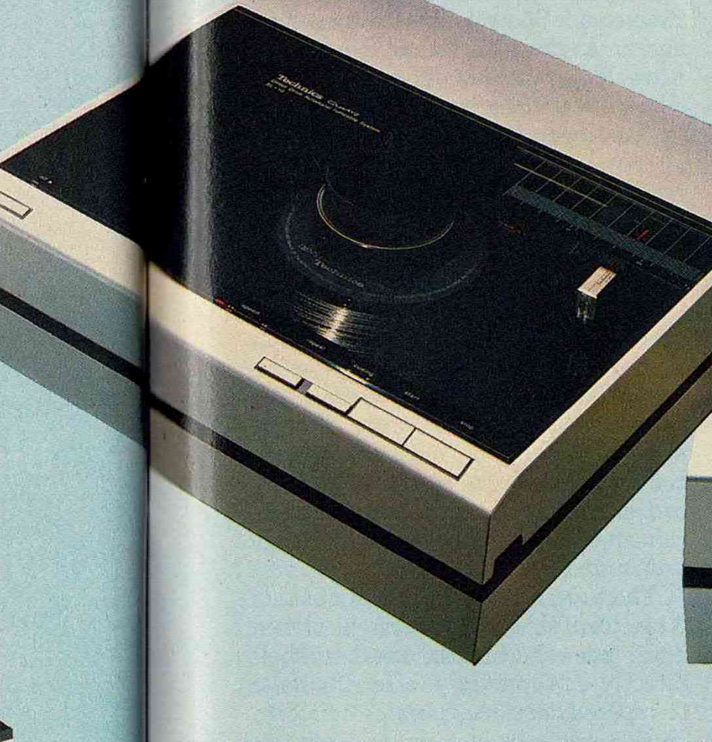
Few woke up to the fact that the magazine was published on the first of April, and that Lirpa 1 spelt backwards is in fact April 1. It was one of the most successful April fool jokes

Probably the top selling straight-line turntable in Australia, Pioneer's PLL1000 took the market by storm when it was first released; in less than a year, the PLL1000 accounted for 25 percent of Pioneer's top-end turntable sales. One reason for its popularity was its $699 price; most others cost about $1000.

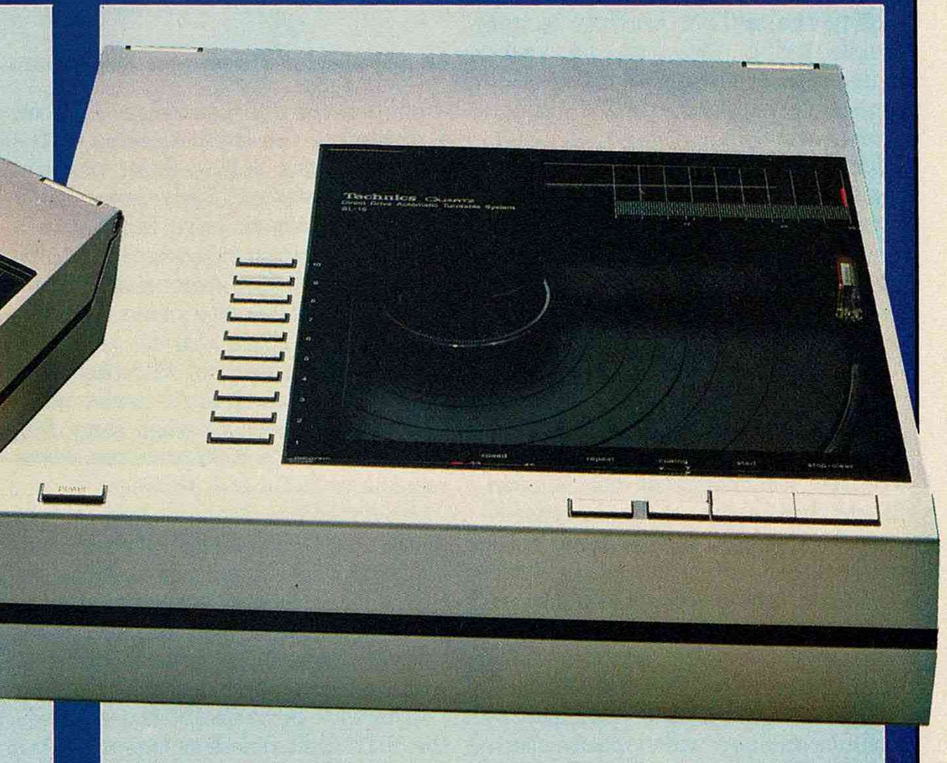
Optonica's 9100H not only finds the tracks you want, but even a given groove. The flat glass lid is much more practical than a perspex box cover.



The search for the ultimate turntable stops here — if you're prepared to mortgage your home. Selling for up to $15,000, it takes three months to make, and has three tone-arms and gold-plated suspension housing. You have a choice of color.



Technics celebrated the 10th anniversary of the direct drive turntable by launching the SL10. Its tone-arm is located in the lid, a major advance. So small (hardly bigger than a record album cover) that it only requires 45cm of shelf space, this turntable can be played standing on its head.



The SL15 from Technics is a turntable that does all your thinking for you. It has a built-in "mini-brain" which will automatically find the tracks you want in whatever order you want them played. The control panel is set into the lid, and the mini-computer can be programmed to play as many as 15 tracks. Yet to be released in Australia, it will cost about $800.

ever played on the industry, yet this very success is attributed not to the gullibility of gadget-minded buffs but to the desperate search for that perfect combination of tone-arm and player.

Electronics are incredibly good, so much so that we are really only splitting hairs when we compare one amplifier with another. Speakers are smaller, more efficient, and sound better than ever. The area that eludes the ingenious applications of science is the archaic tone-arm, cartridge, turntable combination. It remains a very inefficient concept: putting a record on a platter (that large, round disc with a spindle in its centre on which a record is placed) which spins it while a tone-arm holding a cartridge sits in the record groove.

When one considers how narrow is the groove in which the stylus rides and how minuscule is the stylus tip, one begins to understand just how fine the machining of all the bearings in the turntable must be to maintain the status quo.

•

In three years we are likely to see the introduction of Pulse Code Modulation (PCM) audio that might solve the problems for the audiophile who is looking for the best. With a laser beam for a stylus, digitally encoded discs, and a 90dB dynamic range, they should help to fill the bill.

But there remains the problem of playing the millions of vinyl records issued during the past 25 years; audiophiles and non-audiophiles alike have a vested interest in finding a decent turntable.

Turntables haven't changed much in either size or concept since Edison invented the gramophone. The only difference is that electricity rather than a mechanical spring is used to drive them. But the past year has seen the first attempts at trying to update and tame the turntable.

Both Aiwa and Technics have come up with new concepts in turntable technology which have kicked past accepted standards out the window. Should these catch on with a conservative minded society that tends to be wary of new technology, then it will force other turntable manufacturers to look to their laurels.

Technics was first to launch. To commemorate the 10th anniversary of the direct drive motor (invented by Technics and now widely used in turntables), the company launched the SL10. The company started with the problem that turntables take up too much room. While cassette decks, amplifiers, tuners and speakers were becoming smaller and smaller, the turntable remained a large, bulky, ugly mass. It needed about a 45 centimetre deep shelf, and 45 centimetres of head room to lift its lid.

The Technics turntable is just 30 centimetres wide and only requires the same depth shelf. In fact, it is no wider nor deeper than an LP record cover. Technics achieved the space miracle by building the tone-arm into the lid of the player. So when you lift the lid you lift the straight-line tracking system at the same time.

Another space saving feature is that the tone-arm travels across the back of the turntable instead of pivoting as with conventional turntables. Guided by an opto-electronic sensing system, the tone-arm finds the beginning of the record automatically, maintains the correct tracking pressure and turns itself off. The indicator light built into the top of the tone arm and the gauge etched into the lid of the turntable guides you to tracks manually should you so desire.

The SL10 comes complete with a moving coil cartridge and even a head amplifier for the cartridge built in. Considering the sophistication of the turntable, the $699 asking price in Australia seemed fairly reasonable. But it appears to have fallen into a hole in the price marketplace. At $699, it proved both too expensive and too sophisticated for the mass market, and because there was no choice of cartridge, it missed out with the buffs. So, since its launch in Australia, sales have mainly been through duty free stores where the $500 price tag seems reasonable to the hi fi shopper.

> *"To put a record on, a button is pressed and, like the tongue of a lizard, the platter shoots forward."*

Nevertheless, Technics knew it was on to a winner with this turntable and came up with two other models: an SL7 that sells for that magic $520 price (even with Mr Fraser's 37½ percent import duty), and an SL15 with built-in mini-computer.

The SL7 is basically the same as the SL10, but it is less expensive because a formed perspex lid has replaced the SL10's metal one, and a moving magnet cartridge replaces the moving coil. This does away with the need for a head amplifier and therefore offers a big saving.

The SL15 is an upmarket model that won't be available until the end of the year, and when it does appear, it should be about 30 percent more expensive than the SL10. The SL15 will also have a moving magnet cartridge but will additionally offer a micro-computer search system. You'll simply dial in the tracks you want on a control panel set into the lid, and the mini-computer will locate and play them in order. As many as 15 tracks can be programmed.

The SL7, SL10 and SL15 all have a special hinging system which allows the lid to be opened even if the turntable is pushed against a wall. It is the perfect turntable for narrow shelves and ideal for flats or units.

Aiwa looked at the turntable space problem and tackled it from another angle. Their designers thought the real problem with conventional turntables was the headroom needed to cope with opening the large perspex lid. So they came up with the APD50, a unique turntable by any standards. To put a record on the platter, a button is pressed and, like the tongue of a lizard, the platter shoots forward to protrude two-thirds of the way outside the turntable body. You place the record on the platter, touch the play button and watch, fascinated, while the "monster" withdraws the platter and record back inside. The tone-arm automatically moves across and lowers itself on to the record.

When I first saw this turntable in Chicago at the Summer Consumer Electronics Show, where it won design and an engineering award, I assumed it would be priced at about $1000. But when the APD50 was finally released in Australia, I was astonished when an Aiwa representative told me the retail price was $430. The turntable was an immediate success — three container loads were sold before they hit the docks.

What is even nicer about this Aiwa product is that it can be meshed in with the Aiwa remote-control mini-system so that you can operate the turntable from the comfort of your armchair via your infra-red remote control. Should you want to play only certain tracks, there is a manual override so that you can cue in the tone-arm on the selection.

The superb design factor about this Aiwa turntable is that it can be placed upon one shelf with another shelf directly on top of it — a terrific boon to space-conscious people living in small home units.

•

One of the strongest trends we will see this year will be toward straight-line tracking tone-arms. Two years ago, a survey at the All Japan Hi-Fi Show in Tokyo revealed that 60 percent of all hi-fi enthusiasts would prefer the straight-line tracking turntables — if they could afford them.

The only straight-line tracking turntables then available were the Bang and Olufsen 4004 and a rather ugly Rapco. But at the time, both were fairly expensive in comparison to the average turntable. Still, since in Japan a marketing nod is as good as a wink, various manufacturers' research and development departments got their armies of scientists working on the problem.

A straight-line tracking turntable is the ideal tone-arm for a number of reasons. The original record is made on a lathe which has a chisel-shaped diamond as a cutting stylus, and the tone-arm on which it is mounted moves across the record. Good playback styli are also chisel shaped and, to get the best out of a record, they should sit in the record groove at right angles to the walls.

But, with the pivoting tone-arm used on 99 percent of turntables, this is impossible. The chisel-shaped stylus is only at right angles to the record walls at one point on the record. Both at the beginning and at the end of the record, it is twisted in the groove and causes distortion. Although a tone-arm that moves across the back of the turntable, thereby keeping the stylus sitting in the groove at right angles, is the solution, it's hard to achieve.

The mechanics involved here are incredibly critical. It is only now, with the development of the micro-chip and finely-tuned electronic motors, that it's possible to produce these types of turntables at realistic prices.

The Pioneer PLL1000 is one of the most popular straight-line tracking turntables in Australia. Sales have been phenomenal ever since it was released; in its first 12 months on the market, the PLL1000 accounted for 25 percent of Pioneer's top-end turntable sales. Its recommended retail price of $699 was one reason — most other manufacturers were then charging about $1000 for their straight-line tracking turntables.

This year, we can expect to see straight-line tracking turntables from all major Japanese manufacturers and these may eventually become the standard. But the dyed-in-the-wool hi-fi enthusiasts may choose to stay with the Linn Sondeks and Thorens and their archaic pivot tone-arms.

Why? Because up-market buffs are suspicious of mass-produced technology. For them, there is no substitute for man-made bearings and belts having very fine tolerances.

Perhaps the ultimate turntable for the serious buff is offered by Thorens, a Swiss company which has been the undisputed turntable king for as long as I can remember. A Thorens belt-drive turntable, SME arm and Shure cartridge has long been *de rigueur* for the genuine audiophile. The company has doggedly stuck to its delightfully old-fashioned but quality-oriented attitude that nothing is better than a well-designed belt-drive turntable — an attitude seconded by Linn Sondek. But good machining costs money, and at every turn Thorens and companies like it attempt to keep down the price in order to stay competitive.

Thorens also had become sick and tired of listening to the Japanese claim they had the world's best turntables. So they ordered their designers to build the world's best turntable — regardless of price. It made its debut last year in the Chicago Summer Consumer Electronics Show and has been a world talking point ever since.

Graham Oakes says that he will be happy to take an order from any enthusiast but he wants a 50 percent deposit. When you discover the going price in Australia for this turntable is $15,000, you can understand why he is a bit twitchy about ordering one without a buyer set up.

> *"If you aren't into the esoteric, you can buy a turntable for $200 that runs rings around those of eight years ago."*

What makes this turntable so different? Each one is made by hand and a lead time of three months is required. It weighs in at about 85 kilograms with its gold-plated suspension housing, 6.6 kilogram platter, floating chassis and three-tone mountings. The tone-arms and cartridges are, of course, extra. A strobe for fine tuning the rotation speed is also extra.

Why would anyone want three tone-arms? The dedicated audiophile usually has a number of cartridges. If he plans to listen to rock, he will painstakingly set up his tone-arm with one sort of cartridge and then think nothing of changing the cartridge and re-setting the tone-arm when he decides to play a classical record. The fact is that certain cartridges sound better with certain types of music.

So Thorens has built its turntable to take three tone-arm combinations — one for classical music, one for rock, and a third for vocals. Thorens has tried to make life as simple as possible by allowing all three to be mounted on the turntable ready for use at the throw of a switch.

Several of these Thorens turntables have been sold around the world, although we in Australia are still waiting for our first real audiophile to show his colors. Speaking of color, you can, of course, order the turntable in any hue you desire.

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Finally, one other turntable that must be mentioned before wrapping up this epistle on the turntable merry-go-round is the fully programmable 9100H Optonica which has a microprocessor built in. Not only does this automatically select any track, it will also find any groove. A sensor built into the head of the tone-arm counts the grooves as it scans the record.

One clever thing that the Optonica people have done is to have sunk the platter into the body of the turntable. So, instead of having a large deep plastic/perspex lid, the Optonica has a flat sheet of glass — which is less resistant to scratches, cleans better, doesn't cause the same feedback problems, plus it and looks nicer. However, the 9100H's complex micro-computer technology means that it's priced at a little more than $1000.

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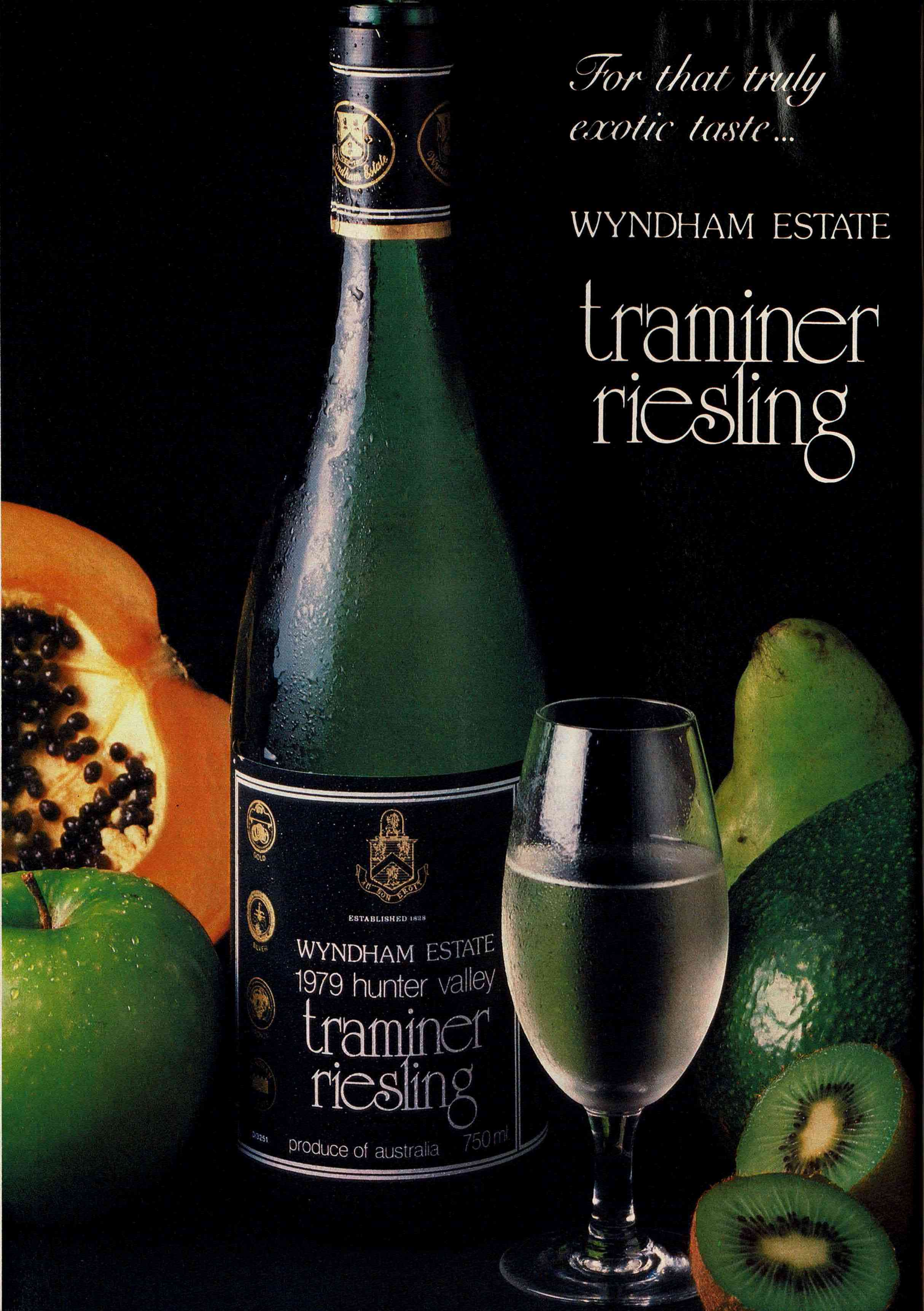
If you aren't into the unusual or the esoteric, these days you can buy a good quality turntable (belt-drive) for about $160, or $199 for a direct drive. Many of the turntables now available in the $200 bracket would run rings around many of the top-liners of eight years ago. But a number of design trends have been forced on the manufacturers in order to keep prices down.

One trend is the use of plastic composition for the turntable body. Companies have now proven that these plastic-type bodies (described as anti-acoustic feedback) perform better than their well-built predecessors. But I can't come to terms with this new lightweight breed and feel that the large heavy wooden and metal turntables of three years ago will one day become collectors' items.

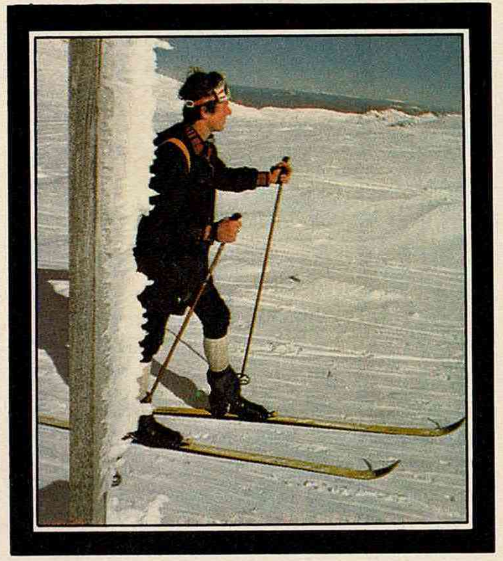
To prevent feedback, build yourself a brick plinth with a marble shelf — a turntable can often pick up speaker vibrations even when the speaker is on the other side of the room, and a howling can result when the amplifier is wound up to three-quarters volume. So the brick plinth and marble slab is one of the best cures.

While the prices quoted throughout are in fact the manufacturer's recommended retail prices, comparison shopping — and even haggling — may get you one of these new turntables for substantially less money.



TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFE IN HIGH GEAR

THOSE DARING YOUNG MEN ON THEIR CROSS-COUNTRY SKIS



Playboy's Pipeline

AUSTRALIA'S SNOWFIELDS spread over an area larger than Switzerland, but only about two per cent is easily accessible to downhill skiers. The other 98 per cent is the exclusive terrain of nordic skiers, or langlaufers.

These hardy souls traverse the roof of Australia on long narrow skis in a kick and glide motion that chews up the kilometres on the flat. These skinny boards are light and flexible and make hill climbing a breeze, but when it comes to straight downhill runs they can present problems — especially when it comes to turning and stopping.

They're usually high-cambered, edgeless and soft-tipped, and are inclined to twist on a downhill run. But news for the 1981 season is that there's a whole new generation of nordic skis coming that will make the long downhill runs a lot more exciting.

Naturally they'll be a compromise. You don't get lively performance on the flat with the new boards, but they're a bonus for the loaded backpacker in icy, hard-packed conditions. And then when you've set up camp you can hit your own virgin slopes for downhill runs.

The waxless nordic ski revolution has finally settled down — the excitement and innovations of the first years of plastic skis and waxless bases have subsided to a simmer. Ski manufacturers are now refining their product, and 1981 looks like the year of the mountain touring ski.

These all have a fair degree of sidecut (for easier turning) and a strong tip resistant to torsional forces. And all have metal edges — a long-overdue refinement for Australia's peculiar, and often icy, conditions. They have less camber, so you get better edging on slopes. All you lose is speed on the flat.

Leading the field are the Fischer Crown Step and Trak's Omnitrak, both of which are able to cope with a wide range of snow conditions.

But before you buy, consider the type of cross country skiing you'll be after. If you are an easygoing tourer after a lot of off-track skiing, look for a long base pattern which will give you a better grip at the cost of some glide.

If you're a speed freak with a strong kick, opt for a shorter waxless pattern with a longer clean tip and tail. You could further boost your skis' performance with a bit of wax anyway.

The old problem of enlarged pin holes in boots has been overcome by two new bindings manufactured by Bergans and Pito-Kanta recently released on the American market. They have movable pins which hook through the standard sole and then pull it into the binding, holding it there under tension. And so two problems have been corrected — the hassle of less-than-precise sole/binding fits, and the problem of dilated pin holes.

Even the metal-reinforced holes expand with use, especially if the wearer takes a lot of twisting falls.

The bootmakers have been busy in recent years as they caught up with the nordic boom worldwide. Some of the modifications seem minor, but they have certainly made a difference.

Some manufacturers are now incorporating rubber inserts in their nylon soles for better walking traction — for those of us who skidded merrily around campsites, the innovation is long overdue.

The soles of many boots are also being stiffened for better torsional rigidity to give an even more positive connection between you and your ski.

That magic fabric Gore-Tex made its debut in hiking boots early last year and was such a walkaway success the ski boys decided to get in on the act too. Chances are, however, that they won't make the Australian retailers' shelves this season.

Wonder fabrics like polypropylene, fibrepile and Gore-Tex are revolutionising cross country ski-wear by taking the wet out of the cold. Langlaufing can be strenuous, and when your body is chewing up 900 calories an hour and you're travelling with a full backpack, you are going to sweat. While you're moving, it is not going to bother you too much, particularly if you practice the layer method of dressing. However, when you stop for a rest, or take a fall, or have to slow down on an exposed ridge, wet underwear will make you miserable.

You soon begin to chill and slow down, and if you get caught in a storm you will be in real danger of hypothermia — potentially fatal.

It's easily avoided with the right gear. For underwear, avoid cotton like the plague, and wool if you can. Instead, wear polypropylene underwear — it draws body moisture away from your skin. Helly-Hansen is the best brand available locally.

For knickers, a nylon knit or poplin pair will go fine over the polypropylene undies.

For outerwear, fibrepile is making a concerted comeback in Australia after being neglected in favor of down (now becoming exorbitantly expensive). Fibrepile also has the advantage of retaining its insulating properties even when wet. Down doesn't.

In extreme cold, wind or rain, light, unlined, over-pants and lightly-lined jackets add an extra layer of protection against the cold.

— ALLAN MOULT

Photography by Rob Luck

DAIHATSU PLAYS CHARADES

and trumps the local carmakers

motoring by Rob Luck

Act One

MALDRAKE Fraser, that famous magician from Canberra, the illustrious illusionist, the master of masque, and champion of satire, is on the centre stage, full in the glow of the footlights. He is well into his famous balancing act, tippy-toeing along a fencetop separating rows and rows of vehicles on one side of the fence and rather fewer rows on the other. All are on an island, Australis, surrounded by a moat. On the far side of the moat are more vehicles, pawing at the water, desperately searching for a way to cross to "car utopia". But Maldrake, who alone has the power, refuses to lower the drawbridge. As a gesture of defiance, he juts his jaw aggressively forward to indicate that he is not to be swayed. Not easily anyway . . .

Under a sweetheart deal with the Feds, the Oztank builders have four fifths of the Australian car market: guaranteed. The importers of the CBUs (completely built up units) have one fifth: no guarantees. Worse still, those brave souls who occupy this tenuous area of the marketplace are quite thick on the ground. Only one of them has struggled out of the ruck to really stand head-and-shoulders clear: Mazda. That company has well over one third of the import sector. And in a market which isn't considered to be worth all that much, this gives the rest a few tenths of one fifth of SFA.

Since that commandment "thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's market share" was never officially struck, it comes as no surprise to learn that each group would cheerfully cannibalise the others' slices of the automotive cake. The local manufacturers would be "happy" with a 100 percent closed-shop arrangement, but would "settle" for, say, 90 percent as an interim compromise. The importers figure that if the tariff barriers were lowered, the market would turn those figures back to front and jam them hard between the local manufacturers' teeth. In the meantime, another 10 percent or so would just even up the competition a little.

No surprises here. Except from the market itself — currently staying away from the local product in droves to the point where the in-house team has had to concede a five percent loss in market grip on many occasions.

It has finally filtered through that perhaps some of the most desirable cars available are being kept out. At the same time, the buyers studiously avoid some that *are* being brought in. This is not simply a numbers game where the Gummint opens the gate, lets in the first 90,000 vehicles and then slams it shut. Oh no. Entry is by pre-sold ticket only. And the box office closed down some five years ago. So the people who are holding the tickets now are not necessarily the ones who'd like to get in to the show. And (until recently) the ones who would like to get in couldn't buy the tickets. That is, except from all the scalpers. Not surprisingly, some little number of tickets changed hands this way. At premium prices. A pretty profit was being made on the side with no return to the promoters (read: the Feds). Time to make a move . . .

Act Two

MALDRAKE has clomped indelicately across the rooftops of the waiting cars in the small paddock and is now standing on the edge of the moat doing his quite famous King Canute impersonation in front of a rising tide of cars braving the swim across these treacherous waters (liberally stocked with the dreaded Union Crocodiles, Tax Sharks, and Red Tape Piranhas which pick off anything that is still left). Maldrake notices that the handful that make it to the shoreline are all clasping great wads of money tightly in their fists. Overcome with emotion at their truly heroic struggle in the face of these stupendous odds, he then gratefully accepts their "gifts". And turning, he gestures hypnotically, and a sprinkling of "reserved seats" signs suddenly become available. The new Pilgrims pick up gate passes and move into the hallowed ranks.

Daihatsu's Charade was the first "new" vehicle to cross the moat and get into Australia under the Federal Government's "Quota Auction". In fact, Daihatsu gets a lot of credit for Quota Auctions. Almost two years ago, the company floated an "electric Charade" across the waters which got past the sharks and guards because it was flying a different flag — "energy conservation" instead of "automotive import". In a sort of Trojan Horse operation, the Feds opened it up, and out spilled a whole army of marketing men, who proceeded to kick down all the defensive barriers in sight.

At the time, the Government had knicked itself on its own sword (some are double-edged) by sticking on a fund-raiser called the Oil Price Parity. And there were a whole bunch of people who suddenly figured that an enclosed Lambretta was infinitely preferable to a motorised juggernaut. So the Daihatsu Charade now looked pretty good. So people started to ask for it.

It wasn't the ideal time for a newcomer to hit the market since a lot of other people wanted some reserved admission tickets to expand their existing stock. Particularly when the seats were to be sold at auction. Even more so when the average cost of getting a ticket amounted to a 95.5 percent surcharge (compared with the normal import duty of 57.5 percent). That was October 1979, and Daihatsu put its hand up at auctions and got 1669 tickets knocked down at that price. At a second auction about six months later it picked up another 523, this time at a 131.5 percent surcharge. Another 1100-odd were also picked up "cheap" on the open market, making a total of around 3300.

Act Three

A COMPUTER is centre stage, with lights flashing and spools whirring. Ticker tape spews from a feed in the side. It reads: Daihatsu Charade XG about $5200 . . . less dealer margin, about $800 . . . less shipping cost and insurance, about $800 . . . less local sales tax, 15 percent . . . less 95 to 131.5 percent import surcharge . . . net price from Aust. distributor about $1600 . . . distributor's factory buying price, secret, but more than that . . . problem: distributor losing money . . . solution: subsidise retail price . . . method: from income of the successful commercial vehicle line.

So Daihatsu Australia "bought" the market, that is, to gain a firm foothold in the marketplace, it took a loss. And the people bought the Charade in big numbers. Daihatsu easily sold its quota of 3300 cars in the first 12 months

Late in 1980 the Feds changed the rules yet again. Auctions were out. The quotas were back. Daihatsu was awarded a quota of 3200 vehicles based on its previous performance. It will still be able to buy any spare licences it finds floating about on the open market. It intends to buy up every one of these. It is hoping to garner 600 to 800, giving it a 1981 total sales potential of about 4000 units. Or just 1000 vehicles short of the original target. Together with its increasingly successful commercial vehicle line up, it hopes to sell a total of 10,000 vehicles this year.

All of which accounts for less than one percent of the total vehicle market.

So why all the fuss?

Quite simply because the Charade symbolises the massive shift in the market preferences now in train, and reflects the path into the future.

It's cheap to buy — the new 1981 models are priced from around $5500 to $5800 from standard to luxury trim (there are now two models: the X6 and XTE). Luxury includes extras such as four-door courtesy lights, carpet, tacho, a rear screen wiper/washer /demister, clock and AM/FM radio.

The on-road costs are cheap: registration and full insurance for well under $300.

And it's cheap to run: with a 6-10 percent improvement economy on the 1980 models, 8.1 to 7.1 l/100km (35-45mpg) should be a routine return for most drivers even in big city running, 6.3 l/100km (47mpg) is possible and almost 4.7 l/100km (60mpg) has been achieved on economy runs, making the Charade just possibly the most economical car available in Australia.

The package is efficient: it has the wheels at the extreme corners to minimise losses of space in the compartments. That also makes it easier to park the car and certainly cuts down on any overhangs. The engine is at the front, set sideways, with the gearbox integrated to give maximum interior space. Four tall people can easily climb in through big doors. The front passengers have good legroom. In the rear, two adults can be comfortable for shortish trips if the front seats are not rammed right back. The tailgate hatch creates adequate day-to-day storage space, and the small boot is improved by folding the rear seat forward.

The engine is made primarily from alloy, and has only three cylinders (to make it more compact) with about the same capacity (993cc) as the ideal four-cylinder engine for this size car.

Steering is light, fast at 3.5 turns lock to lock, and quite accurate. The flexible suspension (front struts/coils and rear five link/coil axle) has been improved this year to soften the ride and to eliminate some noise — mainly through attention being paid to the rear suspension control arm and to the shock absorbers. There are disc brakes at the front and drum brakes at the rear. These have also been improved for 1981.

The result of all of this is a minor motoring masterpiece. The car can be hurled at corners at seemingly suicidal speeds and driven through on power. Some slip and a tendency to run ahead must be allowed for, but it is almost idiot-proof. It can be U-turned like a push-stroller (with about a nine-metre turning circle), and reverse parking is in the dinky-toy class. In fact, it's so manoeuvrable I got it into a parallel-parking spot with 30 cm clearance overall. In heavy traffic it's the next best thing to a motorcycle, squeezing into holes where a rabbit couldn't go.

The gearing is cunningly arranged to take advantage of most modern motoring requirements, considering the modest power available. It gets up to 60km/h in 6.1 seconds, which allows it to keep up with the heavyweight traffic, and will reach 100km/h in around 16 seconds (using all 7000 rpm in the gears). After that, you'd better not hold your breath for it is hard pushed to run past 125 to 135 km/h, the absolute top end.

The ride is quite impressive for the size. The car straddles the road with a stubby 2.3m wheelbase and a chunky 1300mm track, which gives it a firm grip, and a supple gait with the softish spring settings.

The cabin is quiet at normal speeds, with some harshness being evident on rough surfaces.

For the base-price car buyer, the package is adequate. For the sporty driver the equipment is at the top end of the small car market.

There are faults. One is very mediocre seating cloth, with little lateral cling, although the nylon facing on the top models has been replaced this year with real cloth. Another is a "glasshouse" interior on hot days with poor ventilation. The optional egg-nishner is a good idea.

The gearshift, when in fifth slot, is a bit close to the knee for tall drivers, and the light switch is fiddly and too easy to bump off when driving. The steering, though light and good in turns, has the customary Nipponese vagueness when running straight, and any strong sidewinds can blow the machine off-line a bit.

In terms of economy it will take some beating. It's around half the price of a Golf diesel, with economy that comes close to matching that car, thus eliminating any chance of ever making good the difference, even over the long term. And the other economy cars, which cost from $1000 to $3000 more, cannot match it for its general fuel performance.

As we've already said, a good car has been made better in 1981. But the innovations go further than economy.

Visual differences are outstanding. The stylists have sculpted a new and sharper wedge-nose with rectangular headlights replacing the round ones.

The internal comfort differences are also notable. Noise levels have been cut through attention being paid to the muffler design, suspension noise isolation, re-design of the front suspension support assembly and shock absorber assembly and engine refinements. Some of these changes are also felt in smoother, tighter handling.

Adjustments have been made to the trim, and a broader interior color range is offered than in 1980.

And, within a month or so, you should also be able to purchase an "automatic" — Daihatsu's own Daimatic two-speed, a little like the Hondamatic in concept — big on smoothness, but not so big on performance. Wait and see.

For all of these improvements, the modest price increase over 1980 does little more than reflect the shift in the Yen's value over that period. The Daihatsu is still the ultimate value-for-money small car.

Any self respecting playboy must know enough to choose a cigar that enhances his image. (The image of a man who knows.)

A man who doesn't choose an oversized cigar, but one that gives ample choice of size and shape. Half Coronas. Panatellas. Scooters. Café Crème.

A cigar with a smooth, mild flavour. A cigar with a name respected the world over. Henri Wintermans does all of these things. Admirably.

HENRI WINTERMANS.
The nicest cigars in the world.

MOVIES

flash flies in to camp it up, and dolly parton makes a delightful debut

BROUGHT TO the screen by producer Dino De Laurentiis, **Flash Gordon** looks like the big, costly, campy comic strip it was intended to be (about $40 million worth, according to the unofficial estimates). The special effects don't even vaguely resemble those of *Star Trek, Star Wars* or of *Close Encounters.* Here you'll see the winged Hawkmen created by cartoonist Alex Raymond swooping and darting with very little indication of any technical superiority over the flying monkeys of *The Wizard of Oz,* circa 1939. The cartoon fantasyland of *Flash Gordon* has what seem to be painted skies and space ships, all in primary colors, plus adult, tongue-in-cheek conversation that is unbelievable but is often funny. "*Forget* it, Ming . . . Dale's with me," declares Flash Gordon now identified as a New York Jets quarterback who has been hijacked to the planet Mongo with the beauteous Dale Arden. Clearly, the evil Emperor Ming means to ravish her, yet Flash can't restrain his own whistle of admiration when his date is decked out in sacrificial-virgin finery. "You look *great,*" he chortles. To which Dale then responds: "It's the eye make-up." As the damsel less distressed than you might expect, pert actress Melody Anderson has a good time playing Dale, particularly when she's compelled to swallow a heady love potion and has to admit she kind of likes it. That is a clue to the kind of humor of the occasion: cosmic balloons with gag men pulling all the strings.

Max von Sydow, as the merciless Ming, and Ornella Muti, as Ming's very lusty daughter, have a field day with all of the foolishness afoot. More often seen in the context of austere Swedish films directed by Ingmar Bergman, Von Sydow, in *Flash Gordon,* is so stylishly and smashingly villainous he may have set himself up for a whole new career as a movie super bad guy. *Flash Gordon's* major weakness, alas, is Flash himself, rather blandly personified by Sam Jones, a movie newcomer whose most important assignment heretofore was playing Bo Derek's husband in *10.* Just another pretty face, I'm afraid. Given so-so direction and a so-what hero who emanates none of the innocence and the charisma Christopher Reeve brought to *Superman, Flash* holds up pretty well.

– **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

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Cynical and case-hardened critics are going to have very little patience with a film called **Somewhere in Time**, and already I've read some thundering denunciations of it in the overseas press. Its main mistake is putting the huge Christopher Reeve in as a romantic hero and expecting audiences to overlook the fact that he's hopelessly typecast as Superman. At any moment, we expect him to leap into a phone booth and yank his shirt off. This time he is one Richard Collier, an unbelievable playwright who heads off to a plush resort hotel during a bout of writer's block, falls in love with the photograph of a bygone actress and travels back in time to the year 1912 in order to find her. Now I'm not saying it's a *good* film; I'm merely saying I quite enjoyed it, being one with an incurably romantic frame of mind. It is sumptuous and handsome, unashamedly old-fashioned, and it makes about as much demand on the intellectual and critical faculties as a footy replay. Time's director is Jeannot Sżwarc, who is credited (if that's the word) with the sequel to *Jaws,* and is therefore a man who can be depended on not to let critical or any other scruples stand in the way of a dependable box-office formula. The ingredients this time include dreamy music, a tastefully-filmed lovemaking sequence, backgrounds of glossy but unevocative prettiness, and one quite alarmingly spooky moment near the end. With a little humor, it might have made a romantic fantasy as polished and agreeable as *The Ghost and Mrs Muir* or even the David Niven classic, *A Matter of Life and Death.* Even so, it can be recommended to those who like their love-stories bland, cockle-warming and ridiculous. Jane Seymour is the lovely lady, and I do mean lovely, and Christopher Plummer broods in the background mouthing rotund urbanities as Jane's jealous guardian and her mentor in *Somewhere in Time.*

– **EVAN WILLIAMS**

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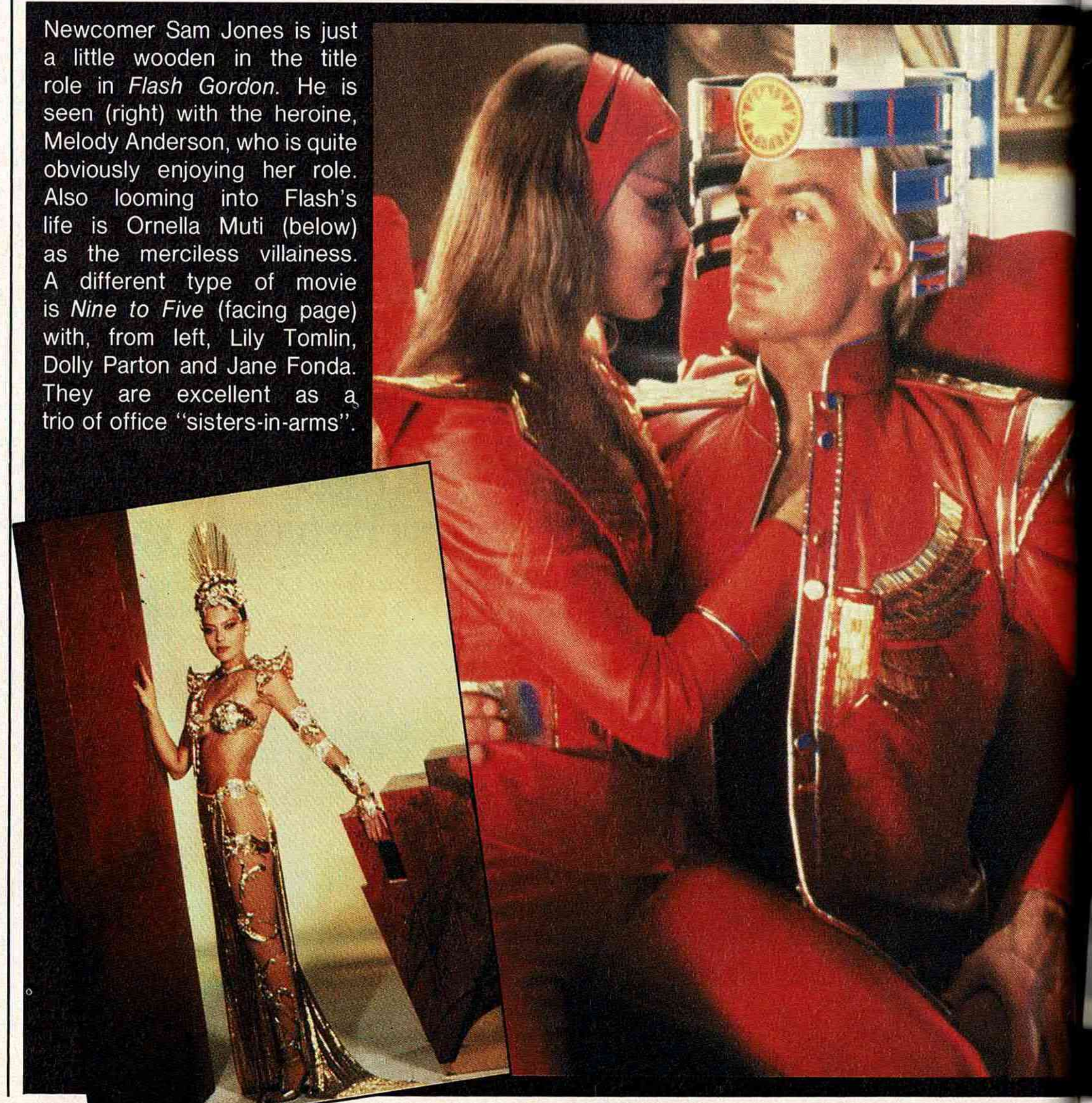

Newcomer Sam Jones is just a little wooden in the title role in *Flash Gordon.* He is seen (right) with the heroine, Melody Anderson, who is quite obviously enjoying her role. Also looming into Flash's life is Ornella Muti (below) as the merciless villainess. A different type of movie is *Nine to Five* (facing page) with, from left, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton and Jane Fonda. They are excellent as a trio of office "sisters-in-arms".

The first reel of **Nine to Five** made me steel myself for an interim report on women's rights, an Emancipation Proclamation for the working girl. The movie has a message of sorts, but forget preachments, and let's hear it for Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin and Dolly Parton. Although they may have to share the top spot among film feminists with Goldie Hawn (as in *Private Benjamin*), Jane, Lily and Dolly are aces as a trio of office buddies, or sisters-in-arms, who all become rebel queens for a day once *Nine to Five* gets up some steam. The screenplay by Colin Higgins (of *Harold and Maude* and *Foul Play)* and Patricia Resnick — with Higgins directing in a hit-or-miss manner — isn't quite as consistent as the collective female star power unleashed to belt it across. With those three misses, however, the hits come easy. Jane is a partner in the production and a joy to watch. More than atoning for her ill-conceived *Moment by Moment* with John Travolta, Tomlin is hilarious, particularly when she camps it up through a Snow White fantasy about poisoning her boss, with lots of bluebirds and furry forest creatures dancing attendance on her. Dolly is delightful, and while I'm not sure that what she does is acting, she exudes the kind of naturally sunny spontaneity that other actresses work very hard to imitate. There's no male love interest as such, just Dabney Coleman as a boss you love to hate — "a sexist, egotistical, lying, hypocritical bigot" whom the girls kidnap and hold hostage. Never scolding or self-righteous re male-chauvinist pigs, *Nine to Five* shrewdly makes its points stronger by turning the revenge of the working girl into the liveliest office party of the year.

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A movie lover's movie from beginning to end. **The Stunt Man** may be one of the happiest surprises of the season for audiences willing — and able — to think twice about what they see. All but buried alive by distributors who have been shying away from it for nearly two years, this offbeat movie within a movie by producer-director Richard Rush (who also did *Freebie and the Bean*) stars Peter O'Toole at the top of his splendid form as a completely obsessed director who's shooting an anti-war epic in southern California and seems quite ready to make human sacrifices to his art. "If God could do the tricks that we can do, He'd be a happy man," O'Toole declares. And caught up in his entourage are a leading actress (Barbara Hershey) and an apprentice stunt man (Steve Railsback, the Charles Manson of television's *Helter Skelter)* who is actually a fugitive from the law.

Plot has little to do with *The Stunt Man's* breathtaking frontal assault on truth, fiction and folderol. Movie magic is the key, and director Rush does a masterful job of persuading us that almost nothing is what it seems. Scenes that look like reality turn out to have been staged for the camera. *Stunt Man's* disorienting style is a cross between the avant-garde experiments of Alain Resnais and the breakneck action sagas of Don Siegel or Peter Yates. Several of the stunts are extraordinary — particularly when O'Toole boasts that he'll have a man dance the Charleston on the wing of a vintage biplane in mid-air and will force the audience to believe it, and then he *does.* Outrageous. Based on a novel by Paul Brodeur, and with a screenplay by Lawrence B. Marcus, director Rush's quite vibrant black comedy has O'Toole, perched on a giant hydraulic crane, swooping through it all like an avenging angel. Total bravura.

•

Judged strictly as drama, **Altered States** ends with a whisper. Everything else is tantalising, in one way or another — scary, hypnotic, easily the best Ken Russell movie since *Women in Love,* to which it bears no resemblance at all. Based upon Paddy Chayefsky's novel, with a screenplay credited to Sidney Aaron (a *nom de film* explained by Chayefsky's contractual option to take his name off the movie, an option he chose to exercise), *Altered States* explores the mystical levels of human consciousness and deploys its own special-effects task force to create a number of the most mind-bending aural, visual and visceral moments a moviegoer is apt to experience without taking a mouthful of magic mushrooms. Once again, modern science triggers off the plot, which is concentrated in a

New England scientific community where this young married professor (movie newcomer William Hurt), having tried everything else, begins some quite dangerous experiments on himself in a watery isolation tank. Free-floating back to primordial states of human existence is his goal. As usual, Russell goes too far — going too far, of course, is almost the definition of his cinematic style. But *Altered States* does suffer for it, becoming quite incoherent at times and deteriorating into something like *The Wolf Man at Harvard.* The dialogue is often dense with some very weighty academic jargon, another handicap, though the actors manage to sound more than sensible. Hurt's performance establishes him as a new, minor star evolving into major importance before your very eyes, while Blair Brown, as his distraught and estranged wife, provides the strong emotional lifeline that separates a trip movie from a true movie. Although it is irritatingly over-wrought at times, *Altered States* has a lot going for it.

– **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

•

The original *Jazz Singer* (1927) was the first talkie, and Richard Fleischer's updated version strives as mightily as if it were the last: plenty of noise, plenty of music and, admittedly, plenty of pleasures. In this case, **The Jazz Singer** might more appropriately be called "The Rock Singer", having as much to do with jazz as a church hymn book. Neil Diamond, morose and plumpish, conspicuously treated by the hairstyling experts, looks old enough to be the hero's father, and seems to have left it rather late in life to be leaving his New York Jewish tenement origins and making it as a rock idol in California. But stranger things have happened in showbiz. In the Al Jolson version, young Rabinowitz was a star on Broadway who still found time to join his ailing father singing at Yom Kippur; but this time Diamond dumps his wife in New York, heads for the West Coast and teams up with Molly (the beguiling Lucie Arnaz), eventually walking out on *her* when she's having his baby. If I found the character less than admirable, I still had the impression that we were meant to like him and applaud his single-minded devotion to the cause of popular entertainment. As Molly rather coolly informs the deserted wife: "I'm not your problem, *that's* your problem," pointing to the swaying hordes of concert fans. Laurence Olivier (yes, again) is Diamond's sentimental and uncomprehending father, a Jewish cantor deeply bound by ritual and tradition who doesn't hold with the pop music business. Back in the 1920s the old man's over-protective concern for his son might have seemed credible in the spirit of the times; Olivier's misty-eyed antics at the mere thought of his adult son taking a trip to Los Angeles seem faintly comical. Olivier is a great *stage* actor whose emotive exertions loom rather too large under big-screen magnification. But his Jewish-American accent and his shambling gait are brilliantly correct: "Iss not tough enough — beink a Jew?" (After Diamond and his friends are booked by the cops for a nightclub brawl.) The songs aren't bad either. Neil Diamond's trademark (those slow, rasping and declamatory monosyllables breaking out from subdued lines of melody) is all to the fore, and who's to complain if no one else in the cast is allowed to sing a number? It's Neil Diamond's picture — brassy, virile and spirited — and I'd rather watch him with Laurence Olivier than queue up at the Hordern Pavilion in Sydney.

Laurence Olivier (left) as a sentimental Jewish father and Neil Diamond as his son, who wants to leave home to become a big star, in the re-make of *The Jazz Singer.*

– **EVAN WILLIAMS**

•

Too bad when women filmmakers break into the movie big time, then blow it. After the success of her modest and charming *Girlfriends*, director Claudia Weill then undertook **It's My Turn** from a first screenplay by novelist Eleanor Bergstein. I wish it were better, but this is definitely a *Turn* for the worse, with Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas and Charles Grodin all ambushed by a sluggish romantic comedy full of fashionably dull jargon about the need "to feel more connected," to "nurture each other" or to give each other "a lot of space". I won't expose the story's flaws by spotlighting them, except to say that Clayburgh portrays a mathematician with problems she cannot resolve.

•

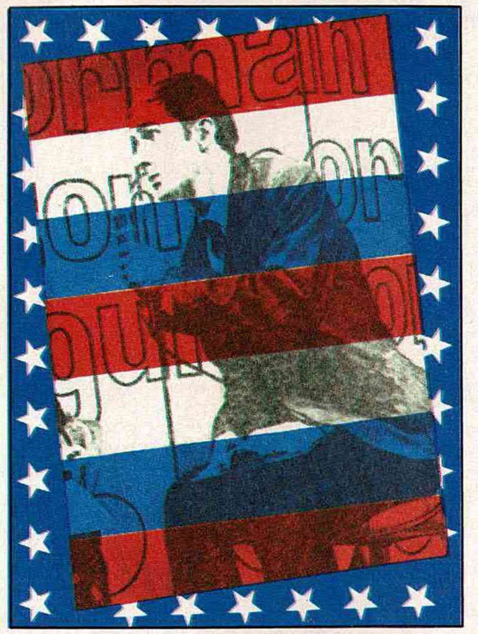
Paul Le Mat and Jason Robards portray Melvin Dummar and mad Howard Hughes in the eccentric, irresistible opening scene of **Melvin and Howard**. History was made, or possibly fabricated, back in 1967, when Dummar — a blue-collar jack-of-all-trades — picked up the stranded tycoon on a remote stretch of highway, lent him a bit of small change and later came into possession of a will naming him heir to one 16th of the vast Hughes estate. Dummar's case was ruled out by a Utah court in 1978, two years after Hughes' death. It was natural to hope that *Melvin and Howard* would either shed new light on the facts or develop the relationship between the two men into a charming film fable. Writer Bo Goldman and director Jonathan Demme took a different tack, and not an especially sharp one. Robards, as Hughes, disappears just as the movie's getting started. The rest of it is a slightly patronising, fitful kitchen comedy about the dishwater-dull life of Dummar, who writes terrible songs (Santa's Souped-up Sleigh, for one — and the film's fun is at its best when he forces Hughes to sing it). Melvin wins the Milkman of the Month title, nudges his first wife on to an LA game show called *Easy Street* and proves himself to be a reckless big spender who dreams in the shadow of the repo man. Sorry to say, I could not bring myself to give a damn about any of this and finally concluded that Dummar must, indeed, be a con man whose major achievement was stirring up so much publicity that they made a movie about him. That *Melvin and Howard* is merely ordinary is not the actors' fault. Le Mat, as Dummar, treads a fine line between innocence and asininity without quite falling on his face. Mary Steenburgen and Pamela Reed, as his wives, both perform quite fetchingly. Although Steenburgen has the best bits as a down-home tootsie who marries Melvin twice (and leaves him frequently to try her luck dancing in honky-tonks), she has to push her fey humor pretty hard in an overdone Las Vegas wedding scene in which she waddles down the aisle, massively pregnant.

– **BRUCE WILIAMSON**

SHOWBIZ

norman gunston may be america-bound, and we get the mike willesee loons

NORMAN GUNSTON to run amok in America? Well, if negotiations now taking place in romantic Los Angeles come good, Wollongong's own gift to the international cultural scene will be on US television before Christmas. Executives from the leading American networks have been staring at Norman on tape for some time and, not surprisingly, all are astonished by what they have been seeing . . . bloody amazed in fact. According to Norman's manager, Lance Reynolds, the network heavies haven't the faintest idea what he's on about, but they don't understand Monty Python or Benny Hill either. Suffice to say they think he'll fit in with the bizarre new wave of international humor and that means big quids for Garry McDonald, an excellent straight actor who really deserves some decent dough for being stuck with Norman Gunston.



•

Oz movie production has really hit plague proportions thanks to jolly John Howard's new tax rules. The new freedom has made the film business a must for squads of doctors, lawyers, accountants and any whorehouse owners who have far too much cash on their hands. At last count there were 62 major pictures in varying stages of production, and that's astounding when one considers that we have only just enough skilled technical people to handle a maximum of 15 pictures a year. The result will, of course, be a lot more rubbish; however on the positive side it does mean plenty of practice for all the young cameramen, the writers, directors, actors and producers who will, it is hoped, carry on the business past the '80s.

•

By now most TV freaks will have realised that 1981 will go down as the year of the idiot program. Just as all of the networks were starting to produce some high quality material *(Ned Kelly* and *Water Under The Bridge),* up they come with monumental lapses in taste like *Oz 81* and *Catch Us If You Can.* Suddenly, discussions with the average clod in the street are the big deal, something that the Americans worked out in 1958 when that dreadful Funt fellow launched his *Candid Camera.* Why is it happening all over again? Have the TV bosses discovered Jesus and turned into total, rampant humanitarians? Not likely folks, it's all for the fast buck. There's a very old newspaper trick which uses a big crowd picture to pull in fresh readers. Naturally everyone in the picture will buy the paper, and so will all their friends. It's exactly the same on the tube, and compared with drama production, the costs are minimal. Why produce quality when you can get the same, or better ratings, with people jumping into pools of jelly and custard? Depressing isn't it?

•

While we're stuck on the subject of television, there seems to be a fair amount of dithering over the future of one Mr Richard Neville, the nicely spoken specialist on everything, and a counter-culture alternative to John Laws. For Richard simply thrilled the mums during last year's stint with *The Mike Walsh Show,* and so the chaps at Channel Nine feel that he is destined for a big career in the talking head business. When we were going to press, though, Dick had not been given that final nod, but a very late night weekly chat show would seem the most viable proposition. Either that, or his own morning gardening program would be a good idea.

•

Knifings are hardly rare in TV land, but the cutlery is really flashing around Mr Donald Lane. After five years on top, the ratings are finally starting to slip (some say plummet) and it looks as if the format has done its dash. Don and Bert are doing their best, of course, and they are working with the very best live production team in the country, but enough is enough. The dreadful wheel, Don's badly written gags and interviews, Bert doing the funny hats and silly clothes routines, and the interminable club singers . . . none of it works any more. In a fairly desperate move to salvage at least another couple of years out of the show, the Channel Nine heavies have commissioned David Price, the man behind the Mike Walsh empire, to rev up the production side of things. But it is really a last gasp, and even the most optimistic of the executives concerned are not keen to prophesy a sparkling future for *The Don Lane Show* in the '80s. But remember, the show has killed 'em for five years, and in TV land that's one hell of a long time. What do they want, jam on it?

•

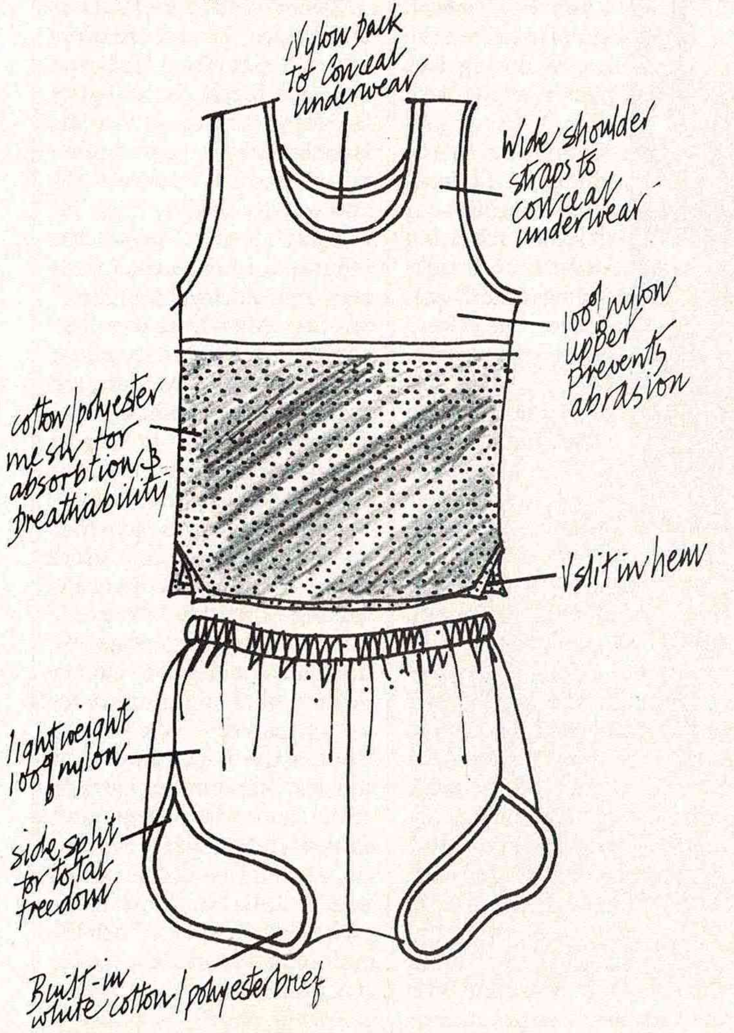
There's no doubt about Hal Prince, he can certainly select his sheilas. Hal, you may all recall, is the wily Broadway producer who has launched *Evita* in five countries, and discovered the noteworthy Miss Jennifer Murphy during the process (another of his famous finds was one Shirley MacLaine). So far, Miss Murphy has copped more publicity about being a cute wondermum than for her ability as a singer, and that is a pity because she's truly brilliant. Excuse the ghastly *cliché,* but she really does have that special magic, that extra something they were always talking about in B grade movies. Her stage presence, unusual looks and superb voice should augur nicely for a big career . . . we hope. There's not a lot of work for musical superstars in Australia, and Miss Murphy is a former club singer. How awful it would be if she turned into a Julie Anthony clone and spent the rest of her life clumping around the poker machine circuit.

•

Despite the big savage national bucketing Michael Willesee has copped for his new show, it is doing moderately well in the ratings. The critical vitriol was to be expected (TV writers are notoriously unimaginative and reactionary) but nobody seems to have realised what the show will do for the future of Oz comedy. The Monty Python crew and blokes like Marty Feldman are where they are today because David Frost gave them the chance to write and perform under pressure. The same thing is happening to Doug Mulray, Lance Curtis, Geoff Kelso and the other Willesee loons, and mark my words, by the middle '80s they'll be big stars on the tube and in movies.

– **ANDREW SAW**

ça va etceteras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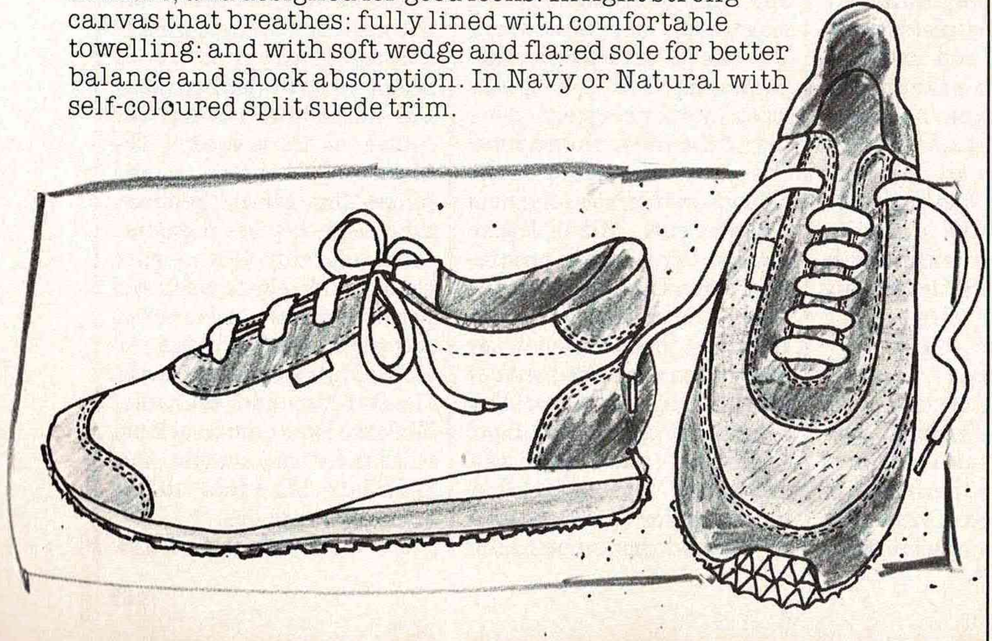

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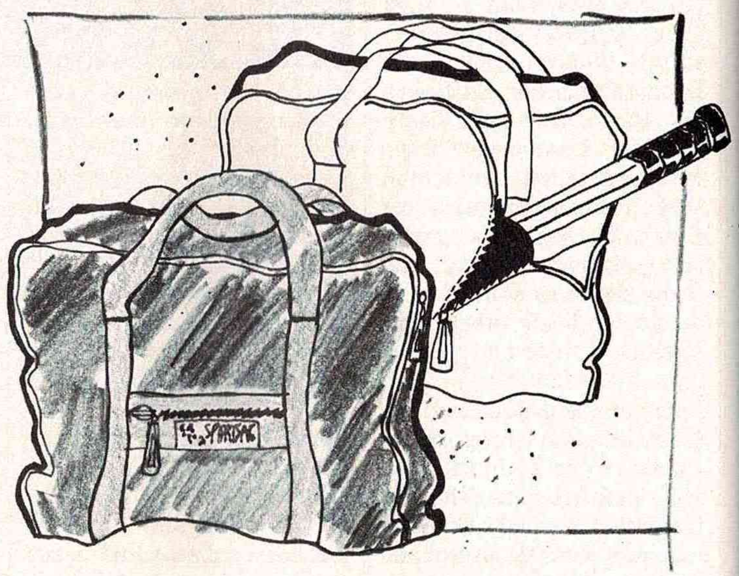

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MUSIC

nicolette larson: looks — plainly pretty; voice — pretty plain

Despite the fledgling feel, there was something in *In the Nick of Time* which suggested that Nicolette Larson might grow into one big West Coast mumma with more than just a few claims on Ronstadt's shaky rule. That was about 18 months ago and we are sad to report that the girl has not been eating her grits, because *Radioland* (Warner Bros) is about as tame an effort as the previous set. When this reviewer was in school, the girls were either plain or pretty. Well, Ms Larson is plain pretty and her music is pretty plain.

She's got a sweet voice, but it's all at the wrong end of the range to have any chance of leaping out from the woofer and grabbing a hammer-lock on your ear. Backed by strutty vocals (with contributions from Ronstadt) When You Come Around offers us a catchy rhythm line which somehow manages to avoid swamping Nicolette's vocal lead. It works, and why? Could have something to do with the fact that it's the only cut in which Nicolette had a hand in the writing.

A Doobies producer, Ted Templeman, crafted *Radioland* and, as one more used to a fatter sound, he might have found himself at a loss here. Half the problem probably stems from Ms Larson's inability to define a sound or direction which segregates her from so many others. The late Lowell George almost provided something for her to wrestle with in his superb Long Distance Love. It's a beautiful song, and even this half-good rendition can't disguise that.

•

If Boomtown Rats frontman Bob Geldof is losing sleep over critics' efforts to bury the band for good, their *Mondo Bongo* (Mercury) might cure his insomnia. Despite healthy sales for the previous album, *Fine Art of Surfacing,* too many people let the single success of I Don't Like Mondays color their view of what was a beautifully balanced work. It prompted instant dismissals of the Rats as a surviving musical force and had others betting the follow-up would be a dud.

It's not.

Word in the US is that the reason the Rats have failed to crack that market comes down to Geldof's habit of delivering one of his classic put-downs. Everyone from the AM radio jocks to Bruce Springsteen copped the Geldof lip and there's no denying it hurt the boys' chart chances. It was evident from his form on the group's Australian tour last year that he was trying very hard not to offend.

Nicolette Larson, (left), a girl with a sweet voice but on her LP, *Radioland,* too soft by half. And the Boomtown Rats with *Mondo Bongo* have gone Irish reggae! What next from Geldof?

Mondo Bongo is the sort of surprise package that we didn't expect the Rats to deliver. The single, Banana Republic, is a reggae rap about Ireland (of all places) and it's a vicious swipe at the Green Isle's history. No joke! Geldof was inspired by the beat poets of the '50s when he launched into his own loose-limbed rave of Mood Mambo.

A compelling percussive pace offset by a sax solo gives Go Man Go the right blend of style and innovation to qualify it as one of the more impressive cuts. Geldof is almost invariably free of cliche and, although the theme is not new, the delivery on Another Piece of Red is very slick. It plots the slow demise of the British Empire, something which might have come home to Geldof during the group's last world tour.

Hurt Hurts, by contrast, is a rather clumsy parcel of images which simply don't set solidly enough to really impress. It reinforces that the Boomtown Rats' albums are difficult to accept in the context of just one mood. Geldof's thought processes and moods are obviously too diverse for him to maintain any continuity of theme. Singularly, the odd phrase smacks of his often brilliant dialogue, but it is primarily left to the band's energetic and very distinctive musical efforts to run a bond of unity through the set's 12 tracks.

The Boomtown Rats dropped into Spain to shake out the cobwebs and record *Mondo Bongo* at Ibiza Sound Studios. Produced by Tony Visconti and the band, it's got as much stir and stun value as anything the group has ever done. I think we'll give it an A.

•

Anyone whose music can be found too easily with a random twirl of the AM dial might deserve to be treated with extreme caution. It's probably something which has plagued the daylights out of Dr Hook. Y'see, for this multi-faceted, seven-man outfit, pop is just one form which springs readily to the fore. It's just as well for lead singer and guitarist-percussionist Ray Sawyer (the dude with the eye-patch), because it was way back in 1975 that the band released an album called *Bankrupt,* in recognition of their financial situation. It contained the AM rager Only Sixteen which sold like shale shares and put Hook back in the cash.

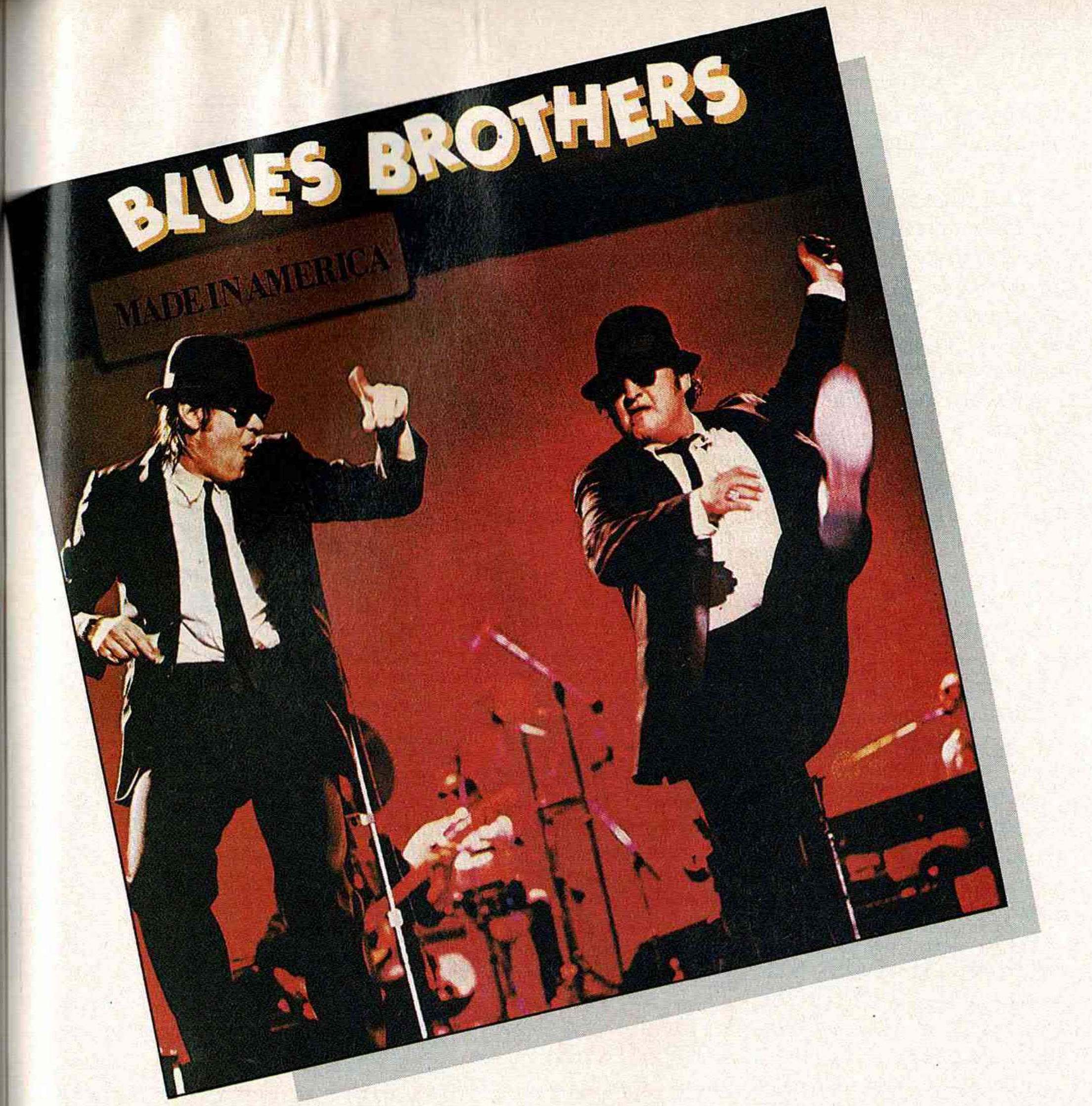
So, after that experience, can you blame producer and musical director Ron Haffkine for realising that a solid pop content would have to be part and parcel of every Hook album. And it came to pass that in 1980 the band emerged from the studio with *Rising* (Mercury), and (you guessed it) it is just crammed with high calories and honey-sweet pop killers, most of which poured from Sawyer's syrupy pen.

The hordes of Australians who flock to Hook concerts will tell you the boys can boogie, cruise the blues or just plain rock along with the best, but unfortunately there's just not enough of it on *Rising.*

Doin' It has a brisker soul feel about it, and the tale of 99 and Me is damn close to swamp blues. But the rest rides too close to pop-country to cause any surprises. We guess that means it will sell alarmingly well.

•

Songwriter, film-maker, story teller and singer — it makes Harry Chapin sound very much like another pop phenomenon. But a more accurate filing system would find him in among the traditional stream of singers and storytellers whose forefathers were paying their dues long before Robin Hood signed Alan A'Dale on as an outlaw lute plucker. And, like most of his forebears, Chapin has concentrated on concert performance rather than recording for sales or for posterity. However, the modest success of his *Taxi* release must have prompted moves for a follow-up, and here it is in the appropriate shape and title of *Sequel* on the CBS label.



The arbiters of vogue tell us that people who write songs with any sense of a whimsy, lack of malice, a strong allegiance to meaning and a deep feel for parable are all occupying cemetery plots or are appearing on *Sesame Street.* But they forgot about Harry Chapin. When Chapin tells of the manner in which the young professional sportsman and the beauty queen prostitute themselves for fame and money, it's not with the club of crudity but the potency of pity that he delivers the most telling lines.

In the same way as the dustbowl singers of the Depression years cast fame upon the tracks by romanticising their freight-jumpin' deeds, Chapin brings the tradition into focus by making a jet flight the subject of Northwest 222. "It's a late night bird that always brought me back home to you," he sings.

Chapin knows that he's fighting the odds. Guys like him are a dying breed, and his songs fan the last flickerings from the candle while reminiscing of other days. Remember When The Music is one sad, last look over the shoulder to just a few years ago when the singers and songs stood for a movement, a hope and enlightenment "that set minds on fire". Chapin knows that it's gone, but he understands what it means to his concert-going fans when he sings: " . . . all the potent voices and the choices we had then, How I'd love to find we had that kind of choice again."

•

Watching Dr Feelgood sweat their way through a poker hot version of Riot In Cell Block Number Nine was a good enough memory jogger to pay due credit to Leiber and Stoller's writing brilliance. Now, we're not saying here that the Blues Brothers' version on *Made In America* (Atlantic) is as good as Feelgood's, but it is one helluva show stopper.

When Berry Gordy wrote Do You Love Me? he was just one more struggling Detroit songwriter. He went on to become one of the originators of Motown, a factor which just might have influenced Jake and Elwood to find a place for Do You Love Me? on this live performance. Despite the madcap parody and all the blues bull, there are too many serious musicians and too many expectant fans to let this project fall away to sham. Mixed in with the blues is some fine soul and that early '60s form which stemmed from one music house on old Broadway and became known through the works of Goffin and King, Leiber and Stoller, Mann and Weil plus Greenfield and Sedaka as Brill Building Pop.

Paul Shaffer's acoustic piano does more than justice to Randy Newman's Guilty, which, along with Sonny Boy Williamson's From The Bottom as well as Wayne Cochran's Going Back To Miami, is one of the real stars of *Made In America.*

The album was produced by Bob Tischler and Paul Shaffer from recordings of the band's Universal Amphitheatre performances. Quite plainly, from the engineering and the competence of the Brothers' large backing band (with horn arrangements by Tom Malone and Tom Scott, no less). It's an exhilarating listen and — as the Brothers so clearly say — the music won't go away because it is part of our culture. — NEIL JAMESON

•

Flautist Hubert Laws has no peers on his chosen instrument. It has been this way for the past decade, ever since that stunning series he did for CTI label in the early 1970s. Now on CBS he has a new one titled *Family.* Predictably, it is of his customary impeccable standard and utilises some top musicians such as Chick Corea, Earl Klugh and Jimmy Cleveland.

Have a listen to the tasty What A Night, with Bobby Lyle, piano; Nathan East, bass and Ndugu Chancler, drums — plus the assorted brass and strings. A most interesting tune with some extremely fascinating scoring for the big ensemble. This is my kind of sound and it indicates that all is well with today's music.

The title track features the vocals of Debra Laws against a propulsive orchestral and rhythm background which is so intriguing that it even overcame my very well-known apathy toward singers in general (Billie, Dinah, Anita and a few others excepted). As usual, on this track Hubert Laws shines, this time on piccolo.

And Memory Of Minnie (Riperton) is another lyrical number that has Corea on the acoustic piano with Lyle switching on to the Fender Rhodes. Laws' solo is a floating gem against intricate rhythm and sensuous string sounds.

Magnificent!

Say You're Mine starts off quiet and then lets go with a vengeance. It has more than a trace of crossover and is punctuated by staccato brass figures that give the whole affair an infectious drive.

Even Ravel's warhorse Bolero gets an outing here. Not one of my favorites, this composition got a new lease of life with the movie *10*. Thankfully, Laws gets away from that old monotonous theme. The group comes up with a series of variations from Corea's acoustic piano before Laws takes over with a string of improvisations that demonstrate his unique stature as today's premier flute player. An outstanding album that I cannot help but commend highly.

•

Chuck Mangione, who was out here recently for the Sydney Festival, has a new one for A & M label, *Fun And Games*. He has established a highly successful formula that has resulted in several gold records in America, a formula that I admit to finding a trifle bland at times, maybe because his main instrument, the flugelhorn, is itself a rather cool axe — without the thrilling bite of the smaller trumpet. At least that is my reaction.

The tunes include his own composition Give It All You Got, commissioned by ABC Sports for the 1980 Winter Olympics, a quieter version of which (Give It All You Got, But Slowly) is my favorite track on the LP. Significantly, perhaps, Mangione here confines himself to keyboards and leaves the wind to Chris Vadala, who shines throughout on a variety of wind instruments.

— KYM BONYTHON.

SHORT CUTS

Dean Chamberlain writes raw, rough-house rock such as you might have heard from the best pub band of 1972. As lead guitarist and vocalist for a trio called Code Blue, he's primarily responsible for a refreshing (sometimes naïve) self-titled album (Warner Bros) that is worth the bucks.

A greatest hits effort wasn't expected from Heart, who have not really put enough albums behind them to qualify. Simply called *Heart* (Epic), it is a two-record set that's split evenly between studio and live cuts. The curtain comes down with Led Zep's Rock And Roll which is dedicated to John Bonham.

The Jam possible apply too much thought to their product to ever be confused with more commercially successful three-pieces. *Sound Affects* (Polydor) is even more stimulating than the previous *Setting Sons*, confirming the belief that these Brits still have much to contribute. Completely devoid of pretension, their music runs the progressive end of the new wave tangent in classical British style.

Shades of Blue (TSOP) offers the perfect hue for Lou Rawls. It has been a pity that such a good voice has been used to deliver too much schmaltz, but on this work he applies a more traditional style to an old collection which includes the oft-tried Mann-Weil-Spector hit You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' and Aretha Franklin's Think.

The Best of the J. Geils Band Two (Atlantic) is a bit of high gloss nostalgia for one of rock's hottest live acts. It's a full-throttle electric rage that all the nostalgia buffs shouldn't miss.

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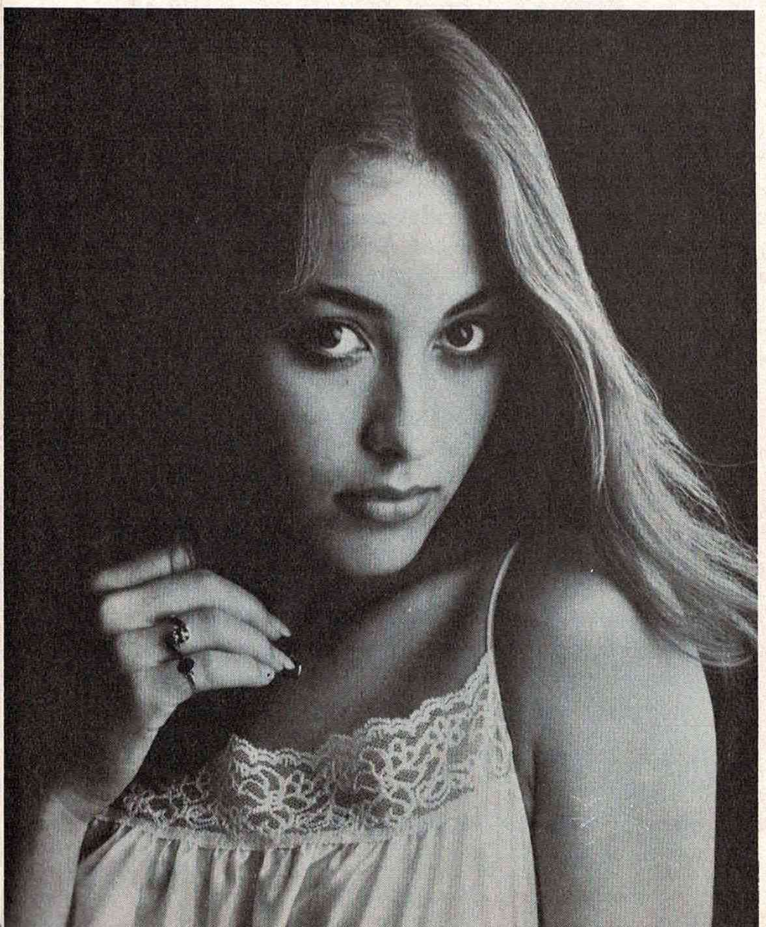

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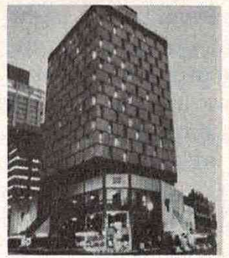

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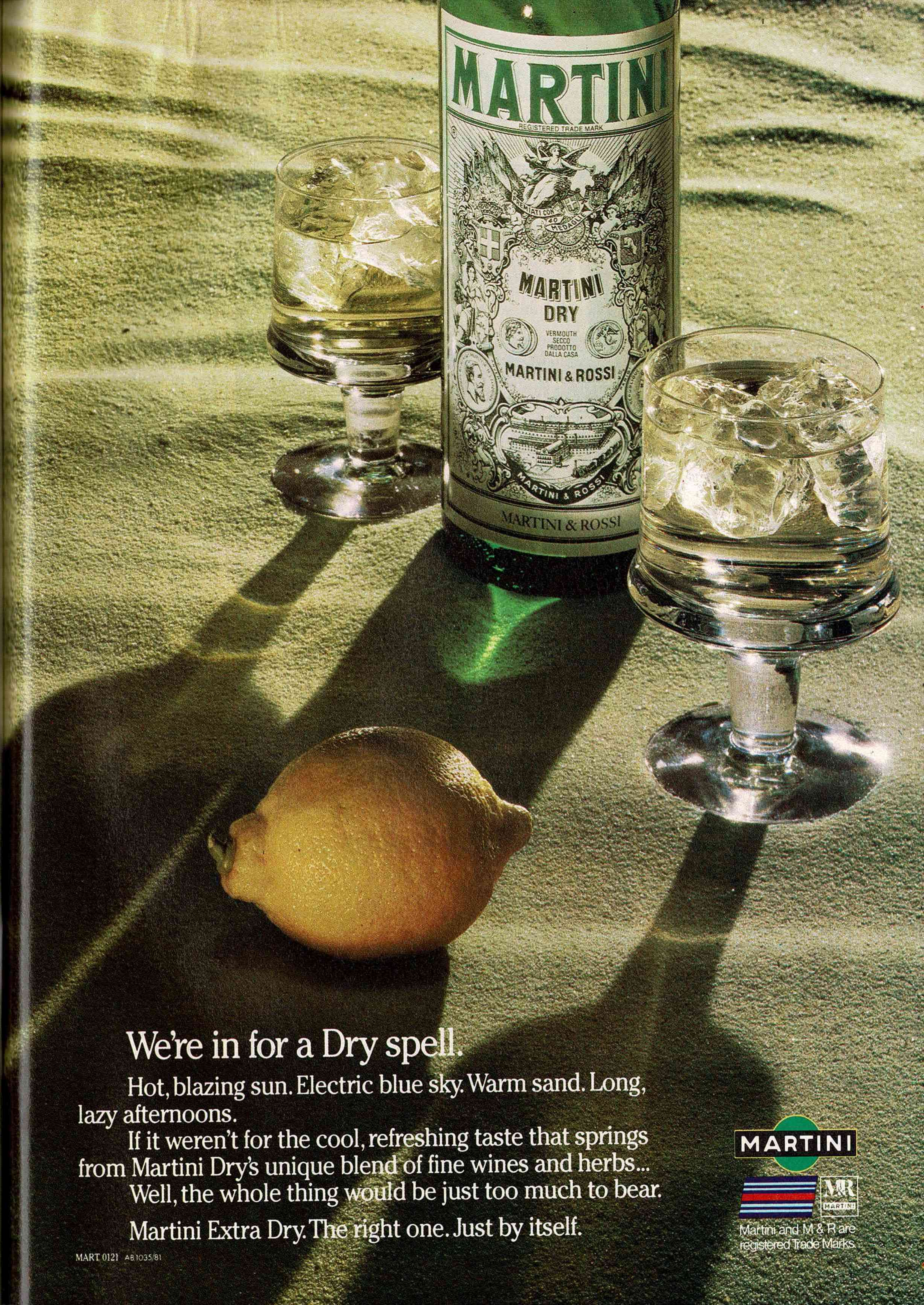

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BOOKS

biggs is a bore, the real *life of brian, and chastity exposed: it's dull*

YEARS AND years and years ago a bunch of Poms all got together and, doing the most co-ordinated thing seen in Britain since D-day, robbed the Glasgow to London mail train of 120 bags of banknotes — some two million pounds.

They were good thieves, but harebrained at almost everything they did after the theft: one by one they were caught. There are two or three who escaped and are still free, as far as is known, but most of them were caught through their own stupidity or the unconscionable disregard for simon-pure methods employed by Scotland Yard. I suppose it's the same thing.

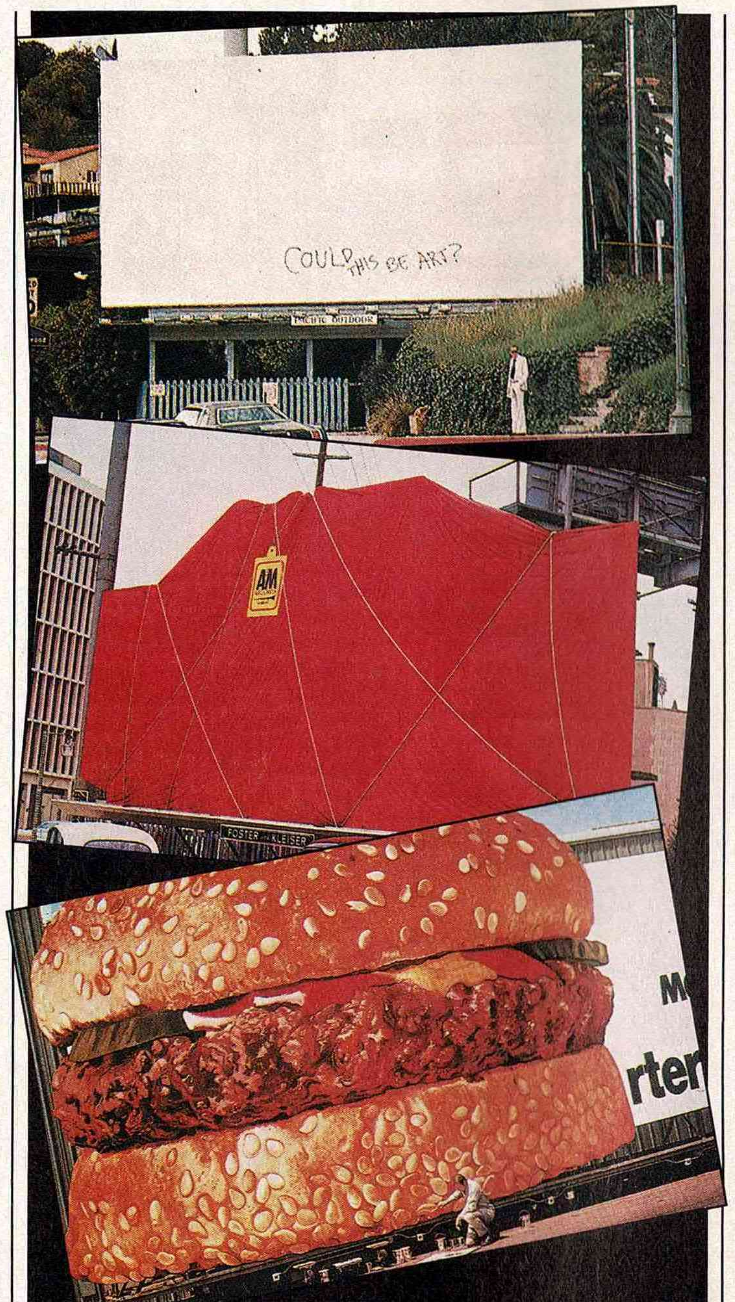
One of the thieves — as you've heard or read time and time again — was a fellow named Ronald Biggs. Now he has turned author with *Ronnie Biggs* (Nelson). Long before writing, however, this often super-stupid thief had been stealing things all his life. He had started by pinching and selling the engagement ring of his brother's fiancee. That was the first job of any note, anyway. It's not on record that he picked the pocket of the doctor who had delivered him, but I wouldn't be surprised to hear it. Biggs was, and evidently still is, the kind of Pom who reminds you that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Borstal.

Anyway, Biggs managed to escape from the slammer, making his way to Paris and, paying through the nose all the way, have the said nose and other parts of his face altered by a plastic surgeon. Then he came to Australia to hide, and took such care about hiding that his first address here was the Wentworth Hotel, one of the best and most tirelessly watched in Sydney.

(Not long after that I was interviewing his then wife, Charmian — relentlessly called CharmAINE by most of the Australian press — who had followed him out here. She showed me a picture of Biggs and herself taken at the old Chequers nightclub in Sydney. That's lying low for you.)

He moved on to Adelaide, then to Melbourne, and left a really indelible mark for posterity by working as a carpenter on the construction of Graham Kennedy's dressing room at Channel Nine. But feeling the patient breath of the Law on his neck again, took off again. This time it was for Rio, where he's lived ever since; and if you haven't heard about him in Rio, and if you want to learn how to be a lousy thief, if you want to read of a rather pathetic attempt at self-justification and a still more pathetic plea for people, particularly the Law, to be nice to him, if you want to read a bit of tiresome hair-splitting, then buy this book.

Otherwise do not. There are better ways to waste your money. — RON SAW



When questioned on the subject of art in advertising, England's ad business guru, David Berstein, summed it all up as, "a bastard art in an exact science". It's also been called "the most fun you can have with your clothes on".

On page 89 of *Billboard Art*, published by Angus & Robertson, a naked poster site waiting to be covered with its next suit of commercial clobber, bears a thin underclothing of graffiti asking: "Could this be art?"

When applied to the words and pictures in the remainder of this glossy little glossary, I believe the question is answered in the positive.

Billboard Art traces the history of this particular advertising medium from its "cave mural" origins to the monoliths of today.

If, by definition, a great billboard is one that delivers a commercial message with impact and the speed of lightning, the timely one for Volkswagen (page 80) which simply says, "Relieves gas pains" next to a picture of the car, is really more than just a clever message — it could just be art.

— JOHN NANKERVIS

•

Working away on a radio station, I once had cause to ring Graham Chapman in Los Angeles.

I think the reason was to interview him about the latest Monty Python movie, probably *Life Of Brian.*

Why I have any trouble remembering all of this is because Chapman was incredibly dreary. Unlike most professionals involved in promoting a product, he was so totally uninterested in talking about it that I kept thinking; "Why are we both wasting our time?"

The interview wasn't live to air. It was taped, thank heavens, which meant that I could throw it in the rubbish bin where it belonged, thus sparing my few listeners the agony of putting up with Chapman waffling on about nothing in particular.

But Graham Chapman, who played Brian, is in fact a very funny bloke. He is funny on telly and in the movies. He is terribly funny as a writer, and I must confess that, as I read *A Liar's Autobiography* (Methuen), I couldn't help but laugh out loud as he explained how he loathes talking to dumb disc jockeys on the phone to promote movies, television series and books.

This volume purports to be the story of his own life, except as he says, it's full of lies. The rare moments of truth would seem to come when he explains what a dreadful doctor he would have made and why he quit medicine to write for the likes of David Frost.

Chapman also spends a great deal of time explaining that he is gay, why he's no longer ashamed of it, and how he and a close personal male friend held a special coming-out party to explain his persuasion to his pals such as Marty Feldman and John Cleese.

His mind is marvellously unhinged, and after that crashingly dull 15 minutes we spent on the telephone, I can understand why he fantasises and makes up stories about himself.

Which is no mean feat, by the way. I know quite a few people who are just as dull when they're imagining things as they are in real life. — MIKE GIBSON

•

Commercialism pretty well makes the world go round these days, which is fine because it does acknowledge the necessity of making a living. Even when escaping from such realism — and books are a prime target for just that — people still like to get their money's worth. But $39.95 seems a hefty price to pay for *Chastity in Focus* (Quartet Books) which does not offer even a lift on to a cloud, let alone transport into the fantasy land promised.

In truth, the combination of the Janet Reger lingerie (world-renowned for its very pricey and provocative sensuality), and the imagery of Francesca Thyssen promises paradise. But what we do get is an earth-bound catalogue of female form draped rather disparately and dispiritedly in an assortment of silks, satins and laces that, for my part, would look far better off, rather than on, the flesh.

The phrase — 'a great body, forget about the head' — could only have been brothel born. One would like to think taste has risen since then to the point where the supply of beauty available does receive total excellence in the treatment.

Especially when what is on offer is the look-but-don't-touch variety.

But apparently not. The 'beauties' who adorn each glossily produced page (the production is actually quite good, if printed a little on the green side) probably look great in real life. But what the twitching fingers of make-up artists, hairdressers and finally the photographer have done to supposedly achieve sensual irresistibility is to create such plastic posturing that you begin to wonder whether the women involved have any idea of what underwear is worn for.

And, as a great believer in the subtle sex-appeal of a slither of silk over the skin being an enticement far more heady than nothing, all I can say is that somewhere between the bodies, the lingerie, and the pictures, *Chastity* went out of focus — M.L. McKAY

The cut-and-paste jobs done to show women at their best were out of focus in ***Chastity,*** a picture book by Francesca Thyssen.

•

Buckley's Hope and *A Bridge Over The Yarra* span a common era of early Victoria, blending facts with fiction, and conern themselves with visions of "Australia Felix" (a sort of old fashioned way of saying "the lucky country"). That's where the similarities end.

For in *Buckley's Hope* (Scribe), a hardback, by Craig Robertson, we meet countless Aborigines.

Tom Luscombe's *Bridge* (Highland House), an up-market paperback, barely mentions the Aborigines and deals with the struggles of the white settlers to come to terms with one another in their new environment. This book announces itself to be the third (after *The Priest And The Governor* and *A Village On The Yarra)* in a series, with five to come. The author is described as an historian and bookseller. He writes smoothly, as befits a man pacing himself for such a long haul. His people emerge vividly enough, although sometimes they have to try wrapping their Irish brogues around mouthfuls of quite heavy symbolism.

But to be fair, begorrah, these are by way of being aberrations. Generally, Mr Luscombe moves right along with the job of painting a colorful and entertaining — if not all that three-dimensional — picture that takes us and its brawling, scheming, loving, building inhabitants from 1843 to Victoria's declaration of independence and the opening of the key Princes Bridge over the Yarra in late 1850.

Buckley's Hope, sardonic title and all, is an angry book which might not wear its causes (conservation, inter-racial understanding, etc) on its sleeve — or its dust-jacket — but pleads them passionately in its pages. They are hung on a fascinating story — that of young convict William Buckley who, on Boxing Day 1803, took off from Victoria's abortive first white settlement, at Sorrento, and disappeared into the bush.

When he eventually tried to re-establish contact with his own race, Buckley found to his surprise that he had forgotten how to speak their language. He thought that he had been away about 20 years, then realised it had been 32 and that, moreover, he had become an elderly man without knowing it.

Buckley's Hope comes in three main parts; by far the biggest and the best is the middle one, recounting his life with the natives. Parts one and three are uneasy and almost undiluted mixtures of history lesson and sermon. Robertson's narrative style is blunt and not all that inventive, to say the least. Far from the odd dialogue excesses of *A Bridge Over The Yarra,* this author eschews dialogue all but totally; seeking it is like mining for gold in a gum tree.

However, parts one (dealing with the conditions and events leading up to Buckley's flit) and three (his return and heart-breaking employment as a guide and interpreter) are just about worth the slog for the balance of the book — despite its sometimes confusing deluge of native names.

— GLENN RUSSELL

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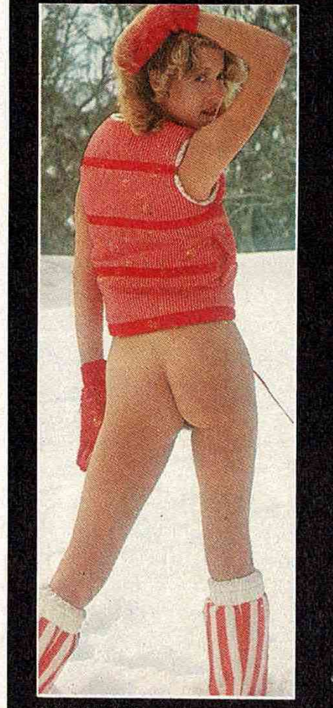
CREDITS
After Hours (Pages 10, 11): Karen's skirt by Carla Shir.
Centrefold: singlet by Sportsgirl, sweater by Five Way Fusion, swimsuit by Raymond Castles.
Adventures In The Skin Trade (Pages 144-147): Parrell Leather apparel is available in Sydney at Cornelius Furs, Blue Fox, Brogue of Crows Nest and Jason's Menswear; in Melbourne, Blue Fox and Del Monaco's Boutique; in Perth, Sinikka Furs; in Brisbane, McArthurs; in Hobart, Andreas. Palazzi Leather goods from David Jones and Cornelius Furs, NSW; Myer and Wayne Watkins, Victoria; Just Men, Queensland; and Belmondo's in South Australia. Other clothing stockists are: Five Way Fusion, 205 Glenmore Road, Paddington, NSW; Vic Cooper, Royal Arcade, Sydney; Richards, 41 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Girl's earrings from Rox in the Strand Arcade, Sydney.
On The Scene (pages 148-150): 1,2, and 9 from Gucci boutique, MLC Centre, Sydney; 3, 4, 5 and 6 from Il Tacchino, 61 Market Street, Sydney; 7,8,10,11,12 and 13 from Myer stores in all States.

NEXT MONTH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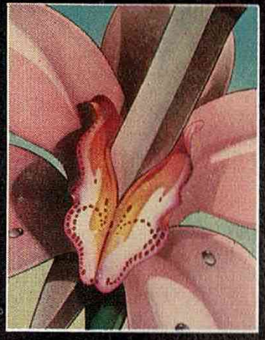
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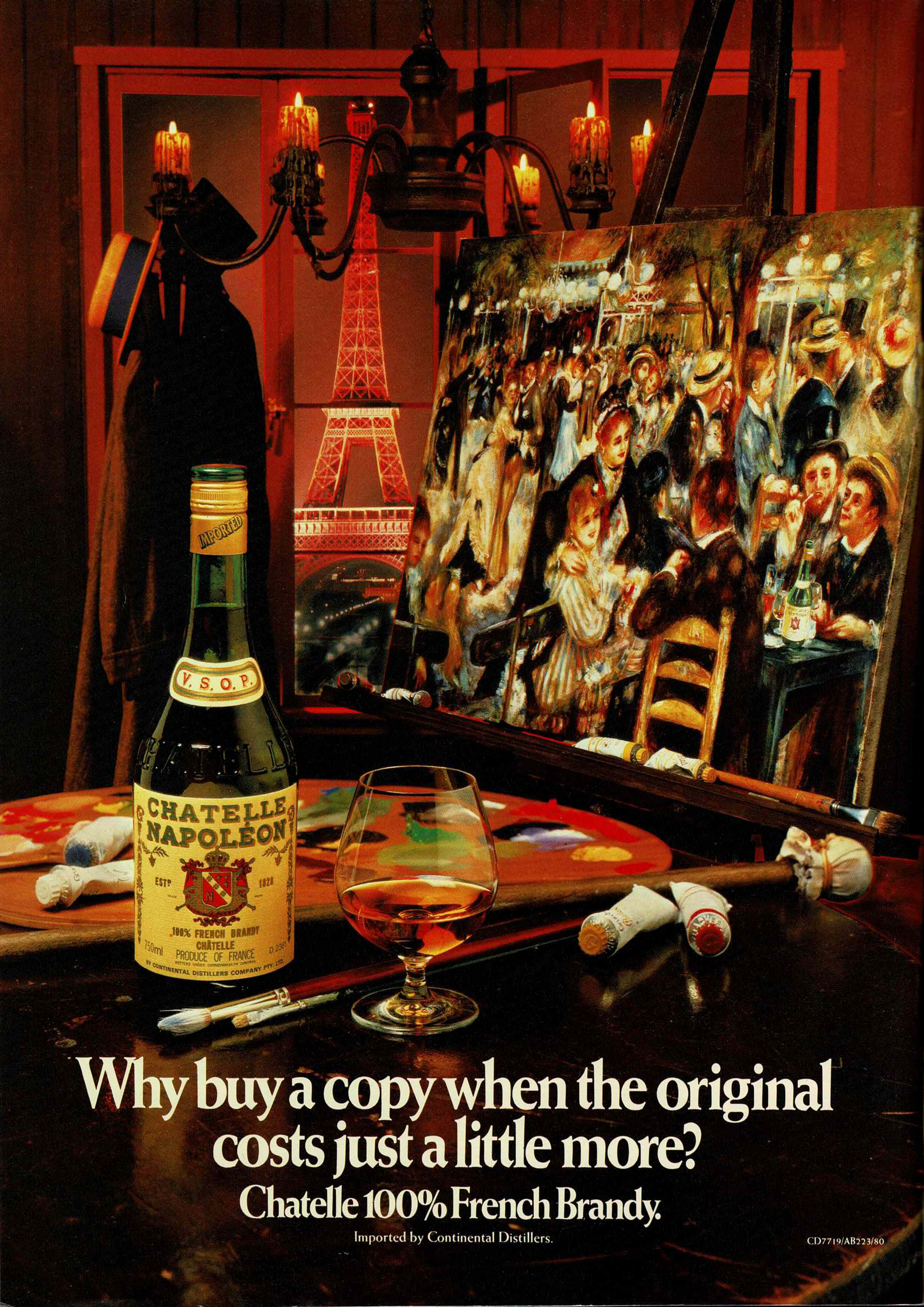

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